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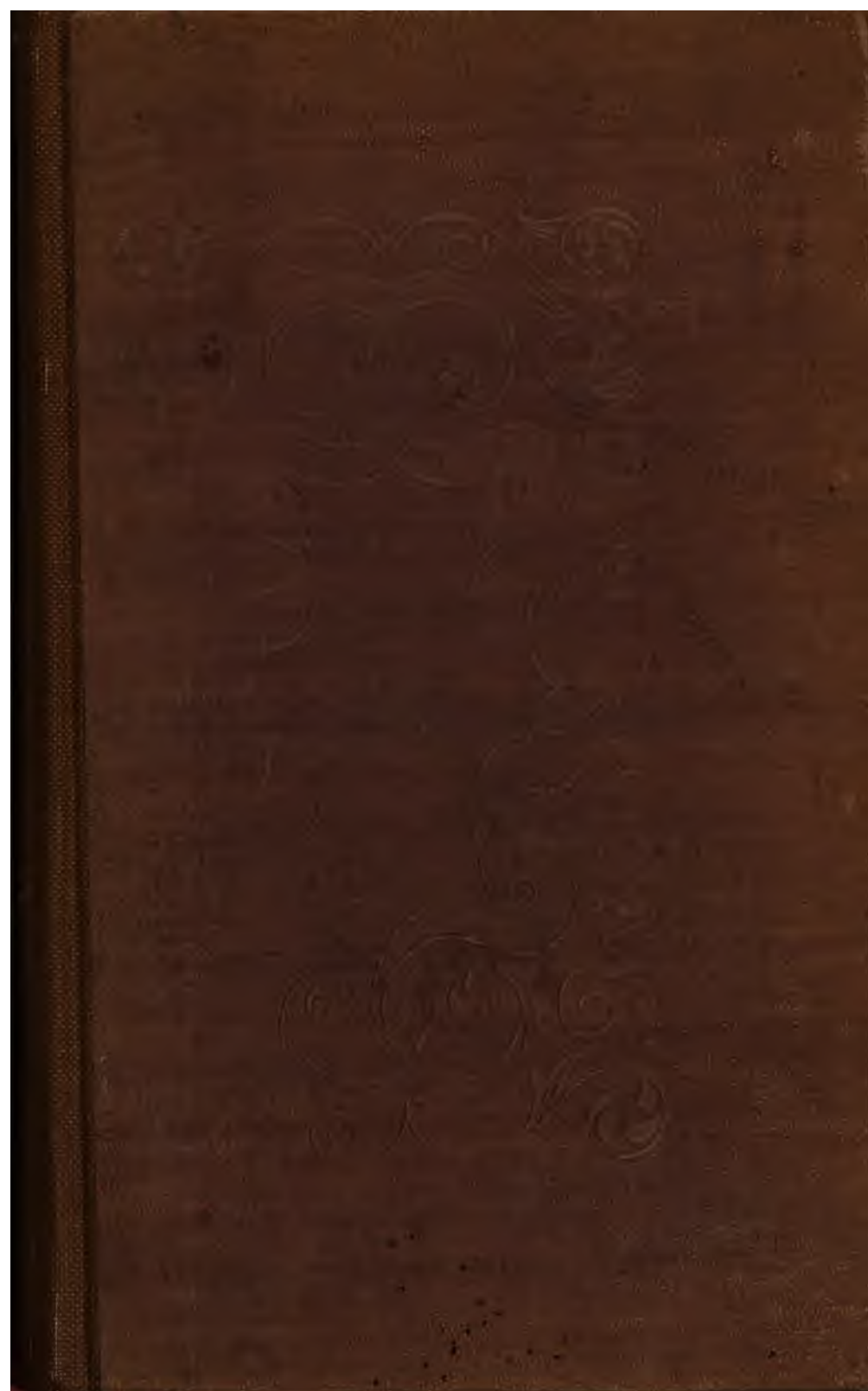
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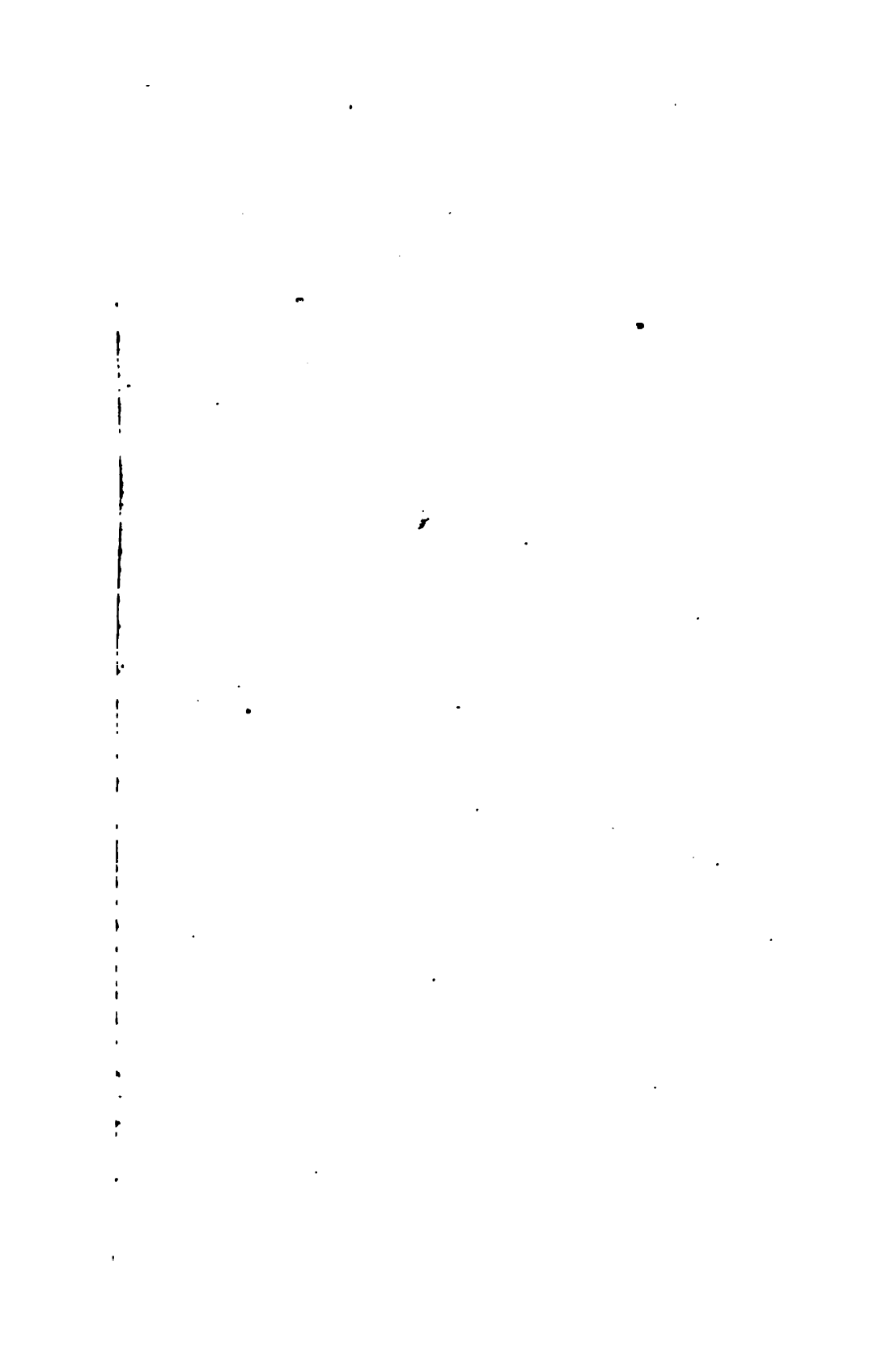
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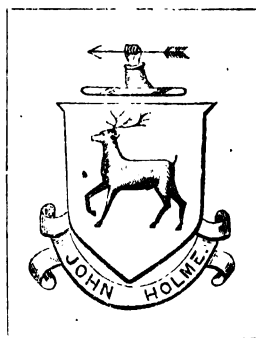
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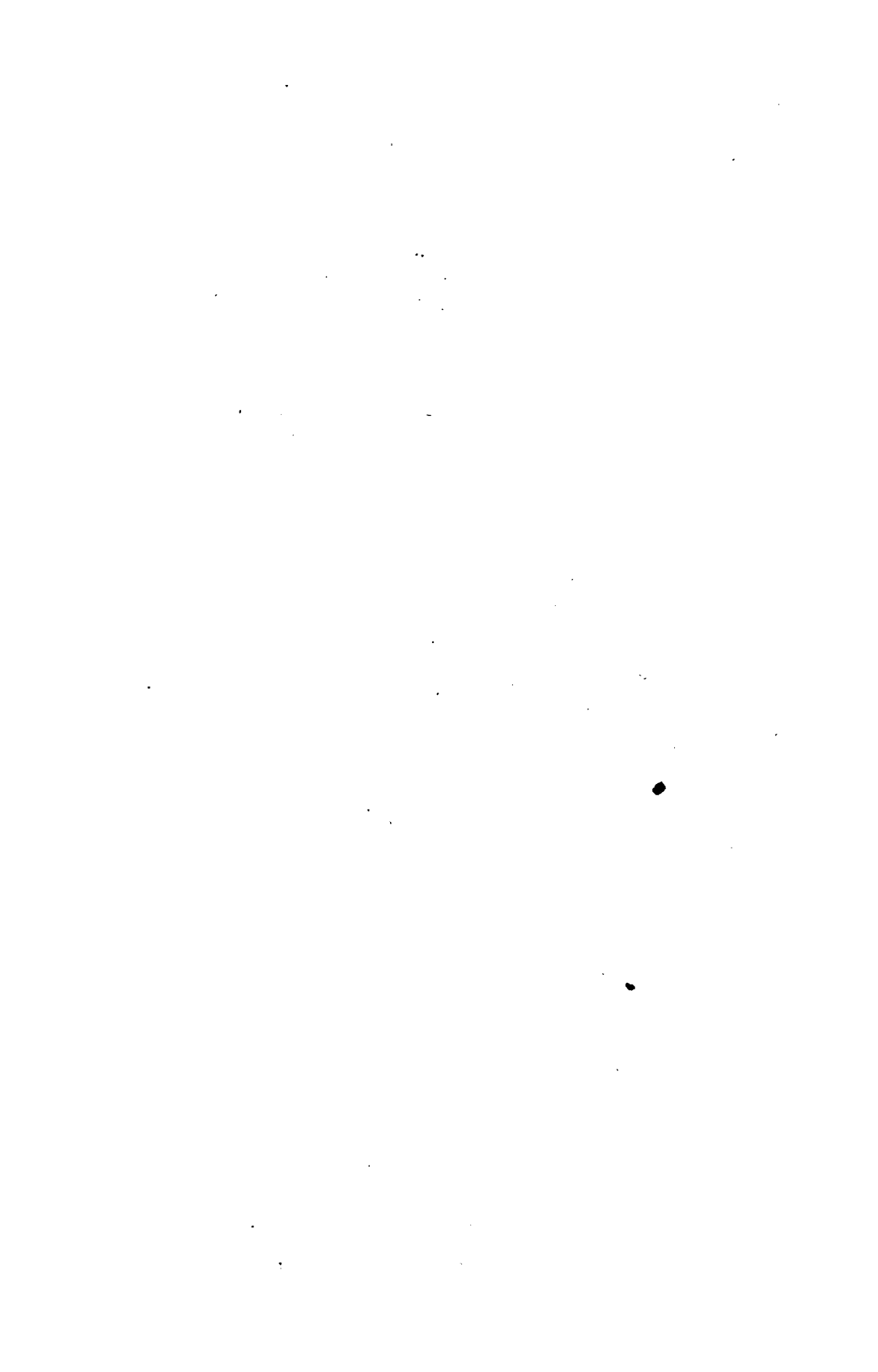




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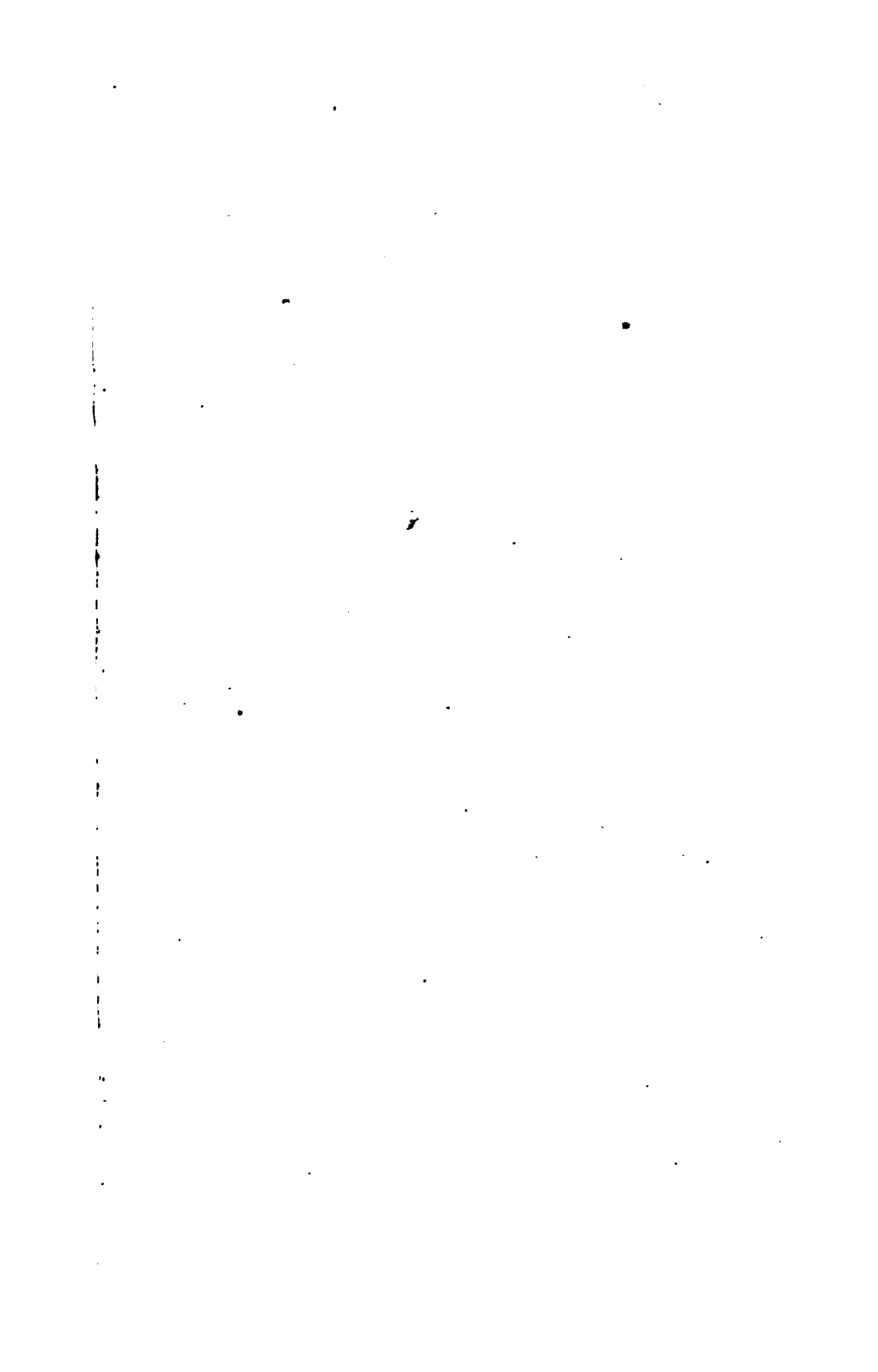
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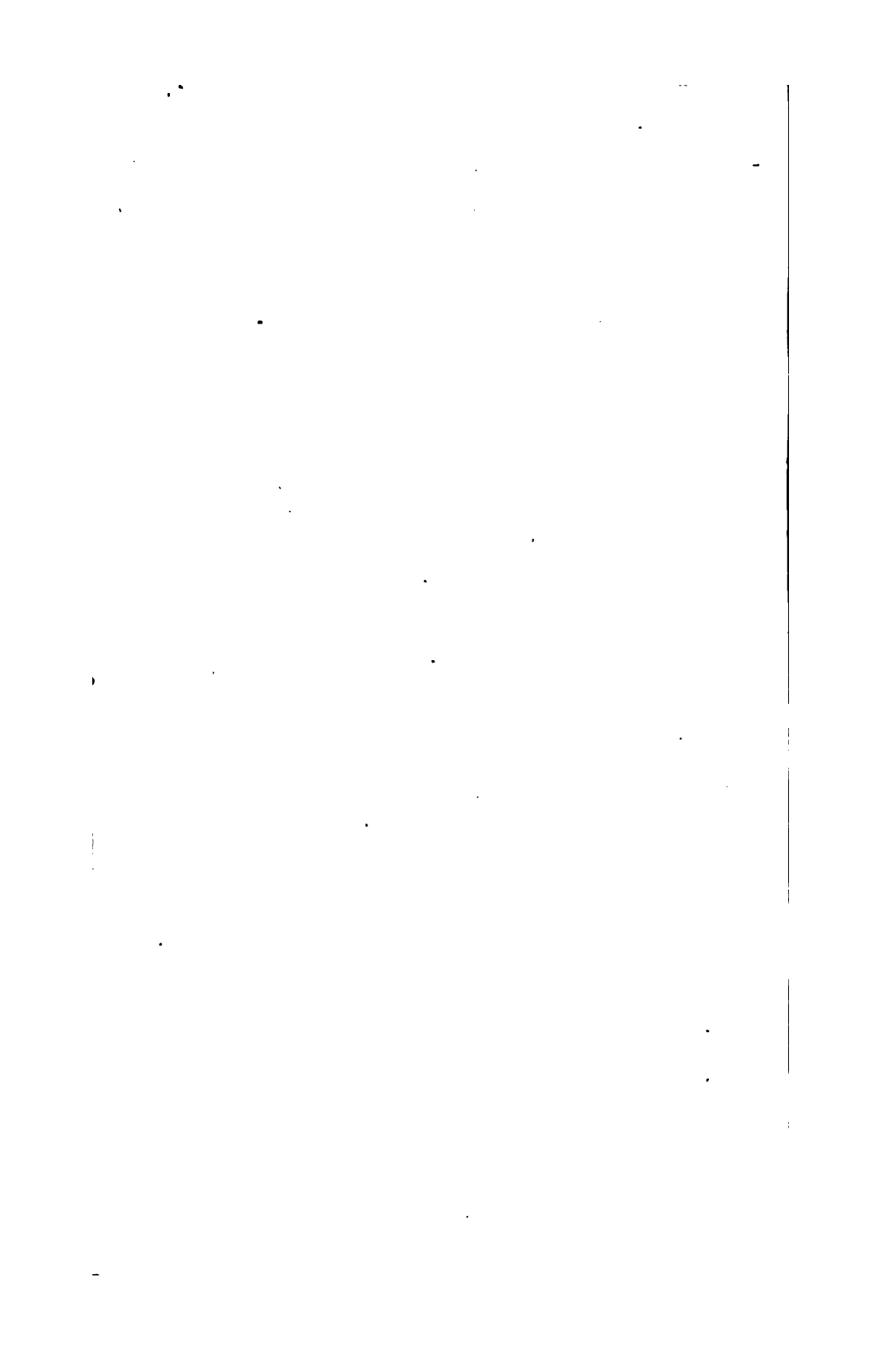


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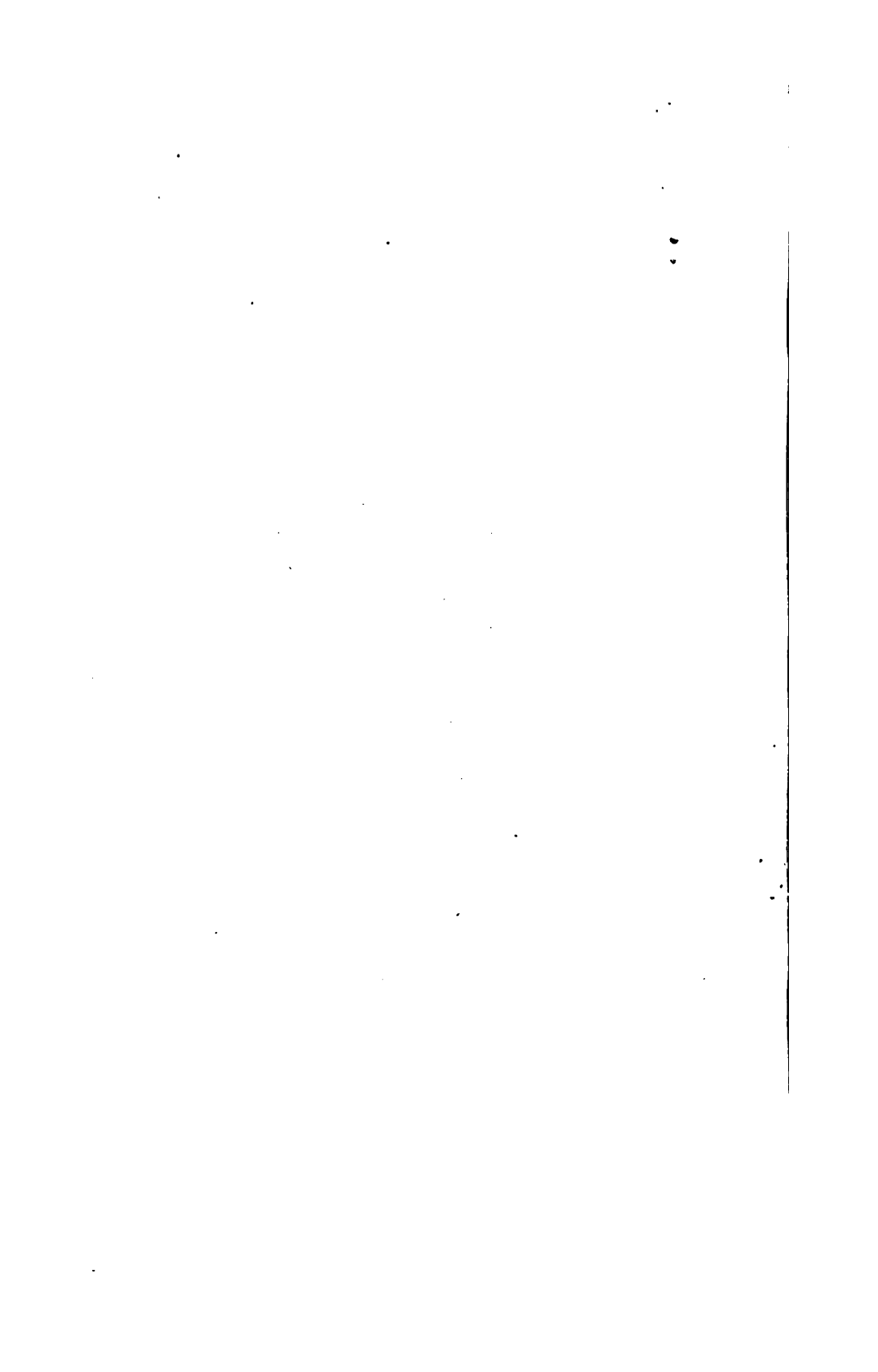


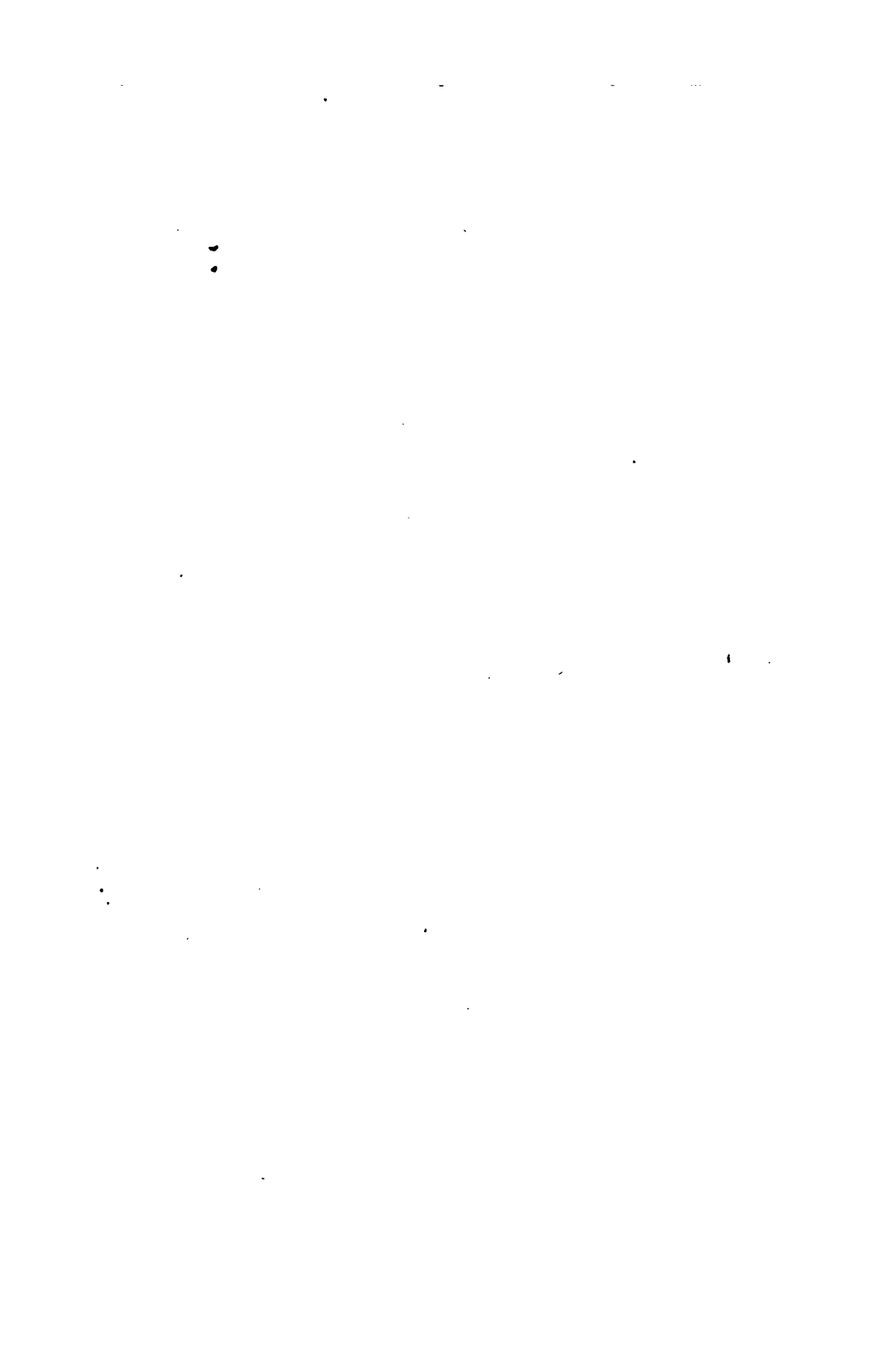


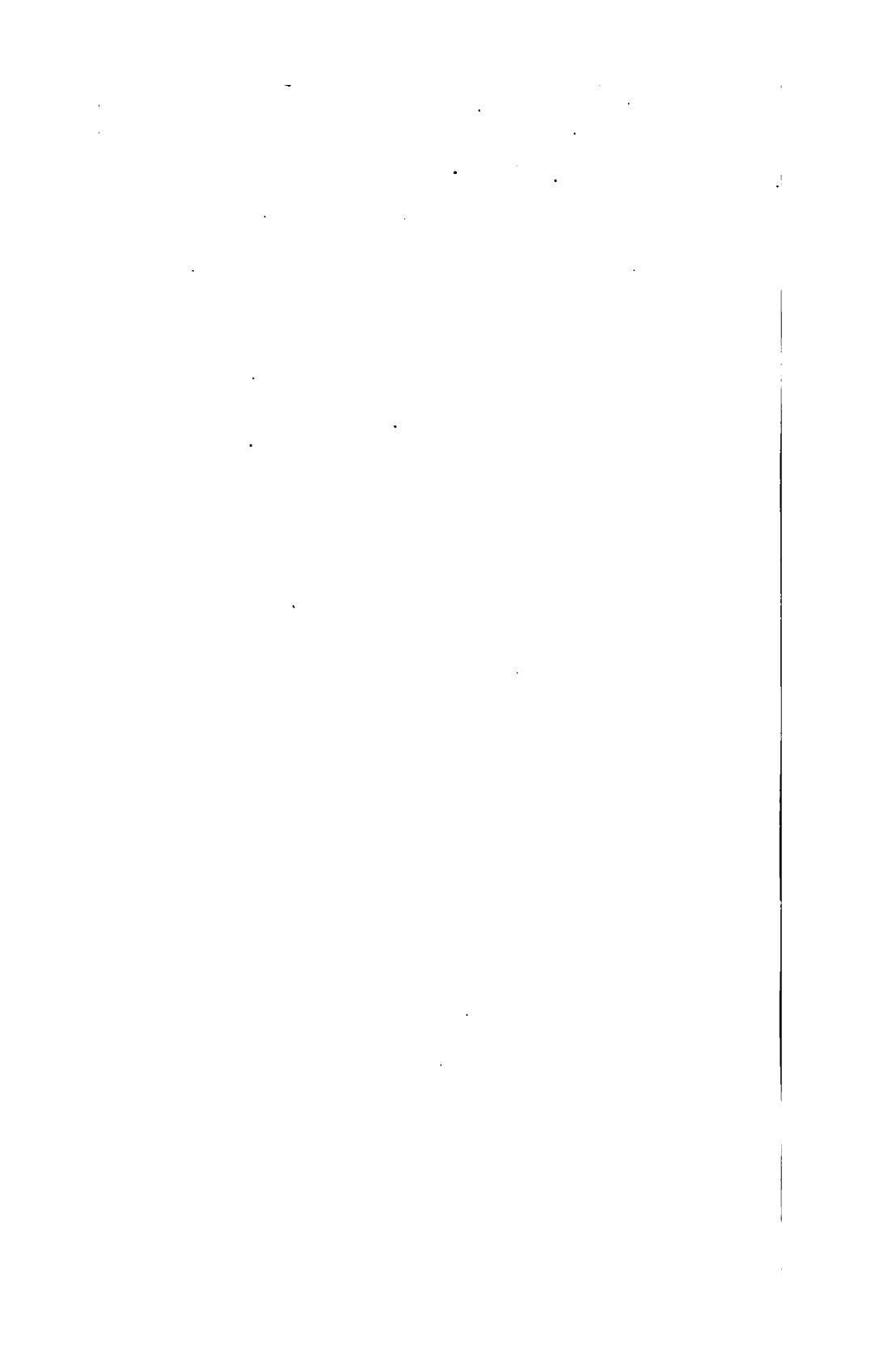




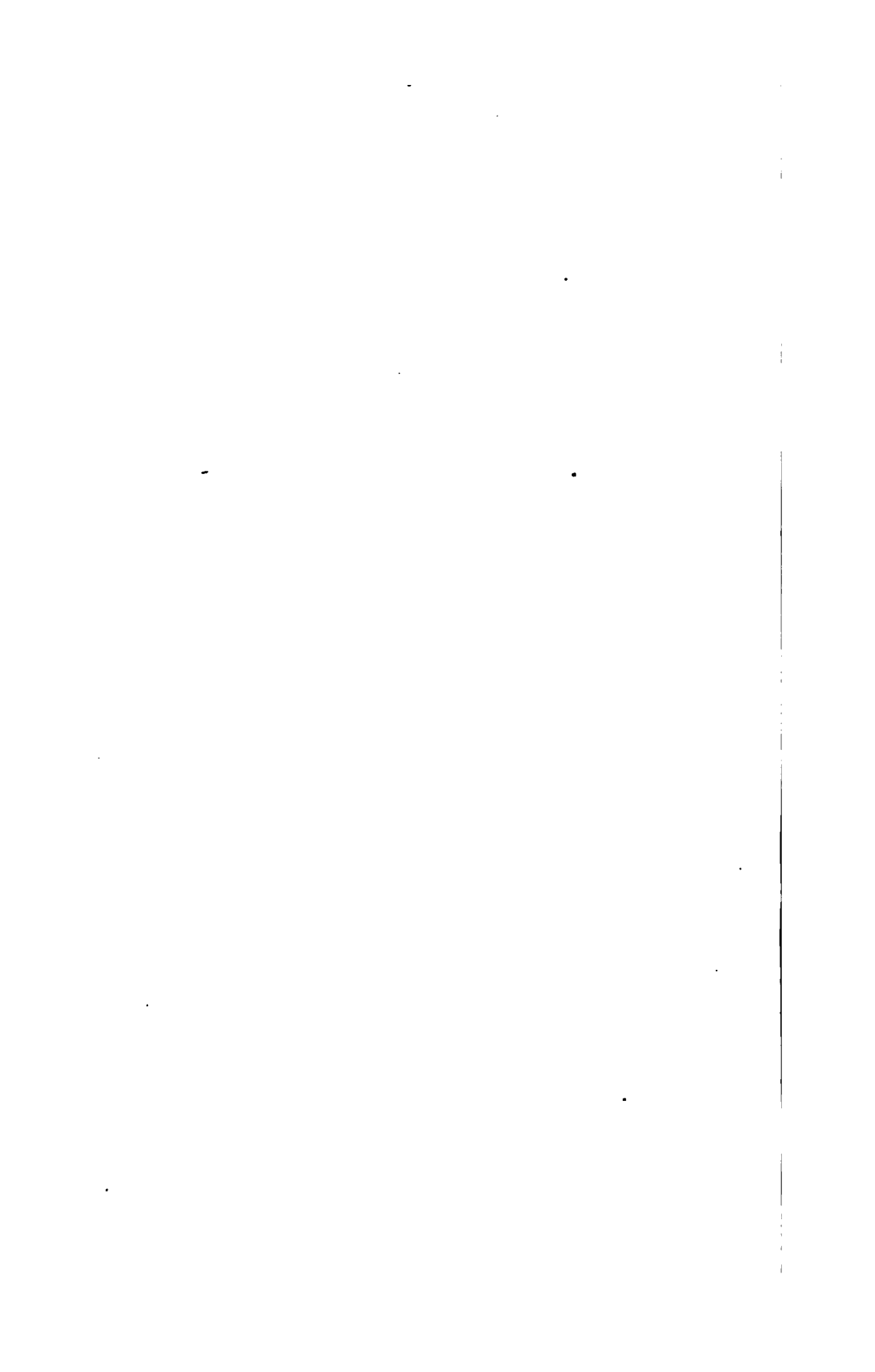












**HILL AND VALLEY,**  
  
**OR**  
  
**HOURS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.**

**BY**  
  
**CATHERINE SINCLAIR,**  
  
**DAUGHTER OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.**  
  
**AUTHORESS OF MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS, MODERN SOCIETY,**  
**CHARLIE SEYMOUR, AND THE NURSERY PLUTARCH.**

**"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels."**  
**COWPER.**

**Dedicated to the Travellers' Club.**

**NEW-YORK :**  
**ROBERT CARTER, 58 CANAL-STREET.**

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## PREFACE.

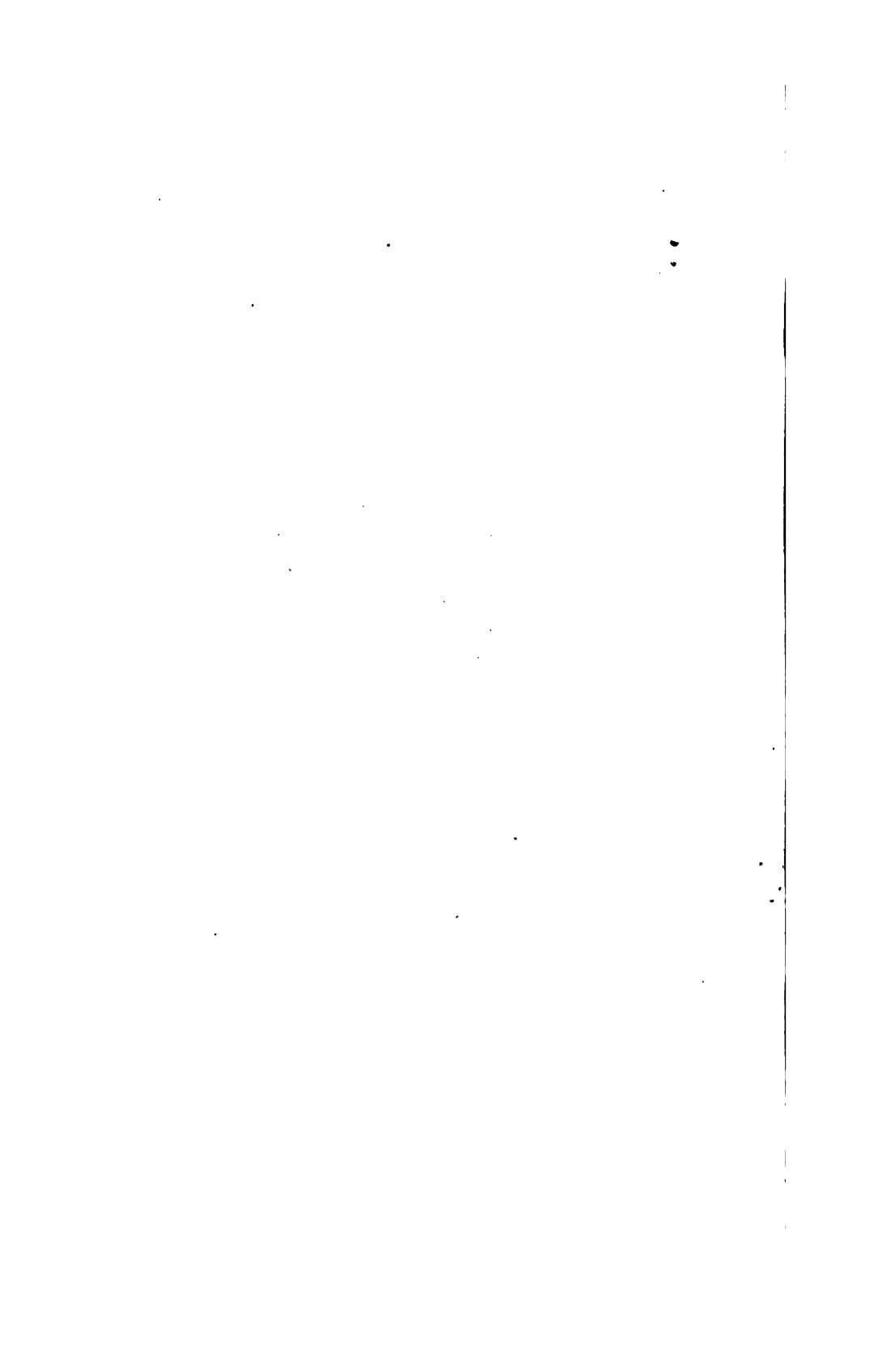
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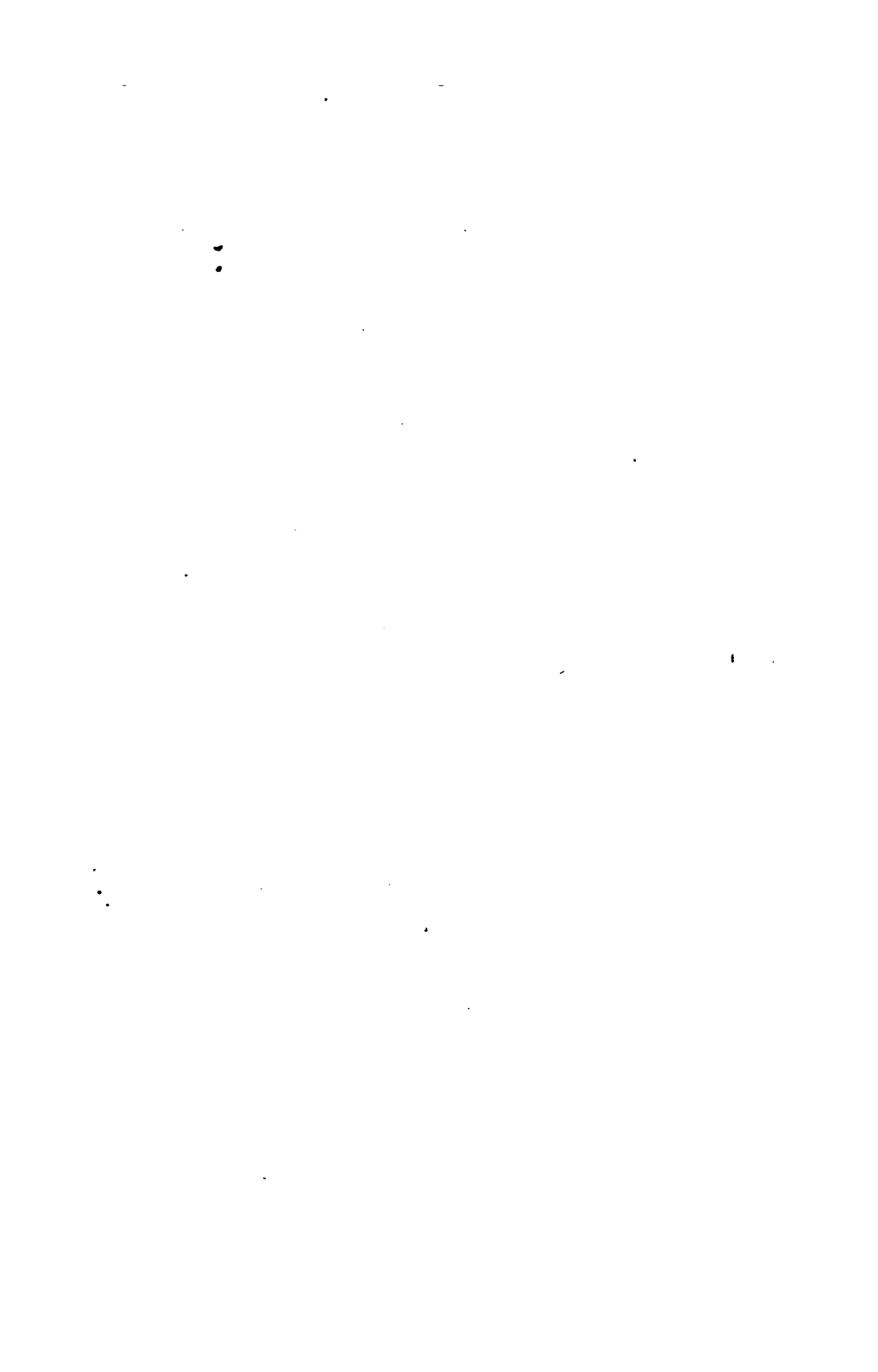
Books were treated formerly like persons accused of witchcraft—either drowned in the waters of oblivion, or burned in a hot fire of criticism; but now, a wide and rapid torrent of literature streams throughout the country, bearing conspicuously on its surface, for some hours, whatever “waifs or strays” may be thrown in, and speedily consigning all to the unfathomable depths of forgetfulness. Scarcely a single living author carries sufficient ballast or anchorage to linger behind his rivals, and to retain his place in the notice of spectators, who are too eagerly watching for what follows to preserve any remembrance of what is past. The very utmost that can be hoped, then, for this humble volume is, that it may be permitted to float like a feather before the eye of an indulgent public during the usual period allotted to new publications, and afterwards to share the fate already awarded to crowds of more deserving contemporaries. Books are all

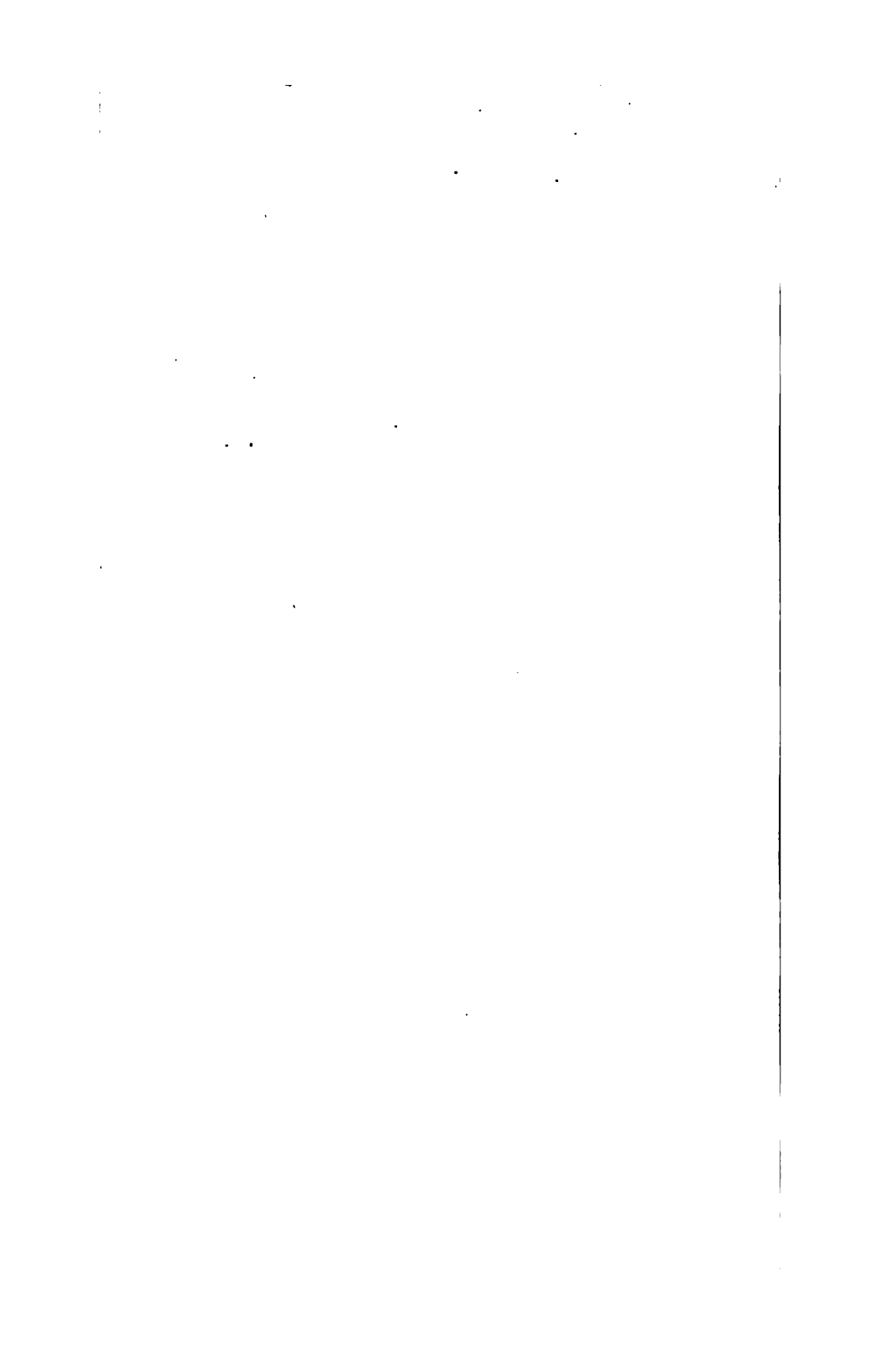
“like poppies spread,  
We seize the flower, the bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever:

Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place,—  
Or like the rainbow’s lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.”

If no works were published but those professedly written for the press, printers might leave off business. Every









others, while to all it must inevitably be a scene of frequent sorrow and of many trials. Worldly men groan beneath the infliction of this world's disappointments, while pious Christians feel the weight of its temptations; but in gazing at the fitting panorama during a journey, not merely entertained by the perpetual variety, we are also reminded that being "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," all are hastening forward to the presence of that Great Being whose infinite power created what we see and admire. In the lesser details of rural life, also, Christians have continual cause to recollect our blessed Saviour's discourses, who extracted many striking lessons of instruction and comfort from the daily incidents of country occupation, and all whose illustrations continue as applicable every where now, as they were then. The sower sowing his seed;—the fishermen drawing their nets;—the tares growing among wheat;—the labourers waiting to be hired;—the harvest ripening for the sickle;—the sheep going astray;—the hen gathering her chickens under her wing, and the sun shining in his strength, are all connected in our thoughts and meditations with Him who "spake as never man spake." While thus illustrating the deepest subjects by images derived from ordinary incidents, how superior is the simple, majestic eloquence of our Divine Redeemer, to the most brilliant efforts of oratorical display; and how many millions of splendid orations and powerful speakers have perished into oblivion, while these unadorned discourses reach every heart, and suit every understanding.

In reading a book, my dear cousin, do you ever begin with the preface? probably not, as the custom is by no means a common one; and in seeing the world also, it appears unusual to commence with our own country, though that should naturally be the *avant propos* in such an undertaking. An English traveller on the Continent

feels like the geni in a fairy tale, who having once escaped from the bottle, could never afterwards be prevailed on to confine his soaring spirit within such contracted limits as those to which he originally submitted; and therefore he should thoroughly study the *carte du pays* before making a final exit. Pope Clement XIV. turned his back upon an Inverness-shire gentleman because he confessed visiting Rome without having first seen the Fall of Foyers; but his Holiness would probably never more have shewn his face if all visitors at the Vatican had been as rigidly cross-examined respecting their acquaintance with the beauties of whatever vicinity they came from. British tourists are very generally inclined to wander from pole to pole, rather than from Land's End to John O'Groats; so that while Snowdon and Cader Idris remain a perfect *terra incognita* to Englishmen, we read volumes every day describing

Niagara's foaming fall;  
 China's everlasting wall;  
 Hoary Hecla's wat'ry spires;  
 Raging Etna's rolling fires.

Being perfectly satisfied that we had *thoroughly done* Scotland, you and I had long entertained so laudable a curiosity to investigate how our neighbours in Wales were accommodated, and what prospects they enjoyed, that when any friends set out in that direction, we wished it were possible to send a pair of eyes and ears along with them. I never felt more agreeably surprised, therefore, than when A—— one morning unexpectedly started the idea of escorting me on a grand tour in search of the picturesque, to the most distant extremity of Glamorganshire, but not quite so far as a certain charitable friend of ours gave out by mistake, that we were going to New South Wales, where certainly few people volunteer to travel, and the



most respectable visitors generally remain from seven to fourteen years, though that is the only country in the world no tourist boasts of having seen.

The Spanish proverb, which says that "an agreeable companion by the way is as good as a coach," seems never to contemplate such unbounded good fortune as mine in securing both ; and as A—— had been all over our intended course before, he now assisted me in a profound research amongst road books, guides, gazetteers, and tourists' companions, so that we became in the mean time "*voyageurs autour de nos chambres*," and rehearsed our whole journey on the hearth-rug, wishing it had been Houssein's carpet, to save all trouble in planning routes and modes of conveyance.

Shenstone remarks, that he never examined the map of any country without considering how many amiable people probably lived there, with whom it would be desirable to become acquainted ; but we, on the contrary, felt satisfied with knowing so many amiable people already, that we resolved to pass over those in Wales, "alike unknowing and unknown," consequently we declined all letters of introduction, intending to slip through the country *incog.* though not exactly to imitate a wealthy commoner and his lady, who thought it indispensable to conceal their real consequence, perhaps thinking that a députation of magistrates might wait on them, or the yeomanry be called out, and who adopted for a travelling name that of "Count and Countess Milan." Had we paid any visits, I should certainly have adopted a rule which existed among the bards of Wales, never to compose a single line upon those whose society they entered, not even in their praise, without special warrant from the parties concerned ; but as far as trees, high-roads, or houses can afford entertainment, they may be considered public property.

An interval of four months occurred in our plans be-

tween *going* and *gone*, which made me remember your impatient friend, who once complained, that whenever any agreeable project came on the tapis, it was sure to be proposed for *next year*; I should have been glad to astonish my travelling companion as the enterprising Ledyard did the African Committee, when they asked how soon he could set out to explore the Nile, and he promptly answered, "I shall start to-morrow morning."

We did however start at last, on the 20th of June 1833, thus keeping with remarkable constancy to the hour and day originally fixed, though it rained a perfect cascade; and our greatest comfort was to reflect how much better the rivers and waterfalls would appear, after being so abundantly replenished, while we resolved to look at the sunny side of all things, if a sunny side were ever to be seen again, and like Dr. Syntax,

To prose it here—to verse it there;  
And picturesque it every where.

Our first serious accident occurred near Fushie Bridge, where the newspaper, which had been opened only a moment before, damp from the press, and probably filled with important intelligence, was suddenly blown out of the carriage, and crushed beneath our wheels. We stopped to pick up its mangled remains, which were so frightfully disfigured with mud, that it became necessary to leave the worthy "Advertiser" prostrate on the road, to be mercilessly trampled upon by both Whigs and Tories. Thus we unwillingly sacrificed a whole day's politics, not to mention all the court dresses of a drawing-room. Six columns filled with blond, tulle, gold lama, diamonds and plumes, were irretrievably lost on this lamentable occasion. We did not, however, feel the privation quite so much as old Lady —— would have done, who has so insatiable a taste for lace and feathers, that with inexhausti-

ble patience she always has the whole costumes at a court drawing-room *read aloud* to her.

At Torsonce Inn we were told that the landlord assembled his household every evening for family prayers, and that a Bible is placed in all the rooms—a praiseworthy custom, very frequent on the road lately. How different are the advantages enjoyed by students of Scripture now from the early days of Coverdale and Wickliffe, when it was thought perfectly marvellous that a Bible could be afforded to each church, and devout persons were then obliged to gain admission within the sacred walls if they wished to study or consult the Divine Word. Few private families for a long time afterwards were rich enough to possess one single copy. Such privileges as are now universal should be gratefully estimated; but it is feared, that in many cases those who are nearest to the means of grace are not nearest to the end, while this very facility of obtaining the Holy Scriptures leads to their being carelessly studied, or only read as a matter of form. You know that an organist would fail to produce harmony on his instrument if he merely looked at the notes meant to guide him, without diligently practising on the instrument; and thus the mere possession of the Gospel is insufficient to produce harmony or consistency of character, without a daily and hourly exercise of its precepts.

Proceeding onwards from Torsonce, we took a glimpse near Selkirk of that extensive plain where the battle of Philliphaugh was fought. The Marquis of Montrose, after a previous succession of brilliant victories, there sustained his first great reverse, which finally led to his being taken prisoner, and executed. Do you remember the old countryman, who said, upon considering the vicissitudes of human greatness, “every thing goes round like a *cart wheel*!”

There are seven brothers named Mitchell in Scotland,

who each keep separate inns in different parts of the country ; and travellers should make a circuit on purpose to visit them all, as they are singularly well managed. At Selkirk, one of the family hangs out his sign ; two others are at North and South Queensferry, but we did not trace where the rest are stationed. Certainly not at Hawick, where we resolved, upon consideration of public principles, *not* to dine, as it is the most riotous and disorderly village in Scotland ; still so infected with the lawlessness of old border times, that during elections the town may be considered in a state of civil war, from which it had scarcely yet subsided, after the last explosion of excitement.

At Hawick some immense new manufactories are in the full progress of being built, and at first I hailed their appearance as affording symptoms of wealth and prosperity ; but those who have considered the subject more maturely than either you or I, look upon them with disgust as mere nurseries of misery and discontent. Undoubtedly, we have only to observe the marked difference between the aspect of a ploughman and a cotton spinner, to become convinced how much better off the agriculturist is than the manufacturer, while the more we compare their happiness and respectability, the stronger seems the contrast. The very youngest children had already acquired that pale stucco-looking complexion, peculiar to mechanics, and so different from the rosy, joyous exterior of the noisy little youngsters in a country village, where nature gives health and spirits as a compensation for the want of every other luxury. A charitable individual, who went several years ago to establish schools in some very remote sea-port, used to mention, that observing the children at play from morning till night, racing about the shore in a nearly amphibious state, sometimes in the water, sometimes on the land, but always blooming with health and animation, it caused momentary compunction to think of disturbing so

much happiness, even with the intention of promoting their ultimate good, and the conviction became unavoidable, that to children, while they are children, "ignorance is bliss." No one could wish that "bliss" to continue above a very few years, and the *moral* discipline of infants cannot commence too early; yet I often watch young animals bounding along the fields, in all the vigour and joy of new existence, rejoicing in their strength, while every movement denotes the buoyancy of natural spirits, and then it seems a subject of allowable regret, that from their very earliest years children are penned up in confinement during the greater part of every day, either at mental labour, if they belong to the higher ranks, or at bodily toil if they be in the lower classes, while to them the gay and careless hours of infancy are almost unknown. Youth is the period at which that spring of health and cheerfulness is given, which should support us through the wear and tear of future exertions; but the mind is forced like a plant in a hothouse, to attain premature growth, and seldom permitted to expand in its native strength. Infants are all little men and women now, prattling two or three languages from the very cradle, spelling over easy introductions to mineralogy and entomology, or performing wonders in Latin themes, and in mental arithmetic. Lest a moment should remain for reflection, observation, or any species of natural enjoyment, a new fashion has been introduced of teaching boys, during the short intervals of study, to embroider in worsteds, which keeps them clean and quiet at home, instead of letting their clothes and complexions be injured by romping in the open air. Beautiful specimens are shewn of their success in manufacturing screens and footstools, while they seem all willing and happy to remain sedentary like those children in the manufactories at Hawick; but though Achilles may be quoted as a precedent for wielding the needle in an emergency,

if this custom become universal, we shall no longer be as Bonaparte called the English, "a nation of shopkeepers," but more probably degenerate into a "nation of tailors."

Several cottages in this neighbourhood looked miserably poor and dilapidated. In one village that shall be nameless, a window is visible consisting of an old hat, a stuff petticoat, a cracked pane of glass, and a slate; but the farm houses are exceedingly handsome, and the agriculture very creditable, the vales of Tweed and Teviot being both extremely rich, though the high grounds seem cold and unproductive. It is related of a gentleman whose estate overhangs the former valley, that once during the month of December, when walking over his grounds, accompanied by some English visitors, the strangers suddenly stopped with an exclamation of astonishment, to observe a crop of oats not yet removed off the ground. A land-steward, who accompanied the party, being a patriotic Scotchman, dryly remarked that this seemed a tolerable crop, considering it was the *second* that year. "A second crop of oats in the same season," exclaimed the Englishman with amazement, "how very remarkable! that alters the case entirely!"

"But how can you tell such a falsehood!" whispered the proprietor angrily, "it is not true."

"Yes it is!" replied the steward triumphantly, "if you recollect, Sir! we did not get in our last year's crop till January!"

A few miles after leaving Hawick, our carriage suddenly stopped beside an elegant britchska, decorated with the lozenge and coronet of a dowager viscountess, who looked in *propria personæ* out of her window at us, evidently amazed to encounter so unexpected an arrest on the highway, while we returned a corresponding glance of similar bewilderment, till the postillions at length explained that they wished to exchange her post-horses for our's, which

would save all the quadrupeds half their day's work, by returning each pair towards home. This judicious alteration having been instantaneously effected, the unknown peeress bestowed a smile on us, which did not extend to a bow or a remark, and we passed on.

It would have been well for us if one of the seven illustrious innkeepers of Scotland had *ruled the roast* at Moss-paul, where a dinner was served up that *beggars* description. We probably "ne'er shall look upon it's like again;" so not to draw too deeply on your sympathy, pray call to remembrance the most indifferent fare you ever saw, and try to imagine something still worse. It is best, however, to travel in the same spirit as the good old Prince of Condé, who told a fastidious attendant, that, for his own part, he always sent on before him during his journeys "an avant courier who made every thing comfortable, and that avant courier was, a spirit of contentment, and a consciousness how little he merited half the blessings he enjoyed."

Not a house became visible on the road of which A—— had not some history to relate, nor even a toll-bar that he did not name, so I often wished he could be published in octavo for the benefit of all tourists, but many enterprising travellers having already described the borders; in verse as well as in prose, while you *may possibly* yourself have explored that not-perfectly-inaccessible district, it may be right here to omit a full, true, and particular history of "the suters of Selkirk;"—a dissertation on that very summary mode of exterminating criminals, commonly called "Jedburgh justice;"—another on Queen Mary's long ride and short visit in Liddesdale, where she went to condole with Lord Bothwell on having been wounded by a freebooter;—thoughts on seeing Hermitage Castle, where the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay was cruelly starved to death;—reflections on the bold Lady of Buccleugh's gal-

lant defence of Branzholm Castle against the English army, illustrated with quotations from the Lay of the Last Minstrel;—particulars of Buccleugh's subsequent rescue of his brave followers, and King James' paltry surrender of him to Queen Elizabeth's vengeance. These were stormy times in past history, which seem now like imaginary recollections, when we look at the undisturbed fertility of the "debateable land," where every sword is turned into a ploughshare, while Sir James Graham and other peaceable descendants of ungovernable ancestors, voluntarily exercise hospitality towards neighbours, who would formerly have forced them to do so at the peril of their lives.

In passing Johnny Armstrong's tower, we looked with interest at the spot where that celebrated freebooter, the Robin Hood of Scotland, advanced from his now dilapidated castle in all the pomp of border chivalry, leading six and thirty brave followers to welcome the arrival in that district of King James V., from whom he expected a gracious reception; but the Scottish monarch disappointed his hopes, sternly sentencing him, and all his suite, to be hung upon the trees around. With his latest breath the bold outlaw sung, while a rope was placed round his neck, these words from an old ballad:

"I have ask'd grace at a graceless face,  
But there's nane for my men and me."

So completely had we talked ourselves into old border times, that it seemed like entering an enemy's country when crossing into England. Feeling quite ready to dine at Carlisle, I thought of a ceremony established amongst the hungry freebooters of Roxburghshire. When their larders became empty, a pair of spurs were served up on the dinner table, to shew that an invasion must be instantly made among the well-fed barons and sirloins of



English beef. Accordingly we laid siege to the Bush Inn at Carlisle, where a numerous garrison of waiters surrendered at discretion. The bells rung a merry peal when we took possession,—and a cruel massacre has probably since taken place in the poultry yard, as we are in momentary expectation of the landlord and his myrmidons with dinner.

\* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER II.

"Seeing is believing!"

SHAKSPEARE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—It was truly remarked once, that keeping a journal is the greatest evidence which can be given of "dogged diligence;" and I should often feel disposed to close my eyes that they might see nothing, rather than be obliged to record on paper all we observe, were it not for the pleasure of thinking that my letter will furnish a telescope through which all the subjects of interest along our route may become known to you.

Many great historical recollections are connected with the citadel of Carlisle, rendering that fortress interesting to contemplative minds. It was modelled in sugar once for Frederick Prince of Wales, who felt indignant at not being entrusted with the command of an army sent to reduce the city, and who courageously bombarded it with sugar-plums during supper, to the admiration of all his courtiers. In the reign of King John, Carlisle underwent a siege, on which occasion the women exhibited prodigies of valour, and poured boiling water over the walls on the besiegers, though they were not armed like Jenny Dennison with porridge. The garrison on that occasion became reduced to such extremity, that they ate dogs, horses, and rats. Here we saw a Roman well, where very possibly Agricola may have refreshed himself; and the room in which Queen Mary lingered out some dismal years of her imprisonment still stands where it was. How exceedingly indebted celebrated personages are to poets for embodying in verse all the thoughts and feelings they ever had, or that they ever

ought to have had, under peculiar circumstances ; and certainly nothing can more touchingly appeal to our sympathies than the melancholy language attributed by Burns to Mary Stuart in her "Lament," where, after expressing in beautiful terms the anxious solicitude of a mother for her child, she concludes with these desponding lines,

" Oh soon to me may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn !  
Nae mair to me the autumn wind  
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

But in the narrow house of death  
Let winter round me rave ;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring  
Bloom o'er my peaceful grave."

Queen Mary is to this day tried and acquitted or condemned in the mind of every living person. We all constitute ourselves judge and jury once in our lives, while Tytler and Robertson appear as witnesses for or against her, and their evidence is considered as carefully as if her execution had only taken place yesterday ; but whether actually innocent or guilty, I have always admired the spirit of our name-sake, Lord Sinclair. King James had desired his courtiers to appear before him in mourning after his royal mother's death, and that nobleman came in a complete suit of armour ; upon which the king looked angrily at him, asking if he had not heard of the general order. "Yes !" replied Lord Sinclair, making his coat of mail ring through the court, " *This* is the proper mourning for the queen of Scotland."

We mounted the ramparts at Carlisle castle, and were joined by a soldier, who civilly professed his willingness to exhibit the lions, though he afterwards turned out to be a complete stranger, in happy ignorance of every thing, and endeavouring to compensate for want of information by

great complaisance. He agreed in all our remarks, confirmed all our conjectures, and pretended we were right in guessing the names of several distant houses and hills ; so that I could not but remember the story of a turnpike keeper, when asked one day by a gentleman riding through the gateway in great haste, whether he was *going right*, and the man replied, without inquiring where he wished to arrive, "Straight on, Sir." Our military cicerone finally made a bow, expressive of his expectation that we should bequeath a donation to compensate for his valuable assistance, which of course we did. On this occasion, however, the worthy private felt so pleased, that he hazarded an opinion of his own respecting the date and origin of some heraldic insignia which ornamented the old tower, and being completely mistaken, and somewhat positive, he from that moment entirely forfeited A——'s confidence and good opinion. The view from Carlisle castle is so fertile and extensive, that we might almost have exclaimed on beholding it, as Prince Charles did when his army was obliged to retreat, and he looked on the rich plains stretching out beneath his eye, "Alas ! this is England !" The heads of several Scottish leaders were placed in the year 1745 on the walls of this castle, and remained there a ghastly spectacle for many years, till at length a Highland servant-girl, disapproving of such an indignity to her noble countrymen, rose up at night, stole them all away, and buried them herself.

The jail at Carlisle is on so grand a scale, that it says little for the morality of the people ; and the cathedral is a heavy, clumsy building, with the usual square tower at one end, and except that at York, the largest window in the kingdom, looking towards the east. This building was founded in the reign of William Rufus, and having been repaired by Queen Elizabeth, it still carries the arms of both England and France, which we may almost regret

that our sovereigns ever discontinued, as their claims to the fleur-de-lis were fully better established than the right to many peerages and baronetages assumed occasionally yet, and for which neither estates nor patents can be shewn. We lingered an additional day at Carlisle to hear the cathedral service, which was very reverently and devoutly performed. While listening to the anthem, you might almost fancy the instrument speaking, and realize what it meant to say, which may generally be done in attending to music when played with expression. We afterwards made a tour of the shops, where, as usual in country towns, the most crowded and prosperous seemed the bookseller's, in which our money and time were both squandered very agreeably. Two streets leading north and south in Carlisle are called English and Scotch Street, which reminded us that we were still on the borders; and I recollect in Northumberland once seeing a particularly appropriate sign-post for such a locality, as the Scotch side displayed a smiling portrait of Queen Mary, and on the English reverse appeared a frightful daub of Queen Elizabeth. Nothing remains now to tell of former hostility between the two countries, except here and there a few old border towers, which look as if they had been all cast in the same mould, tall grey piles, roughly built, and very thinly sprinkled with windows like mere port-holes, small and far between.

The assizes were sitting while we remained at Carlisle, and indeed during our subsequent progress everywhere they happened to be going on, which, like all things in life, had its advantages and drawbacks; but hearing so much in various quarters about cases to be tried, we began at last to fancy ourselves lawyers on circuit. One of the grand jury called with an offer of escorting us to the courts, which, however, we gratefully declined.

Our breakfast at the Bush Inn might have been suffi-

ciently ample for the déjeuné at a wedding, as on this occasion appeared a prodigious revival of hams and tongues which had been tried by jury already at the judge's table. The antiquary who preferred the second day of a feast, would have been delighted here, and all those who fix a late hour for either breakfasting or dining at hotels, must make up their minds to a second-hand entertainment. A cook was lately heard rejoicing over "a lucky tongue" which had escaped being cut up on seven different occasions, and the veteran should certainly have reposed in peace on such hardly earned laurels, but being sent on a forlorn hope to encounter a party of hungry grouse-shooters, was never afterwards seen or heard of. What we saw now had evidently a long course of usefulness in prospect.

At Carlisle the inhabitants manufacture an immense number of hats, which are all immediately forwarded to London, whence they frequently return in a few weeks, and are sold to the very people who made them, as "London hats!" Probably A——'s, which bore in its crown the date of "Bond Street," originally sprung from the banks of the Eden!

Next morning we were disappointed to find that the weather continued still no better than it should be, and your feelings of sympathy may suffer less by at once learning the whole mortifying truth, that during several days the rain never tired of persecuting us, and the sun seemed finally lost or mislaid, so that we proposed at last to advertise for it. A barometer has been contrived in Ireland, exhibiting the figure of a lady, who, at the approach of bad weather, holds up an umbrella, in heavy rain she opens it, and in settled fine weather uses it for a walking-stick, which was precisely the plan pursued by A——, while we very soon considered ourselves completely waterproof, as if we had been made of India rubber. The race

of people who are addicted to flannel, fire-sides, boas, and comforters, constantly catch cold, or rather, cold catches them ; but those who venture to brave the enemy without any such cowardly means of defence, generally conquer and lead a life of freedom and independence ever afterwards. All the fields near Carlisle were so completely ruined by this wet season, that the hay seemed scarcely worth tossing, and if horses are epicures they will hardly eat it. The very cows looked disgusted. In England, the mode of making hay differs entirely from that practised in Scotland, where we leave a crop on the ground until it becomes dried like chips, and most of the seed must in this way be lost ; whereas here, the farmers make up their stacks at once, whenever the fermentation is supposed to be over, and therefore if it escape taking fire, which seems not an improbable result in so hasty a way of managing the business, their hay must certainly be more palatable and nourishing for the animals intended to enjoy it, and will less resemble a mouthful of hard oat cake, or consolidated dust. In all our agricultural operations, the Scotch farmers act as if they were accustomed to nine months of summer *certain*, for grain stands so long uncut in their fields, after becoming perfectly ripe, while it is shaken by the high autumnal winds, and often entirely ruined by untimely rain.

We now pushed eagerly on for the lakes of Cumberland, resolved, whether it were rain, hail, or sunshine, that we should wait to see ourselves mirrored on their surface, and take the opportunity of doing homage to "Mount Skiddaw, in his natural sovereignty."

Passing along, we enjoyed a beautiful drive through "Squire Hassel's park," admiring, not only his place, but also his good nature, in allowing all travellers a thoroughfare here, in no part disfigured by either hedge, ditch, or wall. We therefore skirted along the charming banks of

the river Eamont, as if the sylvan scenery had been our own, and proceeded through a glen belonging to the same proprietor, which displayed tolerably bold and craggy rocks for an English pass, resembling what would have formed side scenes at the theatre. Here a patient looking fisherman was knee-deep in the stream, leaving his own element to drag the fish out of their's,—which is perhaps considered a fair exchange. I was amused to hear that a nervous gentleman, lately fishing for trout, unexpectedly hooked a *large salmon*, upon which he instantly threw down his rod in a panic and *ran off!*

It would be superfluous to “strain description’s bursting cheeks” with a full, true, and particular account of the lakes, when poets with both rhyme and reason, have exhausted their powers in vainly attempting to give an adequate representation of so much beauty. The “mighty Helvellyn” has already been a theme for two rival bards, Scott and Wordsworth, while it still inspires more poetry than any young beauty of chivalrous times, we may therefore be contented with adopting the language addressed by a German lover to his mistress,—“If the lake could be transformed into an inkstand, the mountains into paper; and if all the birds that hover on high were to subscribe their wings for quills, it would still be insufficient to write half the praise and admiration that are justly due.”

After following the meandering shores of Ullswater for some time, our carriage drove up to the charming inn at Paterdale, where we were obliged, for the present, to be satisfied with taking a “supercilious glance” from the window, at whatever could be seen, mistaking every cloud for a mountain, and unable to gain one glimpse of the lake. A numerous party of lawyers on circuit were storm-staid in a room near us, whence we frequently heard the loud professional laugh, characteristic of barristers and dragoons. A happy couple, also, arrived here—



the bride looking, as she alighted, like a bower of orange flowers ; but, though this was evidently a honeymooning excursion, they were obliged to sip their honey within doors, on account of the inveterate rain, which shewed no consideration whatever in throwing a cloud over their happiness.

One gentleman, apparently in a transport of weariness, was announced into our room, though we had never met him before,—but, after a few civil preliminaries, he at once opened the subject of his embassy. We had engaged the only fresh horses on the establishment to carry our carriage towards the south,—and a pair of tired quadrapeds, which arrived thence in the morning, were now about to return in that direction ; therefore, he wished us to make an exchange, *not* receiving the difference ; but it was quite a sufficient gratification to oblige a party of fellow-sufferers, who were anxious to escape towards a drier climate, so we graciously complied with the very skilful arrangement suggested.

During a short expedition among the highways and by-ways of Paterdale, we discovered, near the unexplored regions of the coach-house, a carriage with a remarkably conspicuous coronet. It is a curious phenomenon in coronets, that the older they are, the *smaller* they grow ; and seeing this so full-pledged and consequential-looking, we rightly guessed that it must belong to some former champion of equality, who had recently “hid his head in a coronet.” No rule seems more perfectly without exception, than, that those who are excessively fond of rank—particularly arbitrary with their servants, or unusually dogmatical in opinion—invariably profess democracy ; and we were amused in one respect, to see this so strongly testified on the pannel before us. To those who study heraldry, any traveller’s name becomes as distinctly legible on his carriage, as if it were ticketed on a morsel of tin

beneath the window, like that of a hackney-coach proprietor. There are generally no bounds to the interest felt by strangers at an inn, to ascertain who live in the same house with themselves ; and Lord —— would have been the greatest curiosity at that time, which could have been seen *for nothing*, but the lion unfortunately did not emerge from his den. An old Nabob, who returned some years ago from India, with an insatiable curiosity to see the leading people in London, at last determined to learn by heart in Debrett's peerage, all the heraldic insignia of every noble family ; so that, after his task had been completely mastered, he used, on the day of every levee, to station himself, in a favourable position near St. James's palace, and enjoy the benefit of his laborious studies, by reading on the procession of carriages, as if they had been announced by a herald-king-at-arms, who were all the personages he saw. I often wish, that those who give buttons emblazoned with the family arms to livery servants, would themselves wear the same, to assist in identifying their name and rank.

On the road from Paterdale to Windermere, is one of the steepest and most tedious hills I ever ascended. The English are so proud of having mountains at all, that here they take travellers over their highest summits ; and the gates during our progress, were as numerous and troublesome as the locks of a canal. Troops of little children flew to hold them open, after which they followed our carriage in the rain, splashed with mud over their very faces, in eager expectation of a *douceur* for taking so much extra trouble. One rosy, happy curly-headed boy, was exactly the picturesque figure that Gainsborough would have put in the fore-ground of a landscape ; and when we threw him some halfpence, he laughed with perfect ecstasy, his mouth expanding from ear to ear, till you would have almost expected it to meet behind. Our enemy the rain still con-

tinued ; and though we enlisted an additional pair of horses, which had fortunately come in time, to draw the carriage upwards, the post-boys stopped after advancing but a little way, and presented an humble petition that I would walk up the mountain side,—in compliance with which, we abandoned the lazy luxury of driving, and took a bracing promenade, contriving occasionally to see through draperies of fog, the outline of an exquisite view which ought, in brighter circumstances, to have rewarded our pilgrimage.

At Bowness, travellers had been detained by stress of weather during ten days, without seeing a single hill top, or enjoying one hour's excursion on Windermere ; therefore, we heard nothing but lamentations and complaints. The sitting-rooms at this inn are nearly all level with the garden, and have windows opening towards a gravel walk, along which we had occasion to pass, towards our own shelter,—so that we saw our fellow-sufferers each in his separate pen, gazing anxiously out, and counting the drops as they fell. Towards evening a tremendous thunder-storm took place, and in such a scene, nothing could be more sublime than to hear the loud artillery of heaven resounding from mountain to mountain in solemn reverberations. Sound is carried on the glassy surface of a lake with so remarkable a distinctness, that it can only be conceived by those who have had occasion to observe that noise is scarcely at all absorbed by water, and is therefore borne along for miles without diminution. Several of the loudest peals this evening equalled perhaps in grandeur and effect those mentioned by a French author as having once "had the honour of being noticed by the Royal Society."

The evident terror of all animals in such a storm, shows what it would be natural for every living creature to feel amidst a war of elements like this ; and while so powerfully reminded of our own helpless insignificance, it is little to be wondered at, that many have been converted from

thoughtlessness and sin by the deep impression made upon their minds when "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters, and the glory of God thundereth." Philosophers who lecture on meteorology, and understand the whole theory of electrical clouds, lose all that awe and apprehension with which an uninformed ear listens to the crashing thunderbolt, imagining the day of judgment to be at hand. There is as little foundation for this fear as when savages fancy an eclipse of the sun sent as a peculiar evidence of Divine wrath ; but while learned men derive conceptions of Almighty power which transcend all that ignorance can even imagine, by studying the inconceivable magnitude and symmetry of the starry heavens, it is perhaps desirable that the illiterate, who know comparatively nothing of these greater wonders, should have something obvious to their senses, acting as a medium by which their minds can be elevated to the contemplation of infinite power.

The man who looks on glass,  
On it may stay his eye,  
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
And then the heaven espy.

Next morning made up in brilliancy for all the previous days which had frowned upon us, for we were able to give a Wordsworth-like glance of admiration and rapture at the wide expanse and noble barriers of Windermere. A main characteristic in all English scenery consists in its perfect finish. The most scrutinizing eye can detect no one object to destroy its harmony or excite any disagreeable sensation. In Scotland there seems generally some mixture of wildness, desolation, or poverty even in the richest scenes, but here the peasantry display a considerable portion of that good taste which the rich only appear elsewhere to possess, and their landscapes are, like their

dress, in complete symmetry, not exhibiting splendour in one part and betraying meanness in another. A charming little fleet of white-sailed boats added gaiety to the romantic wonders of Windermere,—the mighty Helvellyn had uncovered his head, and grouped so well with the lesser hills around, that it made what artists call “a fine disposition of mountains,” while the fitting and broken reflections in the lake beneath, displayed as lovely a landscape in water colours as can well be imagined.

Rocks, clouds, and trees, in wild confusion run,  
And glittering fragments of a broken sun.

Ullswater exhibits a shorter *line* than Windermere, and has more grandeur near its upper end, but without the same admixture of softer beauties. Derwentwater, where we afterwards proceeded, is smaller and less graceful in shape, as seen from a hill on the old approach by Ambleside, but the view being enriched with the vale and town of Keswick, and surrounded by endless tiers of scattered hills and mountains, mostly detached from one another, is the most complete scene in that succession of landscapes. *Without partiality*, the Scotch lakes are nevertheless far superior to all we saw here,—the woods more varied, the rocks more precipitous, and the hills bolder and more *Ossianic*. It is allowed that there are different orders of architecture in mountains as well as in castles, and the pointed Gothic looks much more beautiful than the round Saxon summits which prevail here. Only one island varies the wide extent of Windermere, whereas three and twenty can be counted on Loch Lomond, all beautifully wooded with natural oak, birch and yew. This is a great superiority over all the Swiss lakes also, amongst the whole of which there are no islands, with the single exception of that one where the prisoner of Chillon was confined. An old gentleman in this country once so far for-

got his geography as to exclaim that he would not *for worlds* live upon an island ; but the late Mr. Curwen was not of that opinion, as his beautiful residence is built on the solitary island of Windermere, where we saw a house most charming to lionize, but dull beyond endurance for a longer time. We should soon have been writing poetry, dismal as Lord Byron's, had we been long imprisoned there. The celebrated Bishop Watson possessed during his life, a charming estate at Windermere, acquired in a way that bears undoubted testimony to his amiable manners, as two *ci-devant* pupils who died young, left him heir to all their property. One of these bequests was Colgarth, a beautiful place where most of his life was spent, and most of his concise, but all-the-more-valuable, book was written. In the present day many indifferent preachers adopt a strange way of telling from their pulpits, what the cleverest infidels have said against Divine truth, and of then employing their own small talents in a meagre confutation. As an antidote to the danger of this plan, it might be well if Christians would prepare to give a reason for the hope that is in them by thoroughly studying Bishop Watson's *Apology for the Bible*, and *Leslie on Deism*, both so portable that the mind can easily retain their arguments, and both suited to enlighten all who do not prefer darkness to light, but for such no remedy lies within the compass of human means. It is well known that not a single individual has ever yet been found who remained an infidel after fully studying Christian faith and doctrine, but incalculable mischief may be done by those who promulgate among a mixed congregation, all the difficulties and uncertainties that have already agitated deeply philosophical minds, while few among those who are present can follow that subtle chain of reasoning which leads to a satisfactory conclusion. If the Bishop's autobiography had only been suppressed, his light would have shone more

brightly, but the writing of memoirs is a mania that levels all distinctions, by bringing down great men to the ordinary standard, and publicly exhibiting the little foibles and frivolities formerly hid behind the curtain of domestic privacy. That entertaining custom is discontinued which we read of in the Arabian Nights, that two strangers never sat an hour together without verbally exchanging their histories, but now every one tells through the printing press what would formerly have enlivened only the fire-side. In general, men would find it safest to "strut their hour upon the stage," and then sink into privacy without being followed by public curiosity into the green-room, to observe how they rehearsed their parts, for the sinking in poetry, when we are minutely told how a celebrated man "ate and drank, and coughed and spat," reminds us by the contrast between the first and second impressions, of these two lines, which nearly connect the sublime with the ridiculous,

Great Dalhousie, god of war,  
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER III.

"And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
We may order our wings, and be off to the west."

MOORE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—It always casts a shade of melancholy over our brightest hours to think how rapidly they are passing away, and how soon even memory itself must fail to recal those vivid impressions of delight with which I can now look back upon all we have seen lately. Though it would be as easy to stop a sunbeam in its course, as to prolong the gay novelty of feeling with which such scenery as we visited to-day is first admired, yet some part of my enjoyment may be prolonged by imparting it to you, and the regret with which I am now preparing to depart, should remind us that everywhere in this world we are travelling with ceaseless speed from all that is seen and temporal, to that world which is unseen and eternal, so that the beauties of rural landscape are only like shifting scenes on a stage, compared with the boundless and permanent glories of a great hereafter.

Mr. Bolton, who died lately at Bowness, has bequeathed funds for the erection of a magnificent charity school, which is rising up here like Aladdin's palace, on so splendid a scale that I supposed it was a handsome new hotel in progress. Boys belonging to the inferior ranks of life must become sadly unfit for enduring the lowly roof and humble aspect of their parents' homes, when accustomed to the spacious proportions and brilliantly lighted apartments of such a "pauper palace" as this. Except for ostentation, half a dozen small school-rooms would have done infinitely more real good, superintended by a master



"passing rich on £40 a-year," and attended by scholars taught to wait upon themselves, instead of being brought up like gentlemen's sons, without any menial labour imposed on them, and having nothing to do but learn a few lessons, and parade slowly in regular array every morning for exercise, escorted by masters and ushers. We may constantly see in the neighbourhood of these great charitable institutions for young people, a line of boys nearly a mile long, wearing uniform costumes, and slowly advancing, with indolent steps, along the road, being in fact a daily repeated procession in honour of some deceased shop-keeper who died with more money than relations. No wonder that discontent and insubordination arise in after life, when young men become reduced from all the ease and splendour of a wealthy hospital, to their original level, beneath a thatched roof, and on a clay floor.

Near the village of Bowness are some of the most perfect cottages that can be imagined, each of which is a poem in itself; and I stood transfixed with admiration before their gates, wishing we could have hung up a cage for ourselves there during the summer. Far from being surprised at the number of villas scattered about Windermere, my only wonder is that there are not more. Young people indulging a romantic imagination have been sometimes accused of wasting time by building castles in the air, but in general they are much greater architects of cottages; and certainly if any one were disposed to die of envy, it would be in looking at the very delightful little retreats which ornament the lakes of Cumberland. Persons who inhabit immense overgrown houses, and enjoy an unlimited income, unless they seek anxiously for resources of interest and occupation, might often lead much the same passive existence as pensioners in a great hospital, sitting at home most of the day, wearying first for luncheon and then for dinner. Every wish anticipated, and every lux-

ury provided by the care of others, food, clothing, amusement, and variety all at command, life becomes one uninterrupted holiday; and an almost insurmountable difficulty arises in such a life of leisure to find interesting employment, or to fix on any object affording sufficient stimulus to induce exertion. The flowers at a fine-place are planted and watered, without having their value enhanced by being the result of your own care and skill; every table and cabinet has filled its allotted station for ages without being displaced; and the trees which have grown around during centuries past, will continue to stand during centuries after those who call them theirs are gathered to the dust. All seems so vast and beyond manageable compass in a great place, that it would sometimes be more cheerful to settle at the porter's lodge, with its smiling little garden, than to sweep along a magnificent approach, and pass a lifetime, as those must do, who have no object in pursuit, "stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair," amidst polished floors and gilded ceilings, and immeasurable mirrors, with nothing to look at but a boundless park and a few distant herds of almost invisible deer, the chief business of life, conversation, and the only subject one another. Gentlemen often fly from the luxury of such a home, to seek for change amidst the temporary discomforts of a yacht or a shooting box, while ladies obtain occasional relief in artificial poverty at a watering-place, finding that unaccustomed privations give the zest of novelty afterwards to the splendid sameness of home, where too often joy falls asleep in a surfeit of ease and abundance. Even royal personages in old times, seem often, like Haroun Alraschid, to have found their greatest amusement in wandering about *incog.*, and the most interesting accounts we read of monarchs are told when they came out in disguise like "The goodman of Ballengeich," or Il Bondecani. Few situations in life can be more pitiaibly tedious

than the existence of a queen-bee in a hive, with her cell larger than all the others, which she is never allowed to leave, so that, while the rabble fly from flower to flower, she remains in stately magnificence at home ; and though it is necessary that there should be pre-eminence and grandeur in the world, those on whom it is imposed are less to be envied than ordinary observers imagine, as they seem often obliged to sacrifice natural pleasures for the dull glare of artificial happiness. Even that necessity imposed by a limited income to relinquish some indulgences in order to procure others, adds a zest to whatever may be actually obtained ; and many amidst the glitter of life, with not a wish ungratified, feeling satiated with pleasure, might learn to estimate how great was the wisdom of Solomon in wishing for "neither poverty nor riches."

No one performs a tour of the Lakes without hearing the tragical story which took place in 1804, connected with Mary of Buttermere, the innkeeper's beautiful daughter, who rejected a host of admirers, but was at last prevailed on to marry a handsome stranger travelling in magnificent style, and professing to be the Honourable Augustus H——. Not long afterwards, it turned out that he was a notorious felon in disguise, named Hadfield, who carried on depredations in the neighbourhood with impunity, so he was taken and executed at Carlisle. This appeared a sad contrast to the comedy in real life, which began on a similar plan, about the same time, when the Marquis of E——, disguised as a farm-servant, married a rustic maiden, and then astonished her with the sight of Burleigh, and with the announcement that she was its mistress. Both ladies have become the subject of many a poet's pen since, as a warning or an example to village beauties ; but since actions are commonly estimated by their results, poor Mary of Buttermere scarcely meets with so much pity as her beauty and misfortunes merited.

Part of our first stage after leaving the Lakes, led us through a singularly desolate, unprepossessing scene, but travellers must taste the pudding as well as the plums. Here large, coarse, awkward-looking hills seemed to be elbowing each other out of our way, while "*Shap* shook high his forehead bare." The inn at Kendal must delight all travellers, and we were captivated with the old landlady, who is precisely that sort of bustling, active, important personage usually represented on the stage, with a lofty cap of very antique architecture, a large bunch of keys, and a very clean apron. The house is of ancient date, having seen better days when the residence of some distinguished family, and it is decorated with old-fashioned cupboards, containing a perfect museum of foreign china. Here is also the handsomest collection of richly carved oak that I ever saw anywhere. Our hostess said that she had more of it than could be used, in a cellar below, but every chair and tea-cup deserves a separate page of description. In one room stood an invaluable old bedstead, with representations of fruit and figures carved in full relief, the whole being as massy as a pulpit, and looking so very ancient and venerable, that I could not but think how many persons had probably died there during all the years it has lasted. A really beautiful portrait was hung in one room representing the landlady's daughter who died at seventeen, of consumption; and though her whole mournful history is but too common, we were much interested in hearing the particulars from our good hostess herself, who seemed to find comfort in speaking upon the subject. Where grief is great, talking of it, if that be possible, becomes a sort of safety-valve to moderate the pressure of extreme sorrow. When persons are in any recent affliction, therefore, as it is impossible for either party while together to think of anything else, it is best on most occasions, at least to ap-

proach the subject, and see whether any consolation can be suggested, where much is required.

—— the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

When the waiter at Kendal discovered that we came from Scotland, he thought it impossible to produce too many sweetmeats at breakfast, and brought in a large crystal dish of West India preserves, cucumbers and limes swimming in an ocean of syrup. Most poor people's children in this part of the country, have treacle spread on their bread for breakfast, and a singular custom prevails at some merry-makings among the villagers. Various pieces of money are mixed up in a large basin of treacle, and after they have been thoroughly concealed, children are allowed to dip their faces in, trying to catch the prizes with their teeth. The mask which then gathers on the skin hardens immediately on being exposed to the air, so that their features become quite immoveable and their jaws literally locked. This seems rather a less agreeable pastime than that of the young people in Scotland, who dive headlong into a tub of water for apples, as Burns describes in his *Hallowe'en*.

Proceeding onwards, near Milnthorpe we observed a wide arm of the sea which is fordable at low water, and might probably be embanked by some enterprising speculator like Mr. Malcolm in Argyleshire, who redeemed 3000 acres at one place, from the ocean. The Humane Society should give medals to enterprising persons who recover drowned lands from the sea. Whole estates are gained in that way now, and it would be no bad speculation to take an improveable lease of this bay immediately. The most wonderful line of road I ever passed over, was made upon a similar plan in the north, where a mound three quarters of a mile long, passes through Fleet Bay, with

the sea kept on one side, and only a small arch at the end, to let a portion of water through when it cannot be entirely controlled. I was glad on this occasion, that our route did not lie along the shore near Milnthorpe, since the tide there has occasionally risen up so rapidly as to overwhelm unwary travellers, being somewhat like that in the Bay of Fundy, which sweeps in with one prodigious wave, leaving no time to evade its progress.

We continued during several stages passing over a not very distinguished country, which partook more of the useful than the ornamental, being but sparingly adorned with trees and very abundant in grain. The North of England, and the South of Scotland meet in so flat, bare, and ugly a scene, that tourists travelling through those countries for the first time, must imagine they have taken a final leave of all beauty ; but the two kingdoms show their worst faces to each other, and if all the buried forests here could be reproduced, how greatly the scene might be altered, for in this part of England, as well as in the Highlands, large roots and trunks of trees are constantly dug up among the morasses, showing noble remains of better times. The only exceptions to our uninteresting advance were, the views we at last obtained of Lancaster, where the fine old castle is now degraded into a jail ; but it puts a good face on the matter, and though not in the best company, still looks exceedingly majestic, with a beautiful back-ground displaying the fine bay and a hydra-headed range of mountains.

Preston follows next, so hideous, dull, and ungainly a town, that it would be no great loss to travellers, whatever it might be to the inhabitants, if an earthquake shook the houses down. Not a feature is to be seen throughout its whole extent, except eight or nine windmills, and about twenty tall chimneys like the funnels of a steam-boat, vomiting columns of smoke. The houses are built in a shabby-gen-

teel school of architecture, and the only tolerable cottage we perceived on the road, was built in an old quarry, looking very much as if it had accidentally fallen into a cracked punch bowl. The Vale of Ribble alone qualifies by its fertility, the general ugliness of this country. A very sportsman-like landlord at Preston, who probably thought we must be impatient to lose sight of such a place, supplied horses like high-mettled racers, with which we drove on as if Chifney himself had been riding them.

Our next step was to Liverpool, where the first attempt at procuring accommodation became a failure, as we were shown into the "worst inn's worst room," with no window except a borrowed light from the passage, and the air impregnated by a powerful smell of gas, while the landlady assured us that if we remained patiently till next day, her house would perhaps be less crowded, and some earlier arrivals might probably become departures; but we did not excel in patience quite so much as she wished. Travellers at a hotel generally spend most of their time like flies on a window-pane, gazing out at the busy world beyond, and there could scarcely have been a more uninteresting object of contemplation to come so far for, than the dingy walls of our little sanctuary decorated with prints representing several eminent heroes of former times, who may be seen fighting at every inn on the road. Lord Duncan's portrait being the most expensive of these popular engravings, is confined to the great hotels, but Nelson, Wolfe, and Abercromby have "a field of fame" in every house. The Adelphi is an overgrown receptacle, looking as if strangers might live a week there without being discovered, and certainly the whole travellers' club could be accommodated within its precincts, while still several spare rooms would be left unoccupied; so we walked there in state, followed by the half-drowned carriage and horses. Here a very few moments installed us in such a sitting-room!

If it could be carried, like the Salt-market, wherever we go, any one might gladly become bound never to enter a better, provided he never saw a worse. One window commanded an interesting view into the court-yard, where a man cook in full equipment, with his white cap on, superintended his myrmidons, and more than twenty turtles lay, gasping within sight, evidently about before long to regale the *bons vivants* of Liverpool, though their fate seemed not quite so distinctly indicated as that of a turtle at Boston, which was seen crawling about near the door of a hotel, bearing this very significant inscription on its back, "Soup to-morrow." A waiter had strongly recommended us to see "The *Symmetry* and the *Brittanic* gardens," so we resolved to lose no time in following this judicious advice, and proceeded accordingly to explore that very extraordinary burying-place lately prepared for the future use of those living thousands inhabiting Liverpool. It is situated in a large deep quarry, excavated into galleries and terraces which are planted with flowers; round the summit is a wreath of handsome houses commanding a view into this dismal scene, and at the bottom lies a beautiful garden divided with gravel walks and decorated with trees. Wherever you turn towards the precipitous sides, vaults are excavated in the solid stone, and each individual secures a part of this rocky eminence to be prepared under his peculiar directions, like the monks of La Trappe digging their own grave. The celebrated Boswell was so proud of his family burying-place, being similar to these, that, during the funeral ceremony over his own wife's remains, he suddenly turned to the company and exclaimed, "Gentlemen! this is all hewn out of solid stone!" It appears certainly the most ancient mode of burial in the world, as we read of caves dug in rocks during those early times when Abraham bought a sepulchre from the children of Heth; and coined money was not invented then, as the



price had to be *weighed out*. I gazed through the iron grates of several vaults at Liverpool, and perceived large marble slabs bearing a few names, while vacancies were left for others who expect in due time to follow. There is something peculiarly mournful in thus seeing the "Graves of a household" one by one dug and tenanted, as the family circle gradually becomes broken. To think that those are now laid silent and insensible together, who loved each other by the tenderest ties,

Who grew in beauty side by side,  
Who fill'd one home with glee.

While those who yet survive to weep are anticipating the time when, after the bitterness of death and the anxieties of life are over, they also shall be mourned in turn. To consider how many thousand subjects of mutual interest each family once possessed, though now those plans and projects, those hopes and fears which agitated their bosoms, are closed for ever, and after having wept and rejoiced in common, and mingled their voices in devotion, the curtain of eternity is drawn aside, and nothing remains of all that they have done on the earth, unless they wisely prepared for heaven, there to enjoy unfading treasures laid up in an eternal home

Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

Quakers allow no sepulchral memorials to be placed over their deceased friends, and the earth closes above the buried members of that sect like a wave of the ocean, leaving not a trace behind; but it seems as natural as the tears shed over the grave of departed worth, to ask the sympathy of strangers, and to seek the esteem of future generations for those whom we know to have merited, though

they never asked for admiration and praise on earth, seeking only that which cometh from above.

Mr. Huskisson's tomb is marked by nothing yet except a weeping ash near the centre of the garden, but a handsome monument is about to be erected by subscription, in commemoration of the mournful calamity which hurried him to the grave. It was not without an apprehensive shiver that I now remembered having actually pledged myself to venture next day upon that very railway where he had been so unfortunately killed ; and my only consolation arose from the hope which never leaves me when a party of pleasure is in prospect, that *possibly* it may be prevented by rain, for truly on some such occasions I would gladly give a guinea a drop for one good shower. Mr. Huskisson was the first person buried in this cemetery, by which his friends intended to do him honour, as Englishmen view this subject very differently from Highlanders, who have a superstition, which I never could trace to its origin, that Satan gets possession of the first corpse laid in a new cemetery ! The time when I heard of this was in 1830, at Blair ; on which occasion the inn-keeper happened to mention that a new burying-ground had been prepared during some years without ever coming into use, on account of no neighbouring family liking to take the precedence. " We are just waiting," added the worthy landlady, looking hard at *me*, " to see if, by good chance, some stranger dies in the place, who could be laid there at once." After that, I very nearly resolved to sleep without a pillow at Blair, in case of being *Burked* ; and it is remarkable that an English sportsman about that time *fairly* died there, when after his interment in the new cemetery, it was adopted into use. The Scotch have been always considered particularly provident about funerals ; but a story which amused me once, affords particularly strong evidence of this propensity. A poor woman in the village

of —, had lent her neighbour the carpenter some money, but finding him quite unable to re-pay her, she obligingly consented to take the value of his debt in *coffins* for herself and all her children. They were accordingly each measured and provided without delay; but she was heard often afterwards to complain that the children had quite out-grown theirs.

It has always been a much admired action in *Clarissa Harlowe* preparing her own coffin, with a broken lily on the top; but that is quite an un-English idea, and the only instance on record of such premature preparation was, when the celebrated *Horne Tooke*, who liked to be eccentric in every thing, engraved for his own epitaph on a tombstone the two words "Grateful and contented;" which, if he could have added some expression of Christian hope, and not confined his view to the past, might have been perfectly satisfactory. In Scotland the very poorest monuments are almost invariably sanctified by a text of Scripture, which is read with interest over the remains of those who are thus, "though dead yet speaking," to express the hope in which they expired; but in the cemetery here, we scarcely saw an instance of this venerable custom having been adopted. At one corner of the quarry, a large place was set apart, which seemed like a bleaching-green covered with towels, but on nearer inspection we found, that those small square stones indicated the paupers' nameless graves. Neither date nor designation was there, but this very silence became affecting; their sorrows and privations are for ever at an end, and when they rise hereafter from that humble bed, all earthly distinction shall be at an end. I thought of the beautiful American inscription, where a tomb is described by Captain Hamilton with no name engraved, but merely those expressive words, "My mother! the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall arise!" What can be more

sublime than the simplicity of these words, and the awful ideas they convey!—we shall all be found and known in that solemn hour, and it matters little in the mean time, where we await the universal summons; yet if it were worth while to entertain a prejudice on the subject, certainly this receptacle at Liverpool would not often be preferred. Beattie says, “Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the plain, and many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!” I have always sympathised in feeling with the Danish Princess, who begged to be buried by the sea-shore, that her dirge might be sung by her native breezes ;—

Like melody hush'd while we listen;  
Is memory's dream of the dead.

At Liverpool every great mercantile house has a letter-box in the General Post Office, composed of glass in front, therefore at any hour of the day a partner may ascertain if there be any letters for the firm, merely by looking in, and with a private key, he can get them before the ordinary hour of delivery. About 800 of these boxes are established, where impatient correspondents may contemplate their letters, which must be neither few nor unimportant, for in hearing of the immense transactions which are daily carried on here, we may truly say “her merchants are princes,”

## CHAPTER IV.

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more ;  
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

POPE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Pray wind up your imagination without delay, and try to set it agoing, that you may be able to follow us on the railway at Liverpool, of which I must endeavour to give some faint idea.

An amusing caricature was published some time ago, representing a group of horses in deep and anxious consultation respecting the probable consequence of their services being no longer required on the road ;—the younger animals were in ecstasies at the change, expecting to live the rest of their lives *upon clover*, and to be like emancipated slaves, while more experienced politicians shook their heads at so unexpected a franchise, and trembled for the result ; remarking, that it would no longer be the interest of masters to maintain them, and that this new reform, which looked so promising, might probably lead to their final destruction.

Machinery is superseding labour so universally now, that even the very hens in a farm-yard, hatching their chickens under their wings, are likely to be thrown out of employment by the use of steam ;—the winds and waves may lie idle, for a vessel at sea can get on without them ; and needles and spinning wheels work best of themselves without assistance ; so that the time seems approaching when men and animals may enjoy one universal holiday, while all their labours will end in smoke.

It must be a subject of grave solicitude to inn-keepers, waiters, chambermaids, hostlers, and boots, along the highroad, to anticipate how this new system of railways

will "work;" and while tourists are soon to be seen flying, like birds, from one distant perch to another, these useful members of society must retire upon half-pay, or rather upon no pay at all. The rural parts of England will be as little frequented as in former times, when scarcely any carriages travelled at all, and the peasantry can have no more communication with strangers passing through their neighbourhood, than with a flight of crows over head; so that before long the country must be reduced to that state of primitive simplicity, when pedlars and beggars had the highway to themselves, and not an inn could be found for rest or refreshment, except the hospitable mansion of the neighbouring squire.

When innovations are introduced, it becomes often curious to trace how wide and unexpected may be the result, while they frequently affect the fortunes of those whom we should have thought completely detached from all concern in the consequences. Thus the national interests are like an electrical rod, when the shock seems applied only to a part, it nevertheless reaches the whole. I felt peculiarly convinced of this truth, when we heard lately that several of our Caithness fishermen had been nearly ruined by the emancipation of West India slaves. It seemed impossible that these two classes could have any connection; but the planters used to order out immense stores of salted herrings to feed their people, and these can no longer be purchased, the slaves themselves not having funds to combine in bespeaking such a quantity as renders it worth while to export them. Many instances will occur to your memory, of vexatious and unforeseen results arising out of laws and regulations apparently planned and promulgated in the utmost height of human wisdom; and we are thus led to consider how short-sighted and fallible is our judgment upon every subject, and to wonder more at the unbounded knowledge and foresight contained in Holy Scrip-

ture ; where a code of laws and of duties was established eighteen hundred years ago, adapted to every country and individual since, and each injunction in which, has been found universally essential for the promotion of happiness and prosperity.—Truly may we exclaim, wherever we go or whatever we hear, “ Oh ! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! ”

When any traveller takes his position for the first time in a steam carriage, he certainly must find himself in rather an original situation,—abandoned to the guidance of an enormous boiling kettle, and moving along what looks like an interminable pair of tongs, while he goes at such a rate that nothing can well exceed it, unless he were packed into a cannon-ball and fired off. If you wish to experience a sensation of wonder and exhilaration such as you never felt before, set off at once and take an airing on the railway, for after the first terror and astonishment were over, I was by no means tempted to spring out of the car, or catch hold of any thing to stop our progress, or to exhibit such symptoms of distraction as you had shrewdly prophesied, but on the contrary, would have no objection to make a daily excursion there, if ever we settle for life at Liverpool. When Captain Parry stepped on board his ship, to set out for the North Pole, he probably thought it a great undertaking, but not a greater than I did, when we entered “ The Venus,” and shot through a dark subterraneous tunnel nearly a quarter of a mile long. This rather intimidating outset seems planned on purpose to try the traveller’s nerves, and like Acres, the courage of many oozed out at their finger ends, when we entered into this cave of Trophonius, lighted with gas, and looking so like a burying-vault, while the noise could only be compared to the sharpening of a hundred saws. Before long, however, we emerged into day, and flew off pell-mell, along a narrow road, cut in the solid rock, and hemmed in

by a lofty adamantine wall on each side, which seemed, from the rapidity of our motion, to be rushing past us with headlong velocity. I might have extended my hand at either window of the carriage and touched the wall, but it became impossible to look steadily without feeling giddiness, or to help shrinking back under a feeling of apprehension, as if we must the next instant be plastered to the wall, like a wasp upon a window. Presently we reached the open country, when gates, houses, men and cattle, seemed all in a whirl, and to vanish the instant they appeared, though remote objects remained tolerably stationary; and such was the steadiness of the motion that I even succeeded in sketching a steeple which arose on the horizon about half-a-mile off. Writing and reading were perfectly easy,—at least to those who could read or write elsewhere, for we had such a mixed society in the train, that there might be many who could not. More than a hundred people altogether filled the line of carriages in which we were launched, all being drawn by one engine, the constant *hissing* of which produces a disagreeable effect, and must appear particularly unpleasant to orators and public men, who now and then face a mob upon the hustings. Perhaps, however, they are more used to it than others. When we looked out at the carriage window to take an observation of our progress, it became amusing to see at least twenty other heads visible in a line, all exhibiting much the same expression of nervous excitement; but after a time I got so completely into the spirit of enterprise, that it appeared quite insipid when our pace lingered at only twenty miles an hour. An eider duck flies at the rate of ninety, so we cannot soon hope to outstrip such speed, but carrier pigeons may be glad to have retired from business long ago, or they would now have been completely superseded. Any gentleman, if he had leave, might take a shot at the grouse in passing, for they



abound on the Chat Moss, a perfect Slough of Despond, over which the railway took us four miles and three-quarters. It must have puzzled the engineers to make a practicable road there, as the morass is about twenty feet deep all the way along, and could scarcely support the weight of a sportman and his gun. After getting to the full boil, I examined a stop watch, and our rate of progress proved to be a mile in two minutes and twenty seconds. We might really have mistaken, like the gentleman who thought the mile stones were grave stones. If some mischievous boy had chosen to place any impediment on our track, the consequence must have been fatal; therefore to cause greater security, a man is stationed at every half mile, who runs that distance to meet the travellers, when expected, and then stands with his finger pointing backwards to warrant that nothing is out of order upon the road. One of these men had lost an arm, but he pointed with his stump, which proved equally satisfactory. When another train of carriages passed ours, the velocity became apparently redoubled, being at a rate of 42 miles an hour, or one minute and a half per mile; and nothing can give an idea of the quickness with which we rushed on in our different directions, scarcely able to see each other, though the loud crash was like some great manufactory in motion. If a concussion had taken place! but luckily we were like planets each fixed into our separate orbit.

A lively Irishman said he asked one of his friends who passed, "how d'ye do?" and before the answer could be spoken, one was at Manchester and the other at Liverpool. Some time since a race for £500 took place between two of the engines, which must have outstripped any thing at Ascot or Doncaster. The favourite however in the first *heat* became suddenly broken-winded, but Sky-Rocket came on to the winning-post, after a run, backwards and forwards, of 70 miles without stopping *to take breath!*

A great draught of air is caused by passing along so rapidly, and at one place, where a slight ascent occurred, some trifling derangement took place in the engine, so it moved slowly along, with apparent difficulty, puffing and blowing like an asthmatic person ; which gave so much appearance of life, that we seemed the most inanimate,—as if it had come alive, and we were turned into lifeless images. The country people here are all so accustomed now to see railway carriages, that to us, who were full of their novelty, it became quite a mortification, when our appearance caused scarcely the least excitement or surprise. The labourers hardly condescended to look off their work, the women only vouchsafed to turn their heads our way for an instant, the dogs scarcely barked, and the cows and horses ruminated undisturbed. Certainly those herds of oxen and poultry which are carried along on the train must be rather astonished ;—the learned pigs may improve by travelling, and the geese seemed struck dumb with surprise. The Lancashire witches, whose vocation was formerly to steal away hearts, have so long been celebrated for success, that I felt rather disappointed in the fascinations of those who passed. The few cottages we observed were also more useful than ornamental, though on some of the best, nothing has been omitted that white and green paint can do to render them *romantic*, while their tall chimneys, looking out from among the trees, seemed pricking their ears at us, and backing off the road with alarm. On the whole, it was, as orators invariably finish their public speeches by remarking, “the proudest moment of my existence,—which shall be remembered to the latest hour of my life,” when we stepped out of our triumphal car, having survived the dangers of the railway, and performed a journey of 32 miles in one hour and a half. The total expense of this line has been estimated at £820,000,—that is to say £25,625 a mile ; or to use a

lady's measurement, fourteen guineas a yard; while the charge for maintaining it with fuel, attendants, repairs, &c., amounts to £1,400 per day! Some estimate may be formed what a concourse of travellers frequent this road, when we are told that the income for mere passengers is averaged at £100,000 per annum. This confirms my opinion that the chief characteristic of the present generation is—restlessness; and that whereas formerly the wandering Jew alone was supposed never to settle, every person now follows in his footsteps, and like Time himself unceasingly travels.

At Manchester there was nothing to be seen; but we spent two hours in ascertaining this fact. It is the great muslin-shop of Europe, and contains even wealthier merchants than those at Liverpool, though a few are so affluent in both places that you would be rich with a single day of their income. Some fortunes here probably equal that ascribed to the late Duke of Buccleuch, when our old writing-master informed a wondering circle of pupils, that his Grace had "half-a-crown a minute." We were then desired to calculate how much that amounted to in a year; and I remember being juvenile enough then to fancy his Grace sitting for ever on an easy chair, counting the half-crowns as they were brought up in perpetual succession. This seemed the very height of human grandeur and felicity; but the life of a prosperous merchant must require almost as incessant attention, without reaping quite so certain a return. Fortunes seem always largest when any one receives so much a-day, because if only the pay of a midshipman—six and sixpence, we think so many days must occur when he does not spend such a sum, that he might almost accumulate a fortune on the surplus; but great as the incomes are in Manchester, such vicissitudes take place in mercantile affairs, that no individual can be considered permanently rich till his counting-house be

closed, and his capital realized in the Bank of England. Politicians might almost tremble, in passing through a great manufacturing district like this, to see what millions of people are dependent for existence on the prospect of our cotton manufactures continuing to maintain their supremacy in foreign markets, while if any sudden re-action arose, it would seem like the embankment of a great river giving way after being long impeded, and thousands and tens of thousands must instantly be thrown adrift in a state of actual starvation. So many desperate men would then overrun the neighbourhood, that the bands of society might break loose, and in whatever way it all terminated, neither civil nor military power could at once quell the multitude, before such scenes of horror occurred as our past history can scarcely parallel. The new system of Political Unions, ruled by factious demagogues, who have nothing to lose, will rapidly tend to some such calamitous result, because the chief manufacturers are constantly checked by finding their men in a combination against them when least anticipated. It is well known that mechanics take advantage of the opportunity to strike for work always when their masters receive a particularly advantageous order, after which even women and children are unwillingly thrown out of employment, and reduced to abject distress, while they dare not relieve themselves by returning to labour. Thus men of capital, receiving so many discouragements, will cease to venture their all on speculation in so stormy a sea, and having no longer the spirit nor the wealth to carry on manufactures as they have done, those great commercial cities will but too probably sink either gradually or suddenly into irretrievable confusion and distress. In the meantime it would be very desirable if, when threats are issued by Political Unions, the president and office-bearers were made personally responsible for all the crimes committed at their instigation,

being then obliged either to pay the penalty themselves, or to trace out and deliver up those who cause any breach of the peace.—But ladies giving their opinions on political economy always remind me of General ——'s servant, who read the newspaper aloud to his master, and never could be prevented stopping to volunteer his own view of what the public speakers ought to have said, and how the various sovereigns and statesmen should have acted, till at last the old gentleman exclaimed in an uncontrollable rage, "Hold your tongue, David, neither you nor I are competent to direct the emperor of Austria and Sir Robert Peel!"

Returning from Manchester to Liverpool, we discovered, not for the first time in our lives, that nothing is so tedious to travellers as retracing their steps over any ground; and if a balloon could have been hired to take us back, we felt almost equal to the enterprise, after venturing on the railway with impunity; but seeing no such alternative in our option, we performed an immediate *Da Capo*, and certainly, as musicians say, made a run *con spirito* and *crescendo*.

The new market-place at Liverpool, which cost about £40,000, partakes much of the marvellous, and is considered a great lion in its way, being roofed in for three-quarters of a mile, and divided into stalls as neat and regular as a London bazaar. At night the whole is illuminated by 141 gas lamps, looking as brilliant as Vauxhall, and requiring only a few fireworks to be equally amusing. Ladies might make their own markets here without any danger of being disgusted, and if a French cook were summoned to the spot, and a fire lighted, every thing in or out of season was ready that could possibly be imagined for a great entertainment—fish, fruit, cheese, fowls, vegetables, eggs, pastry, butter, and meat. You might have supposed that Liverpool was provisioned for a siege of six

months. It seemed like a magnified bee-hive, when we listened to the murmur of several hundred voices under one roof, all eagerly engaged in buying, selling, scolding, gossiping, and quarrelling. What a stagnation the world would fall into, were it not for the love of money, which keeps every body active, either to gain or to spend wealth.

It is an interesting proof of wisdom in Him who formed us, to observe that every propensity of nature is useful in moderation, and only evil when carried to excess. Acquisitiveness, if kept in due subordination, is the main-spring of honest industry. Curiosity, which so often degenerates into a love of gossip, causes tourists to travel, and history to be recorded, while even anger has its uses, when directed against vice, and kept under that proper restraint indicated by Scripture, "Be ye angry and sin not." If these feelings were extinguished in the world, mankind would fall into a lethargy; and one important office of religion is to curb every instinct within proper bounds, and render all subservient to the great object of promoting universal piety and good order.

Leaving Liverpool, and proceeding towards the Birkenhead Ferry, a glimpse is gained of the splendid docks, said to be three miles in extent; and though we could not wait to count the masts, their number might be compared to an American forest. It is inconceivable how vessels can be packed so closely in harbour, and how, after being completely wedged in, they ever get extricated; but I watched several steam-boats enter, wheeling into their places with all the precision of a well-driven carriage. We passed near the floating chapel, where a congregation was assembled for evening worship, and it seemed quite crowded with sailors, who probably enjoy attending the more for being on their favourite element. One prominent *feature* in the view was called "the Red Nose;" and though that

is not generally an object of admiration, no rule is without exception, for this was exceedingly ornamental and *comme il faut*.

Some foreign musicians favoured us with music during the voyage. We had Liber Augustine and Malbrook very tolerably sung to a guitar, while the paddles of the steam-boat beat time, and the splash of the waves formed an obligato accompaniment. It is strange how perplexingly tunes often recal a dim glimpse of long forgotten days, as if we had been accustomed to hear those very airs in the hours of infancy, before memory acquired the distinctness of mature years, and faces and scenes flit before your fancy which had vanished into oblivion. No itinerant music is too atrocious for me not to tolerate, or rather to derive positive enjoyment from, on account of the transient accidental way in which it comes, and I have often wondered, while we laughed at the enraged musician Mr. —, who sent out some halfpence to a street violin player, desiring him to go away instantly, and not to come back, or he should be turned into a *blind* fiddler, upon which the man coolly answered, that he “never stopped playing for less than sixpence.”

Having now, in the course of one day, tried every sort of travelling by sea or land, it seems but fair to record, that not being particular, I prefer old fashioned posting to all the newly invented railways, steam-boats, parachutes, or balloons. It was with no small pleasure, therefore, that we deposited ourselves once more in the carriage, even though our postillion seemed so stupified with beer that he had to be three times roused from his slumbers, by energetic calls on his attention, as we meandered from side to side, measuring the breadth of the road as often as its length, and grazing alongside of hedges and ditches, within an inch or two of driving into them altogether. Our danger was increased by the multitude of public coaches

we passed at full speed ; for during this one stage I counted fourteen, each drawn by four horses, and crowded with passengers. What could so many people find to do ! It might have been curious to ascertain from each individual, flying in such haste, the object of his journey. One cannot wonder at poets in search of the picturesque, milliners in pursuit of fashions, and bagmen hunting for customers ; but the difficult thing to conceive is why such multitudes of children are always travelling. No public conveyance ever seems to pass without a detachment of them ; and in steam-boats they swarm, eating gingerbread nuts, fragrant with peppermint drops, treading on every person's dress, and crying so vociferously that an old gentleman once wished they were treated as infants are in the Fox Islands, whose heads are thrust under water the moment they begin to cry, and never raised till they stop.

Travellers in America, Germany, and other foreign countries, make so perpetual an outcry in their pages about the horrors of tobacco, that you would imagine pipes utterly unknown at home ; but half the people we passed to-day were flagrant smokers, and as that seems generally a preface to drinking, it is deplorable that, from the humble pipe to the aristocratic cigar, our whole island will soon be smoked like a Westphalia ham. So great a waste of health and money among the poorer classes should be discouraged, both by precept and example, or the custom will soon be universally prevalent. In Holland, at public dinners, if any gentleman be particularly wanted, the waiter enters with a pair of bellows, and blows in the face of each member, to find the one required. I wish servants occasionally made the same mistake as Sir Walter Raleigh's, who became terrified the first time he saw columns of smoke issuing from his master's mouth, and threw a deluge of cold water on his head "to extinguish him."

Our drive for sixteen miles led through a most beautiful



country, if it had only been more distinctly visible ; but clouds of dust which we ourselves raised in journeying along obscured the bright prospect, otherwise so extensive and delightful. How much this resembles our progress in life, when the trifles nearest and most insignificant engross that attention which would be better bestowed on bright and unseen objects beyond !

Towards evening many elegant villas appeared, where we should probably have found an excellent joint of home-fed mutton and a cheerful fire-side, had it been possible to drop in for a moment, like Paul Pry, without intruding, but we were rather tantalized at passing a continual succession of gates and approaches which look so inviting. Travellers should put their arrival at every place in the newspaper, adding as a hint to hospitably disposed friends, " Letters and messages may be left at the Royal Hotel any day this week." The merriest group I have seen anywhere was during this stage, where we passed a numerous flock of children with four donkeys, which they seemed about to mount and ride. Those very respectable quadrupeds would have been generally prized had horses never been invented ; and the long-eared race are certainly preferred by painters, who introduce them more frequently in landscape scenery. Poets have also spared them a few stanzas, but, since the time of Sterne's ass, I never knew their merits so heartily appreciated as in the noisy happy party we passed.

Cheshire is such a great manufactory of cheeses, a *fromagerie*, as it has been called, that travellers might almost expect the roads to be paved and the air perfumed with them. The rivers are *not* however as Baron Munchausen describes those in the cheese island, " running with milk."

If any traveller were desired to choose only one town in Great Britain to lionize, let him fix at once on Chester, as the most eccentric that can be seen, and no person of

taste should allow himself to die without going there once. For my own part, it would have appeared worth while to drive all the way we had come, with our eyes shut, in order to experience at last, the sensation of interest with which I first beheld this venerable city, the oldest in England, and certainly the most picturesque.

Villages are often described in books as Chester-built, without producing any very definite idea of what may be meant, but the effect here is certainly very peculiar, the external wall divided with cross-beams of black wood, and the intermediate spaces filled with white plaster, so that houses all appear in slight mourning, seemingly built of large visiting cards with black edges. Some are marked out in triangles and octagons, as if they had originally been Chinese puzzles erected into dwelling houses, and their gable ends seem generally turned towards the street, with high pointed roofs, and fantastically formed windows filled with diamond-shaped panes of glass. On the second floor, level with the drawing-rooms, and elevated completely above the ground, is a public foot-path, along the principal streets, so that pedestrians take a bird's eye view of the equipages below. As all the principal shops must be entered from those curious piazzas, to which stair-cases lead from the carriage road, ladies may go through the two great occupations of life, shopping and visiting, for a whole day, without scarcely touching the ground. This covered gallery was originally intended for safety when the town was invaded by an enemy, as the inhabitants could throw down stones and all sorts of missiles on the besiegers, and find a defence here from the arrows and javelins of their opponents; but now they are merely used as a defence against the rain, and umbrellas have quite a sinecure office in the streets of Chester.

This city was famous for its sacred dramas, in those good times formerly when plays were written, like Mrs.

Hannah More's, to afford instruction in history and religion, without becoming also the vehicles of immorality and vice. Performances of this kind used then to be publicly announced from the pulpit; they took place in churches by daylight, when monks and boys acted the characters, and Pope Clement the VI. granted one thousand years' indulgence to those pious persons who attended the series of solemn mysteries at Chester. In Dr. Lee's evidence before the House of Commons respecting the observance of Sunday, it is mentioned that, till some time after the death of John Knox, sacred comedies were performed on the Lord's Day between the services, in many parts of Scotland, under sanction of the church courts, and that they were carefully revised by the clergyman of the parish. One of these was named "The Forlorn Son," and exemplified the Prodigal's whole history; another represented the "Fall of Lucifer;" and a third, "The Deluge." If our pious forefathers thought such exhibitions had a tendency to do good, how astonished they would have been at the degraded state of theatrical exhibitions in London now, but their own entertainments were liable to the same strong objections, which apply to oratorios, alluding as they did to subjects too awful and too solemn for any place not consecrated to the one great purpose of sacred worship.

Who could sit at a theatre to hear songs, however beautiful, which described the sufferings or death of their dearest friends and nearest relatives! yet He, whose agonies and sorrows are brought to mind in such a scene, was more than a brother to every Christian; and none whose hearts are penetrated with gratitude and veneration could easily remain satisfied while the subject of their deepest emotions was thus alluded to. Others, who know not yet what it is to mourn in secret over their own share in the afflictions of Him who was "despised and rejected of men," may find

their feelings roused for a moment, but it will only be by a temporary, though pleasing, enthusiasm, while

————— content to hear,  
Oh! wonderful effect of music's charms!  
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.

We saw from our windows at Chester, a small unobtrusive Roman Catholic procession, which forcibly exemplified the change since former days, when it would have passed along in all the pride and pomp of papal power. Now they could muster no more than a few nuns in white caps and veils, followed by a rabble of the poorest people, who were celebrating either a funeral or a festival, it was difficult to guess which.

Chester having been built by the Romans as their capital, is shaped like an encampment, with a Cathedral placed where the Pretorium should have been. It seems very strongly fortified, and has a promenade on the top of the ancient city-wall, built by Princess Edelfleda in 908. Here we walked about two miles, comparing our elevated path to the great wall of China, as it carried us completely round the city, and I enjoyed looking down, as perhaps King Alfred did before us, on the apple orchards, the summits of trees, and into the chimneys of the houses. If we could have only removed the roofs of these residences, and observed, like "*Le Diable Boîteux*," what people were thinking and doing within, that would have added much to our entertainment; for what a world of cares, and sorrows, and pleasures, exist in every human dwelling; and though all seemed peaceful and smiling around, how many scenes of heart-stirring joy, or of heart-rending grief, were perhaps then in progress amongst those whom we saw hastening to their homes.

If travellers could see all the events that happen during one day in a great city, how strange a picture of life it

would convey ! And when considering the many crimes daily committed, while the eye of a holy God sees them all, we admire and adore the goodness and forbearance of Him, who would have spared even Sodom and Gomorrah if ten righteous men had been there, and who preserves a world abounding in wickedness, for the sake of those who shall mercifully be saved.

The walls of Chester cathedral are mouldering fast away, being built of very soft crumbling stone, which has the appearance of a well boiled potato. In external architecture it is plain, and the chief interior ornament is a splendid screen of richly carved oak. The expense of raising so intricate a piece of work now, would be unspeakable. The oak frame for a small piece of embroidery, lately cost £9, and though carved very tolerably for modern artificers, it would be unworthy to fill up a crevice in the screen at Chester ; which is cut in the minute style of a sandal-wood fan, and stands about thirty feet high. Nothing can be handsomer than the episcopal throne, formed of richly carved ivory, with a great show of gilding on the figures, and a mitre adorning the top. It is not very generally remembered, perhaps, that the Bishop's mitre was meant, in ancient times, to represent the cloven tongues of fire which descended on the Apostles and "sat upon each of them." These old customs are of such venerable antiquity, that it becomes a pleasure to trace out their origin ; and I believe the using coats of arms, though commonly attributed to the times of the Crusaders, when each chief chose a badge or motto, was first instituted when the twelve tribes of Israel were numbered in their tents, and every man was desired to "pitch his own standard, with the ensign of his father's house."

The bridge at Chester is the widest span of any single arch in Britain, being 240 feet in extent. This, along with the County Buildings, appears almost the only mo-

dern acquisition to the ancient city. It was here, on the Dee, that King Edgar arrived in his barge rowed by seven kings. In modern times, Bonaparte might, perhaps, have commanded as great a retinue of crowned heads, but monarchs are few and far between now, compared with those ancient days,—when we read that Abraham with 318 men, conquered four kings, who had previously subdued five others, and Joshua destroyed thirty-one.

The new barracks at Chester are extremely handsome, and would have astonished a Roman soldier of former days; but I felt disappointed in the castle which withstood so many sieges from Welsh and English armies in the olden time, and was considered a place of great strength. It is said that a long wall was built of Welshmen's skulls, which might have been as good a studio for Phrenologists as the Catacombs at Paris, but not a trace remains extant now. We were amused lately to hear of an emaciated gentleman who went to lionize the bone-house at Rippon, and after his exit, the keeper called loudly to stop him, saying, "Hollo, friend! are *you* making your escape!"

The external appearance of Chester castle presents only a high massy blank wall, pierced with occasional slits for the arrows to be shot through, and it stands on an eminence commanding the whole surrounding country, with the beauty of which I began falling into raptures, when A—— unexpectedly gave his verdict, that it seemed "nothing very extraordinary." I still positively record my own opinion, however, for your benefit, who cannot go there to decide the question, that the view from the battlements is beautiful, and amongst other interesting objects we saw the Chester race-course, the oldest extant, having been used by the Romans for their equestrian exercises.

Next day, we took, for the first time, a really long walk, and directed our steps towards Eaton Hall, one of the most splendid modern houses in England, where an opportunity

is good-naturedly afforded to ordinary mortals, of seeing all that human ingenuity can devise, or wealth accomplish, in the way of producing luxury and splendour.

The approach prepares a stranger for something wonderful, being more than two miles long ; and my expectations respecting a house which had retreated into so dignified a retirement, rose at every step. Persons going there in ceremonious form to visit, must find the way rather tedious, as, after passing the lodge, ladies generally begin adding a last touch to their curls, and anticipating all the solemn formalities of a reception. On the present occasion nothing worse was to be apprehended than the housekeeper's salutation, who received us, however, with dignity enough for a marchioness, and wore a most splendid collar of Valenciennes lace.

A learned lady she, who knew the names  
Of all the pictures in the golden frames.

It would be unfair to intrude on her vocation, by describing all the curiosities of furniture that she exhibited, or I could fill a volume with satin damask, velvet hangings, gilding, groined ceilings, variegated marble floors, and Turkey carpets, all according to the latest authority, from Gillow ; but though each of the chairs cost what might furnish a cottage, and the drawing-room lustre must resemble, when lighted up, the sun itself, nothing could be less interesting than to read of dining tables where you never expect to dine, and of arm-chairs which are to spread their arms in vain for us. The superb mirror in this house was destroyed some years ago in a most extraordinary and provoking manner. During an election, Lord Westminster gave his support to one of the candidates, and some person, who has never been discovered, took a diamond pencil, and privately wrote quite across the looking-glass, in large letters, "*Egerton for ever !*" We

may hope that all the ill-luck supposed to attend the breaking of a mirror was visited on the perpetrator of such a piece of more than boyish malice.

This family appear uncommonly partial to glass, seeing that most of their ancestors' portraits are painted on it; and as they must have been all executed by one artist, we were reminded of the Persian ambassador, who offended the housekeeper at Holyrood palace, by asking if she had herself sketched all the kings of Scotland who hang there in regular succession from the time of Abraham.

The saloon at Eaton Hall displays three magnificent windows, containing likenesses of William the Conqueror, with his nephew on one side, and his uncle on the other, quite a family party,—also the heiress of Eaton, and a Sir Robert Le Grosvenor in similar transparencies, looking very like what we see at an illumination. Three Earls of Chester are represented in each window of an ante-room, and the effect seems as if they all actually stood in the room unseen, while their reflections are shown in a mirror. Hugh Lupus, the most distant progenitor of this family, stands full length, gazing in at the dining-room window, and every sash in the drawing-room is adorned with ethereal looking beings, like children of the mist, or apparitions. Certainly the present marquis and marchioness must be entirely devoid of personal vanity to allow the exhibition of those likenesses, which were pointed out as intended for them. In the entrance hall, which is two stories high, are four niches, containing the formidable figures of as many warriors, clad in complete steel, who very probably clash their armour at night when the great clock tolls the midnight hour. Even the glass cupola here is variously coloured, so that the inhabitants of Eaton Hall must be apt to forget what is the common hue of day-light, though for all ordinary purposes, both air and water seem best in their natural state, and seldom derive much advantage from being dyed, perfumed, or adulterated



in any way. The dining-room ceiling is curiously painted in coats of arms, with colours proper ; but so brilliant a roof has too much the effect of a carpet, "splendidly heavy and tawdrily fine." The long vista visible from this room, through the whole extent of the apartments, has a superb effect ; but you would require a railway carriage to reach the library. Lord Westminster possesses one of the finest collections of pictures in England, and I wish it had been hung up here, instead of in London ; but noblemen who have a variety of residences must find their luxuries and comforts much scattered, and some always absent,—their library in one place, their conservatory in another, their pictures at a third, their plate at a fourth, their hunters at a fifth, and perhaps themselves cooped up in a watering-place, or shivering over a charcoal stove in some uncarpeted room on the Continent.

As to external appearance, Eaton Hall is built in the style which architects technically term the "Florid Gothic," being so richly ornamented, that some critics, who fastidiously object to much trimming and decoration, think the whole overdone ; but certainly the effect is very splendid. The prodigious windows, bidding defiance to the window-tax—the massy turrets—the lofty battlements and pinnacles—the richly carved balustrades—the profusion of shields, coronets, and armorial bearings—the beautiful colour of the stone—and the cathedral-like aspect of the whole building, is most imposing, and may serve as an evidence to future generations, if any be wanting, of the taste and munificence of its founder, the reigning marquis, who raised it on the foundation of an old castle, co-eval with William III.

Ancient houses are almost invariably well situated for enjoying a landscape, and Eaton Hall commands one of the most extensive home views I have seen. The grounds extend several miles in all directions, exhibiting some splendid park scenery, and displaying a curiously shaped hill,

on which once stood a town reared by some Saxon princess, who retired there for life, and called it "The Happy City." We may hope she found it so. The old castle of Beeston now remains alone on the summit. The housekeeper afterwards pointed in a different direction, where she said one of the Welsh mountains ought to be visible; but added, that "his lordship and herself had been trying all their lives to discern it, though in vain;" so we despaired of accomplishing in half an hour what they had been many years attempting without success.

"The Spanish fleet thou can'st not see,  
Because 'tis not in sight."

As usual on the occasion of such visitations, we were desired to record our names in a book, where I perceived that strangers had amused themselves with adopting a variety of jocular designations, such as "The Welsh Ambassador," "Prince Llewellyn," "Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek," and "Miss Biddy Fudge;" but we inserted ours without disguise or circumlocution, and proceeded to the magnificent gardens, which are so extensive, that to keep them in order, they require sixty gardeners!—a perfect regiment! These knights of the thistle are drilled and directed by a Scotchman named Duff, whom I found very civil and intelligent, especially after he ascertained that we were also transplanted from the same northern soil. He exhibited an aloe which lately blossomed, mentioning that the stem grew five inches a-day, till having attained the height of fifteen feet, it stopped, and the flower opened. No wonder that the plant takes a hundred years at least, to rest after such an effort. I would have made an appointment to return next time it flowers; but the plan might scarcely be of more avail than the old woman's, who bought a young parrot that she might see whether it really lived so long as a century. The park round Eaton Hall is certainly rather too flat,

and could not have shown a drop of water ; but the marquis dug an imitation lake, and turned the river Dee into it. As the Irishman said, though it be called artificial water, it is all real. Nothing can be finer than the trees, tastefully sprinkled around ; and amongst them I admired most a double row of majestic limes, which stretched away further than the eye could reach.

We had a sultry stroll homewards through the superb park, discussing many improvements which might and ought to be made. Every one occasionally wastes time in thinking how judiciously he could manage another's affairs, and how admirably he could act in some different person's place, so it became very self-evident, on the present occasion, that if we had been elected caliphs for one day, the grounds might certainly have been Reptonized into looking very tolerable.

This park is said to abound in game, and would have been a delightful place for gentlemen to enjoy that most dangerous of all amusements, a battue, when a perfect platoon of guns being fired at once from every side, the sportsmen are almost as likely to be shot as the birds.

Pheasants afford such facility to poachers from their slow heavy motion, that, without wishing to encroach on Colonel Hawker's province, it may be allowable to remark, how frequent an introduction to crime is the temptation held out to persons destitute of absolute necessities, who see those beautiful birds swarming in extensive parks, and so tame that they might be knocked down with a parasol. On this account many proprietors in England are now endeavouring as anxiously to reduce their numbers as they once did to increase them, and we observed none in Eaton Park. Several years since a pheasant was almost as rare as a phoenix, and an amusing trait used to be related of some very ostentatious country gentleman, who advertised in the newspapers a handsome reward for

apprehending "a daring villain who had broken into his pheasantry, and stolen the whole breed." It afterwards turned out, on legal investigation, that he possessed only one pheasant in a cage, and a cat, which had crept in, devoured it.

After a slight luncheon, consisting of a bottle of soda water, we prepared to proceed, and found the bill for one day's lodging so unusually exorbitant, that the inn-keeper has probably adopted for his motto that line in *Marmion*, "Charge, Chester, charge!" It becomes a hopeless deficiency in travelling, when no good scold is of the party, for unless gentlemen now and then bring down the bell-rope, or show other symptoms of energy, landlords and waiters are so accustomed to be found fault with, that a mere every-day storm has no effect, and, like sailors in a gale of wind, they attend to nothing short of a hurricane; but it was not much in our way to raise a very effective one, so we passed a silent vote of disapprobation, and in Parliamentary phrase, the "bill was ordered to lie on the table," though not thrown out. A whimsical old gentleman who travelled constantly some years ago, and delighted to render himself an object of terror and respect on the road, invented an ingenious plan, by means of which he could show off his angry vehemence at an inn from the very first moment, and have some excuse then for commencing a storm, which generally raged unabated until his departure. When his gig drove up to an inn door, if the hostler seized the reins, he exclaimed in a furious tone, "How dare you touch my horse, Sir! without leave!" but if, on the contrary, the unfortunate man held back, he angrily remonstrated, saying, "Is a gentleman to arrive at your master's house, Sir! without your even showing him the civility to hold his horse!"

With all its faults, however, I should like to have lingered a week longer at the "———'s Hotel," that we

might have more fully investigated the fine old town of Chester, which, with the recollections of past history it brings to mind, is like some venerable old veteran resting in peace and retirement after the turmoil of battles and sieges in his early days.

## CHAPTER V.

There mused alone on ancient mountain brows,  
And mused on battle fields, where valour fought  
In other days, and mused on ruins grey  
With years, and drank from old and fabulous wells  
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave  
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste,  
Aught that could more expand, refine the soul—  
Thither he went, and meditated there.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—We are now making an experimental dip into Wales, and with many a lingering look behind at Chester, proceeded on Tuesday towards Wrexham, beguiling the first half of our drive by discussing whether it would rain or not, which was finally decided for us by the fall of a perfect water-spout, that poured without intermission throughout the evening, deluging the road till it looked like a river, and turning every window of the carriage into a cascade. You would now have understood for the first time, what the Scotch mean by saying they are “drenched *through and through*.” As Wrexham church is considered one of the seven wonders of Wales, I insisted on setting out under an umbrella to inspect it, which accordingly we did, and both stood, like Dr. Syntax, to be rained on, while, in total oblivion of what foreigners call “the catch cold,” we leisurely admired this beautiful tower, a profusely decorated piece of architecture scarcely equalled throughout the country. Generally in England all spires appear rather short, as if they should be drawn out like a telescope to render them tall enough; but, on this occasion, every eye must be amply gratified, since the tower of Wrexham rises about one hundred and forty feet high. Statues

of thirty saints as large as life are placed near the summit. If they had shown their faces on our side of the Tweed, the whole party would have been prostrated in the dust, by our first reformers. It is nevertheless believed, that John Knox lamented more truly than any one, the destruction of our cathedrals, and that he lived to regret, as so many do too late, having roused a spirit in the mob, which his own influence proved insufficient to quell. In looking at the fine old tower at Wrexham, I could not but think how often the Christian life has been compared to such a lofty spire as this, raising its head towards heaven, and pointing to the eternal skies, while the innocent pleasures of existence resemble those tasteful ornaments, beautiful in themselves, which, though they do not long distract our attention from the whole magnificent elevation, must be contemplated at such a distance, that the trifling decorations disappear from our notice.

We sent a messenger requesting the sexton to exhibit the interior of Wrexham church, but I suppose he prudently considered the evening not good enough for him to venture out in, so after waiting with tolerable patience, rather more than a reasonable time, we returned to the inn, feeling every thing damped except our ardour for lionizing, and since then I have never ceased to regret not seeing Roubiliac's celebrated monument to the memory of Miss Middleton. It must be one of the most animated and expressive pieces of sculpture in this country. Her figure is said to be beautifully represented bursting from the tomb with a look of astonishment and admiration, while in the back-ground a pyramid seems falling at the sound of the last trumpet. It is finely conceived, for thus the "mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory, when the grave shall deliver up the dead which are in it, and every man shall be judged according to his works." In contemplating such monu-

ments of fond partiality on the part of survivors, and in reading the universal panegyric which friends pronounce upon those who are gone, it is often affecting to observe how death puts the seal of oblivion on all the trifling jealousies and differences which occasionally estrange near connections.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,  
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;  
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,  
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.

How often the living would gladly give more than they ever possessed to atone for the trifling irritabilities of domestic intercourse, and to feel that they had valued departed relatives always, as they value them when death has caused a final separation. If friends could but anticipate for one hour, the remorse with which they may hereafter perhaps look upon the tombs of those whose affection now they can feel justified in carelessly slighting, or over whom they harshly tyrannize, how carefully would their own hearts be shielded from the anguish of such a retrospection. In Wrexham church-yard is one curious old epitaph, the commencement of which might have entitled the deceased, had he lived till now, to be president of the Travellers' Club.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,  
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed."

Nearly the whole population of Wrexham had gone out early on the day of our arrival, to attend a meeting of "The Ladies' Club," a society instituted for charitable purposes. Members begin the morning with going to church, and collecting a subscription for the sick and poor, after which a dance takes place, kept up generally with great spirit throughout the evening.



They eat and drink and dance, what then ?  
Why dance and drink and eat again !

This is not an uncommon way now of testifying sympathy with the sufferings of others, and though it seems rather incongruous, any thing is better than to sit still and do nothing. The landlord mentioned, that several of these philanthropic dancing societies are established at Wrexham, and that "the poorest servant would be ashamed of not subscribing to one." Their festivities usually take place in a bowling green, therefore we regretted that such torrents of rain disturbed the *active* benevolence of those personages assembled, but if the evening had cleared up, we should have felt much tempted to step out, on the tiptoe of curiosity, in hopes of being admitted honorary members.

One of the grandest places in this part of Wales is Wynnstay, which we entered from the pretty village of Ruabon, with due sentiments of thankfulness for the privilege granted to all strangers, of advancing through the park. It is difficult to imagine, after any proprietor has done all that taste or wealth can achieve to embellish his beautiful place, what pleasure can arise from denying others the transient gratification of a single glance, either to excite gratitude for the admission, or envy by the display. The mistress of a noble domain, having occasion to be absent lately, left rigid orders behind not to admit a single visitor, but one very free and easy neighbour nevertheless made her way good, and not content with bringing a numerous party of friends to ransack the house, she moreover boasted to the proprietrix afterwards, how much her fine sitting-rooms had been admired. Instead of feeling any benevolent pleasure, however, that so many people had been happy, the *dame du maison* instantly began a rigid investigation, which culprit among the domestics and lodge-keepers had inadvertently given the party admission,

that the offender might be instantly cashiered and dismissed the service! Mrs. Edgeworth's advice to her son would be useful to servants on that establishment, "Learn to say *no*." Sir Watkins Williams Wynne is not such an exclusive, as he liberally allows all travellers to pass "*sans peur et sans reproche*," through his splendid park, eight miles in circumference, and kept in such order that not a leaf seems out of its place.

The approach, or, as an old Scotch gardener called it, "the *reproach*" to this place, is one of the most majestic that can be fancied, more than a mile long, and every separate tree a perfect patriarch of the forest. Oaks, elms, beeches, and Spanish chesnuts tower above each other on every side, standing in regimental order, rank and file, as if making way to let us pass, for the long lines stretch till they apparently meet again, while the branches so nearly touch all the way along, that an active monkey, or a squirrel for a wager, could spring from tree to tree throughout their whole extent. After so impressive a commencement, the house itself is rather a falling off. Who had ever great expectations raised, which were not subsequently disappointed! and the present residence would scarcely have formed a wing to the magnificent palace which had risen before my mind's eye for the modern Prince of Wales, Sir W. W. W. of Wynnstay. The mansion stands very high, and resembles an elegant Italian villa, with large, airy, cheerful windows, exhibiting every indication of modern comfort, but too fresh from the quarry to be at all interesting, as it would have appeared more appropriate in the Regent's Park, than among those venerable trees nearly as old as the surrounding mountains.

## CHAPTER VI.

Yet ever (as you wittily say) a tee totum  
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.

MOORE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You will remember how we laughed at the story of a country magistrate, who told Frederick the Great, that he had nine reasons to offer for not firing a salute when his majesty entered the town. “In the first place, they had no guns;” upon hearing which the king stopped him, saying, that one apology might suffice when so amply satisfactory. My recent deficiency as a correspondent might be accounted for on equally numerous pretexts, but, in the first place, I had no pens; at least those which decorated the inkstand at Wrexham were exact copies of what we see represented in the miseries of human life, having no split, or cracked to their hilts, and the iron implement which travels with me only scratches my paper like a needle.

Proceeding onwards from Wynnstay, we soon after reached the gate of Brinkynalt, a magnificent estate belonging to Lord Dungannon, where seeing a groom in livery entering, I enquired whether it would be allowable for our carriage to follow. The poor man looked round in a state of civil perplexity, and replied, that his place would be forfeited if he gave leave, “but,” added he significantly, “the gate is not locked, and if your post-boy chooses to open it, I sha’nt hinder him!” From his humorous expression he must have been Irish, and it was quite diverting to observe how anxiously he watched to see whether we profited by the hint, which of course we

did. Instantly cantering forward, when it became evident that our carriage was following, he obligingly opened all the other gates, holding them ready for us to pass, and let it be recorded to his no small credit also, that at last, he waited for neither fee nor reward, though we were prepared to be liberal and grateful.

Brinkynalt is built to resemble an old priory, whence a procession of monks might have been expected to issue, but it is recently enlivened and modernized by a long range of arches in front, now covered with scarlet geraniums in full flower, looking gay and fantastic, like a scene in *Flora et Zephyre* at the opera.

Even amidst so much to admire, it is a comfort to admire *ad libitum*, without guide or proprietor, to dictate where we ought to be delighted, or to relate a tedious history about this fine vista having been opened last season, or that bank levelled the year before; how this enormous tree was once brought in somebody's pocket from abroad, and those rododendrons grew originally in a hot-house. We did derive some advantage, however, from having a remarkably considerate postboy, who stopped at several of the finest openings, and looked round to observe whether we honoured the scenery with our approbation. A romantic little hermitage stands near the approach, built like a log hut, and sunk so low in the hollow that its roof was on a level with the carriage road. The hills around looked like piles of leaves, and the grass lay in smooth basins beneath, shrubberies, *evergreeneries*, and conservatories appeared at a distance, with every thing that constitutes beauty, if we might only have ventured nearer, but as Macbeth saw the airy dagger forbidding him to advance, I was haunted with imaginary tickets threatening trespassers with the utmost rigour of the law. When Mr. Vernon in Yorkshire wished to intimidate all intruders, he put up a notice the incomprehensible nature of which caused a

universal panic among the country people: "Persons caught strolling in these pleasure grounds shall be SPIFLI-CATED;" but nothing quite so intimidating stood in our way, and it might have been worth while to undergo the worst in so good a cause. After emerging safely at the opposite gate, delighted to have been such bold lions, we resolved to try a similar experiment at Chirk castle, which turned out quite as successful an enterprise. This place well deserves an effort to see, being more than five hundred years old, and not very unlike the view given of Glamis castle on the stage, when King Duncan comes there to be murdered. A tragedy of similar guilt took place here in the reign of Edward the II. when Mortimer destroyed his young ward, heir to this property, and having seized possession, he built the castle as it now stands. One chief defect here is, that the building looks rather low in proportion to the breadth, while the old towers are very short for their age, having the squat and bulky proportion of a Dutchman. If the proprietor could even raise a false story, though not in every sense to be recommended, it would greatly improve the external aspect of this castle. - A large open quadrangle is inside, hung with rich draperies of ivy; the view extends over a magnificent park, where the grass is like velvet, and the trees trail their long branches downwards in such massy clusters, that they might be compared to the dames of Troy, "whose garments sweep the ground." From the windows of Chirk castle seventeen counties are visible; all so rich that you might be glad to have an estate in any one of them.

The river D followed all the way from Chester, foaming passionately along among the rocks, and its banks are handsomely trimmed on both sides, with fringes of natural wood. It flows through Chirk, the parish in which the celebrated Dr. Sacheverel was formerly settled, and where he caused a prodigious fermentation. After his obnoxious

sermon had been publicly burned by the hangman, he was suspended for three years, and on his pardon being at last granted, an escort, consisting of 5000 parishioners, including many great proprietors, conducted him home. Queen Anne is supposed to have favoured his peculiarly high church sentiments. In truth, he was as high as mount Vesuvius, and his first effusion of orthodoxy became so popular that 40,000 copies were sold immediately ! Modern authors may envy so rapid a circulation, when even the successful writer of Mammon has only yet reached the "14th thousand." In such primitive times that number might almost supply a copy for every one who could read.

Our wanderings now led through one of the prettiest of all English villages, so peaceful, lovely, and retired, that it exactly realizes my idea of "sweet Auburn," before it was deserted. Ellesmere is particularly distinguished for the beauty of its bowling-green, curiously placed at the summit of a ruined old castle, and from whence the view was truly enchanting. Certainly nothing enlivens a town more than having a rendezvous so cheerful as this little play-ground, smooth, clean and well preserved like a billiard table ; where the busy inhabitants meet for occasional relaxation, and enjoy so varied a scene of beauty as can scarcely be excelled ; including distant views of Chester, Wrexham, the Berwyn Alps and the Wrekin. An extensive piece of water lay beneath, whence arose a sloping bank crowned by the elegant residence of Mr. Mainwaring, which looks, from this point of view, so large and handsome, that travellers might suppose one of the Oxford Colleges had escaped into the country, and planted itself here.

Our postboy drove at so rapid a rate during the next stage that he seemed intent on outstripping the railway, while it appeared almost squandering our enjoyments to flit like

lightning through such scenery, thus hurrying over in two hours what might have agreeably occupied four. At one place, two pairs of post-horses passed us on the road, without either carriage or riders, but trotting along most diligently, and probably as John Gilpin says

“Right glad the post-horse was to miss,  
The rattle at his heels ———.”

Some distance afterwards we met the truant postillions, who had joined a jovial looking party in an open car, and were proceeding in noisy glee, rather less fit to guide themselves than the sober quadrupeds in advance. Further on was a really ludicrous animal, that Hogarth ought to have seen. An enormous fat pig, intent upon seeing the world, had got on his hind legs, leaning his fore-paws over the enclosure of his sty, in an easy, lounging, observant attitude, very much as a country shopkeeper may often be seen, when customers are few, gazing over the half-door of his warehouse. Gainsborough's first celebrity was gained by painting a group of pigs, and this ought to have been one of them.

Not far from Ellesmere we were shewn a large barn, which Sir Thomas Hanmer lately metamorphosed, by a touch of his wand, into a handsome church!—A tall tower sprung up at one end, a large ecclesiastical window opened in front, and the whole is so judiciously done, that many churches along the road looked much more like barns. The venerable Lord Kenyon subscribed an ample endowment, and I trust a precious harvest will result from such liberality. The seed thus bountifully sown will bring forth sixty and an hundred fold; for these Christians did not act in the spirit of him who said “I will pull down my barns and build greater.”

From Ellesmere we made an excursion through Oswestry to Powis Castle, where the ancient princes of Powis reign.

ed, and where their descendant, the present Duchess of Northumberland, spent many of her early days. It seems like the realization of a romance to enter there, as greater traces of antiquity remain visible in all directions, than I ever saw in any inhabited house before. The castle is known to have existed in 1109, when one of the Welsh princes forcibly carried off to this place a beautiful lady, not less celebrated at that time for her charms than Helen of Troy, though probably rather younger, as it has been calculated that the Trojan princess was considerably above fifty when we first hear of her. The heroine in this instance preserved her youth and beauty during a long period, while her lover defended himself in Powis Castle, where she found an asylum during the wars which followed. At length the founder was himself murdered by his nephew, Prince Madoc, who contrived to retain possession of the Castle, and to live undisturbed in times when people acted very much on the poet's advice,

Those should take who have the power,  
And those should keep who can.

We entered this venerable edifice by a paved court, surrounded with stone arches, over which are colossal statues of St. George and the Dragon, a centaur blowing the trumpet of Fame, and various other fabulous subjects in marble. The walls are ten feet thick, and seem calculated to last as long as the world continues to grow older. Niches were excavated, in which original statues have been placed of Edgar and Offa, the Saxon kings, sculptured in 973, and most of the rooms are painted on the roof in antique fresco. As the floors and staircases are slippery enough to be skaited on, we found it a service of some danger to look upwards, though very amusing, on account of the curious devices claiming our notice, amongst which was a group intended to represent the four quarters of the globe in *propria persona*,



doing homage to the Powis family, conspicuously placed in the centre.

Ladies would cease to do worsted work if they saw the tapestry at old places, for outline and workmanship so superior to the best that can now be accomplished, while at the same time it was discouraging to observe here how the tints have flown, leaving these fine old gobelins at Powis Castle nearly colourless. "All that's bright must fade." As ancient tapestry was entirely worked on the wrong side, an artist's success could not be ascertained until the whole piece had been turned with its face upwards. What an interesting moment must that have been, when the labour of years was first introduced to surrounding spectators, ready for a burst of admiration and applause.

The ancestors here are handsomer than ancestors in general, not being so exaggerated as usual in their dress and attitudes. A former Marchioness of Powis appeared so beautiful, that any one might fall desperately and hopelessly in love with her at first sight. We also admired a portrait of Lord Castlemain dictating to his secretary, who appeared really to be listening, his expression was so animated and intelligent. A very ancient Venus, which hung there, looked more like Medusa; and a portrait was shown of the first blacksmith Vulcan, which looked very unlike the harmonious one immortalized by Handel, being more in the style of what may be seen at a forge any day now. Here were Adam and Eve, too, exceedingly different from Milton's description, as they both exhibited large heads, little disproportioned bodies, and long wiry hair, not attempting any approach to "Hesperian curls." In this room was hung the first really beautiful Cleopatra I have seen. She was dissolving her pearl previous to drinking it—a traditionary story about which some captious critics feel rather sceptical, maintaining that no one but an ostrich could possibly survive swallowing an acid strong enough

to melt it ; but I dislike all historical cavils, and never wish to study either "Dirleton's Doubts," or those of any one else.

A magnificent table of marble patch-work was exhibited, as brilliant, and nearly as large as a bed-cover, and the cabinets are beyond description, for they were all covered up. The long low-roofed gallery is 117 feet in length by 20 ; and at every step we discovered something interesting to examine. The chairs were so large and comfortable, that it rested me only to look at them ; and we observed a beautiful specimen of Roman enamel, bearing curious antique designs, impossible to be decyphered. All the finery of modern houses looked like a show of millinery after inspecting the ancient armour, statues, pictures, frescoes, and tapestries of the real old nobility ; and I gazed with reverence into Queen Anne's wash-hand basin, made of iron, though not feeling anxious to adopt it for every-day use. A modern abigail would give up her place if not furnished with a better. The state bed-room has been left like the great chair at Tillietudlem, quite unchanged since Charles II. was graciously pleased to sleep there. Not long since the Duchess of Kent inhabited this apartment, with the Princess Victoria, who carries about her own bed in her travelling carriage everywhere, that it may be placed in the same apartment with that of her royal mother.

From the terrace behind Powis Castle is displayed a valley which must surely excel even the celebrated plain of Damascus. The broad Severn winds its serpentine course through an undulating park, bounded by richly wooded hills, and dotted over with massy beeches and gigantic oaks, beneath which reposed large herds of deer. Close to the house is a flight of steps, carved in the solid rock, descending into a garden, laid out in shelving terraces, divided by noble yew hedges, and gaudy with flowers. Far distant stands the town of Welshpool, so called after a pool report.

ed to be unfathomable ; but tradition carries a long bow ; and here it is hoped she exaggerates, as an old prophecy was at the same time promulgated, that this well, which lies almost invisible in the park, shall hereafter rise up suddenly and inundate the whole country. Such a legend is related respecting the circumstances which originated the beautiful Lake of Killarney. It was formerly a rich plain like this, where the inhabitants were promised permission to live in peace and safety so long as they never let the sun shine on the depths of a certain mysterious pool, from which the neighbourhood became supplied with water. This must have been an excellent lesson of early rising, as every villager was necessarily there during morning twilight, to secure what might be essential for household purposes, before the mouth of the mysterious well was closed ; but unfortunately once a young girl lingered behind the rest, talking to her lover, while she of course forgot to roll a stone over the pool, till suddenly, when touched by a sun-beam, it sprung up like a *jet d'eau*. The stream swept every thing before it, and never ceased to pour forth in torrents, until the luckless damsel, with every living creature besides, was drowned, while before evening the Lake of Killarney reflected on its broad clear waters the glorious image of a cloudless sun.

Every one continues partial to the first new country in which he has performed a tour ; but certainly for richness of scenery, natural grandeur, and real antiquity, I have seen no place which can excel Wales, where we had already enjoyed some pleasant excursions, and were now preparing to climb up real undeniable mountains, to see the inhabitants living on Welsh mutton and Welsh rabbits, dressing in Welsh flannel and Welsh wigs, and listening to Welsh harpers, the older the better. Formerly there was a “bard to every mountain ;” and the minstrels used then to meet annually for a rival display of skill, when the palm of vic-

tory was awarded by arbiters whom the king himself appointed. It must have been rather less noisy than the Competition of Pipers in Edinburgh ; but equal importance was attached to success, and crowds attended this exhibition, "the Esteddfodd," as it was called, where princes and poets entered the lists ; but now

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright,  
The harp of Tara swells"——

Soon after our entrance into Wales, we passed an immense new alms-house, built on so large a scale, that it looked fit for a nobleman's residence ; but, alas ! how differently inhabited, for in such a fortress of mendicity, "all that's wretched paves the way for death." Nothing proves so mournfully the universal tendency of all things to evil, as the fallacy of what appears a well-planned scheme for relieving distress ; and probably nothing has inflicted more intense and long enduring wretchedness, than the establishment of such great receptacles as the one we passed here. Companionship without affection—solitude without peace—and plenty without contentment :—

"Children who know no parent's care,  
Parents who know no children's love—dwell there."

No eyes but those of a poet are worthy to behold the celebrated valley of Llangollen, where we next proceeded, after having drawn largely on the firm of Messrs. Wordsworth, Cowper, Thomson, and Co. for language to pay a due tribute of admiration to this surpassing scene,—but who has a genius equal to the majesty of nature ? I thought of the Mahometan who turned back when he observed some such rich and fertile plain, saying, he had been only promised one Paradise, and did not wish to enjoy it upon earth. Instead of following his example however, we advanced, trying to fancy ourselves on the banks of the

Rhine, to which so many travellers have compared this beautiful valley. Pray employ your unrivalled taste in imagining the rugged mountains,—the sparkling river,—the ancient trees,—the smiling cottages,—the daisied meadows, and the fertile gardens, all grouped or scattered in the way you think best,—and invention can suggest nothing more perfect.

“Flow’rs in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream.”

The busy bees and idle butterflies seemed scarcely happier than the villagers rejoicing in the brightness and splendour of the morning. It was so long since any sunshine had appeared, that we were all delighted to see our shadows again, while every tree rung with the melody of birds, and the wind swept over the hay fields regaling us with its fragrance. That newly invented complaint in high life, the hay-asthma, transforms one of our greatest rural pleasures into a source of distress; but fortunately the disease seems aristocratic like the gout, and never condescends to attack Irish hay-makers, or stable-keepers, who may with impunity make hay when the sun shines, which their superiors dare not venture to do. This malady had not been discovered when Pope and Bolingbroke held their meetings in the hay-field, or when Thomson wrote the Seasons,—*mais nous avons changé tout cela*; as the malade imaginaire observes.

The valley of Llangollen belonged once to the far-famed Owen Glendower, mentioned in Shakespeare’s plays, as “not in the roll of common men.” His palace stood near this formerly, and here he maintained a war during twelve years against Henry IV., being a keen adherent of Richard’s; besides which, a private feud against Lord Grey de Ruthyn whetted his exertions. Peace was however about to be concluded in 1415, between the Welsh

chief and the English king, on very honourable terms, when, as we frequently observe if any one attains his utmost earthly desires, Owen died. But though the vale of Llangollen boasts of such a hero, its chief celebrity arises from a pair of heroines; and we lost no time in doing homage to their memories, by scrambling our way up a steep ascent to that well-known cottage, where the late Lady Eleanor Butler and the Honorable Miss Ponsonby, during more than half a century, devoted their long lives so romantically to friendship, celibacy, and rural pleasures. It seems only astonishing that this is so very rare an occurrence, for any one with a friend so richly endowed as my accomplished correspondent, might feel safe from the possibility of tiring, and might like to connect her name with so charming a scene and with so romantic a story. Two successors to these fair hermits have already sprung up, as substitutes for the original occupants, following the same exclusive plan of life; and in a moment of enthusiasm I felt much inclined to knock at the door and ask if they would make it a trio. In the case of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, very transient visits only were acceptable, and even their own names remained long concealed, as the friends eloped clandestinely without confiding to any one, except a maid servant, the place of their retreat. The cause of this very close seclusion having been variously conjectured, excited much gossiping curiosity at the time; but from whatever cause the hermitage originated, here, embowered in roses, they "made a solitude and called it peace." After discussing the Ladies of Llangollen, our thoughts naturally diverged into a general consideration, whether the greatest number of voluntary recluses have relinquished social intercourse on account of disappointed affection, mortified vanity, or mistaken devotion. Society ought only to be enjoyed with that moderation which religious principle and religious prudence require; yet no

advantage is gained by existing in a state of monastic seclusion, neither accordant with the dictates of Scripture nor of Christian communion. It might be regretted therefore, that in all ages individuals, with the best intentions, forgetting that the root of the evil is within their own hearts, have fancied their task of circumspection safer and easier when avoiding general intercourse entirely, rather than partaking of society with discretion; but reflection teaches us to coincide in the remark of Milton, who observes he cannot praise "that fugitive virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, which never sallies out and sees her adversary, but shrinks away from the race where an immortal garland cannot be run for without dust and heat." Persons who live much alone become selfish, positive, and peculiarly self-complacent; for the different effects of solitude and society are well illustrated by the comparison of a lake and a river,—“In the one, we view the heavens more distinctly, but seeing also our own image more clearly, are in danger of the sin of Narcissus;—while in the river, the view both of the heavens and of ourselves is more broken and disturbed, but health and fertility are scattered around.” An old lady, being asked once, how she managed to dispose of her leisure hours, living completely in solitude, gravely replied, that she always found a great deal to do “arranging her drawers;” perhaps a less objectionable mode of occupying her time and thoughts, than many persons adopt in retirement, where those who have retreated, though often influenced by no better motive than indolence, may occasionally be heard to say in an irritable tone of affected superiority, that they “mixed long enough in society, and never got any good in it.” The fault is their own, if that given as a restorative amidst the anxious cares and occupations of life be taken indifferently; but we owe duties of kindness as well as of benevolence, to all without exception, rich as well as poor,

from which no one has a right to shrink ; especially if it nourish up any degree of spiritual pride, a danger far more insidious in paralyzing the growth of Christian principle, than all the contamination incurred by uniting a careful reference to more serious duties, with the relaxation of heart and mind unblameably enjoyed in well-informed company. Dangers beset us on all sides, at home and abroad, on the right hand and on the left ; but well-meaning people need not act like the British sailors quartered at Constantinople during the plague, who never ventured out unless armed with a long stick which they employed in pushing aside every person, without distinction, who approached. The late Lady — entertained so morbid a terror of infectious complaints, that she looked on every person in her presence as a perfect mine of fevers, influenzas, agues, and all manner of diseases ; so that if ever obliged to shake hands with any acquaintance, she instantly changed her gloves, and always covered the handle of any door which she had occasion to open, with a pocket handkerchief ; and it is under equally mistaken feelings of apprehension, that those who live in a very restricted circle, look upon all beyond it, believing that they themselves are alone purified by the influence of Divine truth, while with respect to the many of whom they know nothing, it is gratuitously assumed that there is nothing good to be known. Some time since, an abigail, who had the prospect of being engaged as attendant on a lady of very peculiar opinions, produced a high character from her last situation, which had been given her by one distinguished for every apparent respect to Christian duty ; but it was rejected as “unsatisfactory,” because her late mistress was “totally unknown in the religious world !” Where so much spiritual pride exists, it might almost be charitable to wish that persons so entirely self-deceived, may become conscious of having done something which they cannot but acknowledge to be



wrong, rather than pass all their lives in "thanking God," like the Pharisee, that they "are not as others are."

Everybody has observed, that boys educated at home commonly become the most arrogant, self-sufficient men in after life; and the world is a great public school, in which we are taught to find our own level, or, as Burke said, "often to strike the very bass string of humility." Too frequently persons not rendered diffident, by comparing their attainments with those of others, lose the opportunity of discovering what becomes apparent to most Christians, candidly estimating themselves by the general standard, that in whatever respect they had seemed to excel, many are superior. Those whose righteousness ought to exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, might often have occasion for surprise, could they but know how little their private conduct rises above the ordinary attainment of many whose motives are less exalted. In outward respectability of conduct, in liberality of alms, in warmth of domestic affection, and even in the frequency of their prayers, and of their attendance on public ordinances, the chief evidences by which internal faith can be estimated in the judgment of others, it becomes so impossible to discriminate between those with whom the glory of God is the first of all objects, and those with whom his service is a mere form, that we learn to cease from judging each other, while convinced, that only in a future state of existence, where the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open, can it be ascertained, who are really "The religious world." St. Paul desires men to use this world as not abusing it, to live "above the world;" but to live out of it altogether, he mentions as an actual absurdity not to be contemplated. Our Divine Saviour was peculiarly social in his habits upon earth; and Christians are desired to become "the salt of the earth;" but if the salt be withdrawn entirely, where is its use? The apostle gives us an injunction, "If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast,

and ye be disposed to go;" here many would have anticipated a prohibition against attending, but, on the contrary, he takes it for granted that his disciples shall be there, and adds, "whatsoever is set before you eat," (1 Cor. x. 27.) Our duty then seems plain; to occupy that place in society for which, by birth and education we are fitted, endeavouring in a spirit of Christian humility to benefit by association with those whose attainments are higher than our own, while we impart a similar advantage to the few whom we may consider less enlightened. In heaven, Christians shall have no intercourse except with redeemed souls, yet there we are distinctly told that social happiness shall subsist, for our everlasting home is characterized as "a city," "a multitude," a place where "Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets."

What a beau ideal of earthly felicity springs up to the imagination in taking a glance at the beautiful cottage of Llangollen! all the every day vexations and vulgar cares of life, seem there swept aside, and nothing left for the inhabitants but to lead a life of graceful leisure, tying up carnations, engrafting roses, gazing at the splendid scenery around, and talking in perpetual ecstasies about flowers and perfumes. Almost every grown-up person entertains, at the outset of life, notions of happiness with a cottage nearly similar to that which a little girl enjoys with her first doll,—dressing it up, altering, arranging, painting, and spoiling it; but this hermitage really is a singular looking toy. The building is long and low, so completely cased in richly carved oak, that it might be mistaken for an enormous wardrobe. The garden slopes upwards from the river Dee, and is greatly embellished by a splendid beech hedge about forty feet high; several charming little summer houses are sprinkled about the grounds; and in one most romantic arbour, overlooking the fine cascade, we found a volume lying open on the seat, which proved to be Southeby's Roderick; very suitable reading for such a scene

of poetical beauty. An attempt at embellishment has been made, by placing a stuffed bear near the house, probably in imitation of the Zoological Gardens; but the idea is rather a failure, and would appear more suitable over the door of a perfumer's shop, to intimate the presence of bear's grease. A little gim-crack model of a wooden house is also visible, by way of an ornament, stuck on the summit of a wooden pillar, but the effect is disproportioned to all surrounding objects, even more than the designs on Chinese paper; where men of six feet high are represented entering mansions half their own height, and birds may be seen flying larger than either the houses or their inhabitants. In a cottage built of oak and roofed with thatch, it would be very desirable that the inhabitants should have some taste for the study of entomology, as they might find an inexhaustible hunting-field among the wooden walls and creepers. It has been disputed whether more inconvenience is endured from the extreme cold of an English winter, or from the swarms of insects inevitably encountered during the heat of an Italian summer; but those who inhabit this "Fairy Palace of the Vale," might be able from experience at home, to decide the question. They could afford sufficient employment for an entire steam-manufactory, to supply pins for all the specimens of insects that might be collected and classified here. The birds too, were so vociferous, that we seemed standing in an aviary, and the locality would not at all have suited Lady —, who scolded her gardener for "letting the sparrows make such a noise under her windows in the morning." It is much to be lamented how many "harmonious blackbirds" annually fall victims to the preservation of cherries; and though the "four-and-twenty baked in a pie," might be rather too loud when they all "began to sing," yet a few in a garden are so enlivening and delightful, that it would be better never to taste fruit again than to lose such a concert of natural melody as we

enjoyed at Llangollen. A very successful experiment was tried lately, for the preservation of seeds and fruit by a gentleman, who, being a great bird-fancier, could not reconcile himself to the destruction of these little songsters; therefore, having discovered a hawk's nest with several young ones in his garden, he cut their wings, after which they all became quite domesticated within the garden walls, and served as a patrol during several years.

In Scotland, the common expression for a very small proprietor is "a Bonnet laird;" and certainly there are few places where it would be more desirable to become a "bonnet laird" than in the rich valley of Llangollen. Among so many beautiful objects, one of the most singular is, a high bare hill, with ridges of rock round the summit, like gigantic steps of stairs, while the general shape and appearance seemed strikingly to resemble St. Helena. On the highest point of this conical mountain are two wells of water, enclosed within a morsel of an ancient castle, certainly the merest old rag of a ruin that can be conceived; and though once it extended 300 feet in length, the whole is now not much larger in appearance than a fossil elk, or some such gigantic animal, standing there in perpetual solitude. This apparently insignificant fortress of Dinas Bran became once an object of lawless ambition, to an English nobleman, who committed the crime of murdering his infant ward, as a preliminary step to seizing possession. It is strange, in recalling such far-gone scenes of antiquity, to see so palpably exemplified before our eyes, how transient and insignificant is any success thus dearly purchased, and to reflect that a crime perpetrated with impunity then, and now so nearly forgotten, has yet to be fearfully answered for, and will appear as distinctly against its author on the great day of account, as any sin committed yesterday,—for in that respect a thousand years are but as one day. History relates that this castle descended to a

Welsh prince, during the reign of Edward I., who consigned him to the guardianship of Earl Warrenne, saying at the same time, that "if the boy died, he should succeed to the property." This hint was clearly understood, and speedily acted on, for the child did not long get leave to survive; and the treacherous nobleman having seized possession, obtained, as had been previously stipulated, a warrant to retain his ill-gotten acquisition. In 1390, this castle was inhabited by a celebrated Welsh beauty, who inspired some splendid sonnets in her day :—

—— the bard this brighter Laura sung,  
And with his ill-starr'd love Llangollen's echoes rung.

We become cautious of bestowing much sympathy upon these tuneful and melancholy Petrarchs, knowing that the Pope, moved by the Italian lover's lamentations, offered him a dispensation to marry, which the poet declined, saying he preferred writing sonnets.

It was on one of the precipitous mountains near this, that Henry II. encamped with a host of English and French troops, expecting to conquer Wales; but he became so harassed, by ambuscades and enterprises of the natives, who intercepted his supplies and annoyed him perpetually, that his army was at last reduced to extreme destitution. The king himself narrowly escaped being killed by a Welsh hero, who aimed an arrow with so much precision, that, if Hubert de St. Clare had not rushed forward and sacrificed his own life to save that of Henry, the English monarch must have been killed on the spot, which would in fact have spared him a more grievous fate, when he afterwards fell a sacrifice to the worst of all diseases—a broken heart, on account of his children's misconduct.

At Corwen we spent some time in the little churchyard, romantically situated beneath a towering cliff. In so secluded a place, it is pleasing to visit all the departed

fathers of the hamlet, and to read the simple inscriptions placed over "some village Hampdens and Cromwells," to whom Grey, in his elegy, would teach us gratuitously to attribute all the talents and virtues that they might have possessed. In South Wales, a grave-stone is shown of rather a formidable character. If any one reads its inscription to the end, he dies within a month; but no such penalty being threatened here, we examined several, which are all painted black, as if they really sympathised with surviving mourners. An old man, "spectacles on nose," was intently occupied here in chiselling an ancient tomb, and might have sat for the picture of Old Mortality. In many cases the only memorial which appeared upon the grave consisted of a few flowers. When the Welsh people plant these, they call it "dressing the dead;" and every Saturday evening the survivors of a family may be observed busy in cultivating such little tributes of affection, that the congregation passing to church upon Sunday, may perceive how carefully and affectionately the absent friend has been remembered;—"E'en from the grave the voice of nature cries." There seems to be more life and reality in the grief thus frequently commemorated, than in the sorrow represented by cold, unmoveable marble figures weeping, unvisited and alone. Among the higher ranks, there is now perhaps rather too much resignation for the loss of friends. It has, in many cases, degenerated into indifference; and even among Christians, the eye of suspicion might often rest upon those who express themselves ready to rejoice on such mournful occasions;—Christ set us no such example, when He wept over the grave of Lazarus; nor did David, when he mourned for Absalom; and while implicit submission is both graceful and right, if we suffer in our own persons and fortunes, yet grief for others may, in perfect conformity with the will of God, be both deep and permanent. All external evidences of sor-

row, either in dress or conversation, are falling so rapidly into disuse among some leaders in the religious and fashionable world, that it will soon be necessary to regulate by act of Parliament, how long the decencies of life require mourners to remain secluded after family affliction, or the very animals will at last seem scarcely more insensible to the fate of their companions.

Christians can have few more salutary subjects of meditation, amidst such scenes of mortality as the secluded church-yard at Corwen, than to think how rapidly every passing year adds to the number of those whose home is now beyond the grave, and whose memory is yet cherished with sacred affection, while the rapidly approaching hour seems to become more welcome, when, "beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades," they shall themselves await that period when "time shall be no more," and when the grass-grown graves shall restore those "prisoners of hope" to light and life. It is solemn and soothing to stand, the living among the dead, and there to realize the thought of a resurrection, when the captives of death shall become its conquerors, and when that which now seems a city of mortality, shall become populous with re-animated multitudes.

An old soldier, who spent his latter years in firm reliance on the gospel of salvation, used to give an interesting account of his first religious impressions, founded on such thoughts as these. He served at the Cape of Good Hope in 1809, during the time when a great earthquake took place there. It was necessary, during these fearful convulsions which shook the whole city, that the troops should escape from the tottering barracks; so they marched to a great square, and bivouacked on the grass all night. When the morning gun was fired, every soldier sprung up in his place, each with his large white blanket around him; and the aged narrator declared that this scene so forcibly

brought to mind what he had read in his Bible, when far from camps, about the resurrection of that great day, when the dead shall start into life,—when the heaving turf shall open, and the “dry bones live,” that he never afterwards forgot the salutary impression.

An ancient stone-cross of considerable size was shown us in the church-yard at Corwen; and tradition tells, that a giant from the neighbouring mountain, threw a rock at this church intending to destroy the sacred edifice, but the missile, on touching the wall, was instantly transformed into its present shape. We may hope that in more modern, and less fabulous times, every attempt against the church will prove as futile. Near this we also observed a large handsome building, entitled, “A College for the widows of six clergymen, who had died in possession of livings in Merionethshire.”—Probably the benevolent testator could not have selected any class whose poverty, as well as their worth, deserved more attention; but some time ago, only one claimant was forthcoming, who had any title to partake of the benefit, and therefore she obtained permission to enjoy the whole income in solitary grandeur.

One hill we passed to-day was a perfect blemish to the landscape, being covered with railways, houses, and smoke; but as a small consolation for the pain of beholding such disorder, we were told that the proprietor reaps a harvest here, more precious than from all its more beautiful neighbours united, as the rent of this one mountain would be cheap at £1,000 a-year. Something must always be dispensed with in this world, and not many perhaps would, in such a case, prefer portionless beauty to wealth and deformity. Troops of people were gleaning on the corn fields in this neighbourhood,—a cheerful sight, always affording pleasure, especially when we consider that it is the most ancient custom probably now extant in the world,—established before the days of Ruth, and subsisting



ever since. Some good-natured Boaz must have been superintending those we passed, for the gleaners seemed so richly laden, and looked so happy. Any landlord or farmer is to be pitied who could grudge this tribute to the poor, though there are unhappily a few wishing actually to withhold it, who can scarcely therefore, deserve, or expect, a blessing on their own increase. Birds and gleaners have established a right of prescription now over every field, and the tax should be cheerfully paid.—I never liked scare-crows.

Proceeding onwards, the scenery continued to improve, until we beheld a perfect "sameness of splendour" throughout every part. At one place however, near the road, stood a large, red, brick-house,—a truly ridiculous contrast to the romantic country in which it was placed, having a most provoking look of vulgar prosperity, and being literally dressed in the full uniform of the 98th regiment, scarlet, with white facings. It would be quite a misfortune for any one to be left a legacy of such a residence! Proprietors in picturesque situations, should be obliged to build in a style suited to the scenery; in which case, thatched roofs would here be universal, and no cottage should rear its head above one story high. This villa was placed on the edge of an extensive meadow; and we amused ourselves with imagining the inhabitants who probably belonged to such a mansion.—A hospitable old gentleman in top-boots, who kills his own mutton and brews his own ale;—a fat good-humoured wife, reckoned a capital manager;—three daughters, one a beauty, and all accomplished, doing worsted work, and playing on the piano-forte in perfection;—the eldest son considered the most promising young man at Oxford, and Tom, the second, idling at home, while the whole family are at a loss to guess what profession he would be least likely to starve in.

One of the best Hotels in this part of the country is,

Cernioge, pronounced in Welsh something like Taglioni, a tolerably good house, situated in a neat garden, with a considerable piece of water in front. Guests on their arrival might adopt Matthew's song,—

“ What have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond ?  
Give us fish from the larder and ducks from the pond.”

So many travellers were assembled at this place, which lies on the great Irish road, that it was quite a favour on the landlord's part to afford us accommodation. The door was surrounded by a perfect brigade of carriages; and in glancing over the different coats-of-arms emblazoned on them, we could read the names and connexions of some belonging to the family of Howard. In general, however, visitors at the inns along this road, are gifted with so strange a medley of Welsh and Irish designations, nearly unpronounceable, that, in some cases, when the book was brought up for inspection, you would have thought that the alphabet had run mad. It is however consolatory to such persons, that, fantastic as their names appear, the meaning and derivation of the Boulthees, Tighes, Micklethwaites, Kavanaghs, Gwynnes, and Cholmondeleys, are not sufficiently obvious to be tortured into a pun; but no country can compete with England for the occasional oddity of surnames;—Admiral Drinkwater, Colonel Coward, Mr. Toogood, and Mr. Goodenough,—the families of Bellhangers and Tollers, probably relations,—the Sparrows and Goslings, are all considered fair game wherever they go, and must often wish some compassionate friend to leave them an estate, as a pretext for changing.

The effect is rather singular of seeing, in large characters, inscribed over every ale-house and spirit-shop along the high-road, “ By act of Parliament, licenced to be drunk on the premises ;” and whether the people or the spirits are intended, it would be very desirable if this notice occurred

rather seldomer, being not very sparingly taken advantage of by many. The diet of ale, butter toast, and bacon, which the common-people indulge very largely in here, causes them to grow enormously fat ; and we passed two or three real Lamberts, who might have been glad in such hot weather, to adopt the plan once suggested by a certain very thin gentleman.—A rather corpulent lady once inquired, how he managed to look so cool, while every one else was panting with heat, when he answered, “I leave off my flesh, and sit in my bones.” If the mental faculties are very powerful, diet has generally but little influence in rendering people fatter or thinner, because those who laugh grow fat, whether they eat or not, while others, of an anxious, irritable disposition, like Mrs. —, can never be otherwise than lean and wasted, even though they be fed up like stalled oxen. As Dr. Johnson, in his parody, judiciously remarked,—“who drives fat cattle should himself be fat.” We were shown in our travels, some unhappy prodigies of oxen, fed into deformity and wretchedness, according to the present fashion, in order that they may undergo an exhibition at the next agricultural meeting. As their legs become neither enlarged nor strengthened in proportion to the unnatural weight they carry, these were literally bending underneath the enormous carcase ; and it seems surprising that any merit or advantage should be imagined in thus producing “such perfect monsters as the world ne’er saw.” A rather amusing circumstance occurred not long since on this subject.—Some very skilful farmer, having sent to his landlord a gigantic turnip ; Lord —, in an ecstasy of admiration, presented his tenant with a beautiful hunter ; upon which another successful agriculturist hearing of this extraordinary munificence, transmitted to his lordship an overgrown ox of proportionable dimensions ; but the nobleman beginning now to perceive that such an interchange of civilities might prove

expensive, sent the second donor a gift of the turnip, saying, that having cost him more than the value of an ox, he hoped it might be considered an equivalent.

Proceeding onwards from Cernioge, one of the strangest places that can be imagined becomes visible near Bangor. Nature has everything her own way, and reigns in undisputed dominion throughout the pass of Llyn Ogwen, or, as it is frequently called Nant Frangon, meaning "the vale of the beavers," though not a beaver was visible, except those the women wear on their heads. The Welsh excel much on the score of giving poetical names to every place,—“The bridge of the united green waters,”—“The Frosty Hill,”—“The Hollow of Woe,”—“The Cataract of the Swallow,”—and “The Stone of Lamentation,” are all most expressive designations, but nothing could convey an adequate idea of the wild, tumultuous scene we now entered. Foxes abound in these hills, though it would require some Macadamizing to make this a good hunting country; and few horsemen are such enterprising riders as Colonel E\*\*\*\* M. P., who is alleged to have pursued a fox over the loftiest peak of Snowdon without dismounting! 3571 feet high! Melton Mowbray, hide your diminished head!

The pass of Nant Frangon looks as if this part of the world had been left unfinished, and that its naked ribs were waiting to be clothed; for not a trace of vegetation is visible amidst surrounding desolation. The lake of Llyn Ogwen lies within a circle of tall, rocky, bare mountains, and it exactly realized my conception of the Dead Sea on a smaller scale,—so dark, deep, and silent,—while a gigantic belt of barren hills must prevent the sun from shining upon its bosom. Not a tree or a cottage enlivened its margin,—and as no living creature became visible, we may imagine, to complete the resemblance, that no bird would fly across its melancholy surface.—In short, the whole aspect of this place is a perfect tragedy. A goat would find some

difficulty in standing on the hill sides, even if vegetation tempted him ; but as the mountains are all composed of loose stones and gravel, the ascent is rendered so difficult, that probably not a dozen of people have been at the trouble to surmount their summits since the beginning of time. Formerly, on the top of Y Tri Vaen, the highest of these rocky pinnacles, might be seen three gigantic stones standing upright, presenting so much the appearance of soldiers on the look-out, or of travellers with a guide, that tourists, unaccustomed to measure objects by the rule of perspective, have often been known to forget the diminishing distance of a mountain top, while they waited and watched, expecting these supposed human figures to move, or even fancying that they had done so.

It is truly observed that the only two things in nature which make no return for benefits received, are a bare mountain top, and a proud ungrateful disposition, both "high and stately, but barren." By an extraordinary effort of scientific skill, a celebrated chemist succeeded in melting whin-stones, like those we saw here ; but the heart once cold and hardened, is beyond all reach of human means to soften or renew,—yet if the dew descend from above, and the seed be sown aright, the tender herb may spring up on either, and the "barren hills rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The proprietor of this valley must find his rents rather low, unless he receives them in kind, and then they might be levied by the stone weight ; but his case is very different from a Scotch landlord who owns the hill of Cairngorum, and is said to receive £100 a-year for the privilege of searching among the rocks and in the beds of the stream, to discover those celebrated stones, which ladies wear as necklaces, and gentlemen cut into seals, and Lord ——— uses for the handles of his dinner knives.

This valley of Nant Frangon would have suited admira-

bly in the Pilgrim's Progress, for Giant Despair to hold his court in; or else one of Mrs. Radcliffe's robber scenes might have been admirably got up here. Probably Owen Glendower and his troops often lurked behind the precipices, hurling down rocks upon the English troops as they passed through this narrow gorge, and then burying their slaughtered foes in the dark, inky, pool beneath. A poetical friend who had joined us here, being much diverted to observe the impression made upon me by the desolation of Llyn Ogwenpool, obligingly extemporised the sort of poem which a lady might be supposed in a frenzy of admiration, in such scenes, to indite. Unfortunately this brilliant specimen of his powers as an Improvisatore escaped my memory as fast as it escaped from his imagination; but the two first lines were so grand and impressive, as not to be easily forgotten:—

“Ye mountains Welsh, who boldly rise,  
How does my eye your beauties prize!”

Some eminent poet may perhaps be able, in a moment of inspiration, to add a few stanzas, worthy to complete this very striking commencement.

I shall conclude without indulging in any disparaging remarks on the tediousness of this letter, as professions of humility are the offspring of vanity and egotism; but if you tire, do not forget our friend's plan, who travelled through a long letter by short stages, and always stuck a needle in at the paragraph where she stopped, to avoid the possibility of recapitulating her task.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You would scarcely believe that there is so much happiness in this world as we enjoyed to-day, of which I wish a share could be imparted to you on paper, by describing all we have seen, felt, thought, said, and done here. You once gave up drawing in despair of ever making a straight stroke, and I fear my attempts to paint with pen and ink will prove equally unskilful and defective; but, as the young lady said who was asked to copy a portrait of Vandyke's, "I shall do my best!"

Poetry is proverbially deceitful, and many a disappointed tourist has thought that Moore should be plunged in at the Meeting of the Waters, for having so completely overstated their charms; but if his muse were to celebrate the beauties of Bangor, even that eloquent pen could scarcely be accused of going to excess; as this neighbourhood may truly be called the Paradise of Wales.—Nature has here used her brush in a masterly style, and for boldness of outline and splendour of colouring, the landscape could scarcely be excelled either by Thomson or Turner. This view has been thought very much to resemble the magnificent scenery at Goa, wanting nothing but the Inquisition, which, with O'Connell's leave, we can perfectly well spare at present.

Upon reaching the Penrhyn Arms, a truly splendid hotel, we were shewn into a large, handsome drawing-room, with a bay window, commanding the most varied and beautiful extent of country which can be imagined. Considering

there are but four natural materials to furnish a landscape,—earth, wood, water, and rocks, it certainly seems astonishing how diversified is the effect every-where produced ; and in no place do we see exhibited so countless a variety of objects, as from our station at the window of Bangor Inn, where we stood transfixed for nearly an hour, enjoying a degree of pleasure with which it was impossible to feel satiated. On our right stood the precipitous hill of Penmanmawr, rising 1500 feet abruptly out of the sea, and varied at its base by the beautiful park and splendid castle of Penrhyn. Before us lay a charming garden belonging to the hotel, scattered over with parterres of roses, and with gay groups of visitors, the ground sloping towards a bright foaming sea, which washed up to the very margin of the grass, while tufts of beautiful trees grew so close to the shore, that we might almost have looked for oysters on their branches. Beyond, rose the Isle of Anglesey, like some bright gem in the distance, with the pretty town of Beaumaris glittering on the nearest point, while the bay looked as brilliant as a rainbow under the evening sun, which slanted across its waves, lighting them up with constantly varying tints of green and gold. A fairy fleet of vessels flitted about like butterflies on the water, being, as artists say, “a lucky incident” in the landscape. The whole was bounded by a magnificent tiara of lofty mountains ; and to complete the enchantment, a band of music played during the whole evening under our window. Does any one wish for perfect happiness ?—let him spend an hour in gazing at this landscape, and the receipt must be infallible. A taste for enjoying the beauties of Bangor is certainly very prevalent, as our landlady, Mrs. Bicknell, who has since realised a large fortune and retired, told us on this occasion, that she could make up 130 beds, and her house continued to be nearly full while we remained. Including the post-boys, waiters, and maids, eighty servants



are in attendance at the Penrhyn Arms, to whom our hostess informed us that she gives an annual Christmas dinner in the kitchen, where she presides herself, and probably proposes appropriate speeches and toasts. At many great houses now the housekeeper has orders to prevent any servant on the establishment from speaking a word during meals; but Mrs. Bicknell does not forbid the intellectual feast on these occasions to be enjoyed with that more substantial one which she provides for her dependents. In every one of the bed-rooms a Bible is laid on the dressing-table; and in several of the sitting-rooms a piano-forte forms part of the furniture. A lady one day, while we were there, played Weber's waltz in her own apartment, and was astonished to hear another performer, whom she did not know, strike up an accompaniment in the next room. The musicians continued their duet for some time afterwards, though their intercourse was like that of Pyramus and Thisbe, only through the key-hole.

No ordinary has yet been established here, though the concourse of distinguished persons who assemble in succession during the summer, and spend some time on their way to Ireland or elsewhere, might render the *table d'hôte* nearly as much frequented as at Harrogate, and perhaps rather more select. It was curious every day while we remained, to meet the same strangers in the garden, all admiring the same scenery that we did, and listening to the same music, yet never approaching in the smallest degree towards acquaintance. After a few days, we knew each person's favourite walks—could see what tunes from the band he preferred—missed any one who did not come out at his usual hour for promenading—and tired of all the ladies' dresses without knowing one of their names. How different it would have been on the Continent, where the whole party might have become intimate friends for the passing hour; but after a week's residence at Bangor, I

may write to you as the two students did from college, "I know nobody but Tom, and Tom knows nobody but me." We amused our leisure, however, by conjecturing the rank and profession of a great many, according to their external appearance. The major, the colonel, the widow, and the heiress, were all among our *dramatis personæ*, though the comedy proceeded in dumb show, as we merely saw cars and gigs full of anonymous people going out on parties of pleasure in the morning, and returning at night, worn out with enjoyment, while we were ourselves not idle.

Conveyances belonging to Mrs. Bicknell, of various hues and dimensions, seem almost as numerous here as at the house of Mr. —, the rich and ostentatious proprietor who used to tell his guests, when requested to lend a carriage, "that they might have one of any colour they preferred," and who was heard calling once to his servant, "bring some more phaetons."

The first day at Bangor must inevitably be devoted to the black marble Castle of Penrhyn, recently built by Mr. Pennant, with magnificence worthy of those old feudal times, when great men kept troops of retainers, and lived in a patriarchal way, having all their sons, their sons' wives, and their families, domesticated in the house. Now, a very large house is seldom filled above once or twice in a year; looking cold and desolate at all other times; therefore it can scarcely create surprise that few such ornamental palaces as this are built in the present day. The park is surrounded by a high massy wall—the gates so strong that those of Newgate are a joke to them—and the castle itself used to be more inaccessible to intruders than any enchanted palace in the Arabian Nights; but being equally well worth seeing, several amusing anecdotes might be told of the bribery and intimidation, vainly attempted, to overcome a little old woman's vigilance, who garrisoned the fortified gateway, and used yearly to repulse an army

of assailants, who tried stratagem and assault without success. Fortunately Mr. Hopper was the architect here, for he not only fulfilled all the proprietor's splendid intentions in building this residence, but he also, some months ago, supplied us with an order to see it; and therefore after our credentials had been carefully scrutinised, we triumphantly advanced to take possession; while my expectations, which had been growing and expanding for months past, in anticipation of seeing this superb place, were amply gratified. Some people, by no means to be envied, seem to have been born with such conceptions of every thing, that they live all their lives in a state of ceaseless disappointment, while nothing ever equals their hopes, or fulfils their wishes. Such persons may be encountered who have been shut up all their lives in a country village, and would yet see Burleigh or Penrhyn for the first time, without a single exclamation of admiration or surprise, while others more excitable would exhaust the whole gamut before they had penetrated beyond the entrance-hall.

In general, young houses attempting to look old are nearly as ridiculous as old people attempting to look young; but that is not the case here; for this is almost the only modern castle which has really succeeded in putting us back some centuries, by equalling the solid magnitude of those which have descended to us from our forefathers. A stranger's eyes should have no lids to them, from the moment he approaches to lionize this building, which has already cost a million of money, and on which neither time nor expense have been spared, to give it, both outside and within, the venerable air of antiquity—to "add the grace which time alone can give,"—and to raise a house calculated to stand as long as the world continues to exist. The exterior of Penrhyn Castle looks already like a ruin, from the extreme irregularity of its outline, and the fine

dark colour of the marble, so that with a few tasteful draperies of ivy, it might soon appear almost uninhabitable. Oliver Cromwell and his army were great promoters of the picturesque, and you might suppose that here, as well as in older castles, they had put the finishing touches to its walls, though these are five feet thick. The entire building covers an incredible extent of ground, and the keep tower rises to so gigantic a height, that it must command a magnificent view of the surrounding country; but the inconveniences of antiquity have been copied here as well as its beauties, and small windows being characteristic of former days, they are rather less in proportion to the rooms than might be desirable; for light is a necessary of existence now, though not apparently so to our ancestors, and as the Irishman said, it is more convenient to live in a cheerful house than in an uninhabitable castle.

Our first entrance was at a low narrow door resembling that of a mausoleum, where a priest might have been reading the burial service,—it looked so much like the vaulted crypt of a cathedral. We then proceeded into the steward's room, which gave us an earnest of coming magnificence, as the doors, wainscoats, and presses, were all made of handsomely carved oak. After having inscribed our name, style and titles, in the visitor's book, wishing they had been more illustrious, we proceeded to open the eye of observation, and to tread on the tiptoe of caution. It is sometimes rather provoking in a splendid shew-house like this, when the housekeeper carefully lifts up a small corner of the brown linen cover on a sofa, displaying three inches of damask, and a morsel of fringe, with a look as much as to say, "you never before saw any thing that could be compared with this!" but on the present occasion her countenance expressed what came so very near the truth, that it seemed quite unnecessary to assume any air of dignified indifference, as nothing can exceed the taste and

splendour by which we were now surrounded. A foreign young lady, not many years ago, visiting Sir Walter Scott, exclaimed, turning to him in a burst of enthusiasm and delight, "I should like for one day to consider myself mistress of Abbotsford!" upon which the baronet laughingly observed aside, that if her reign lasted no longer he could not object. In the same spirit we resolved for one single hour to indulge a similar pleasant mistake at Penrhyn Castle, only sorry that, like Abon Hassan, the agreeable illusion must at last be ended.

"The dream deceives not when the man's awake."

The drawing-room seems beautifully proportioned, the roof arched over with oak and gold, the sides all pannelled with the same, and the largest mirror ever made in this country is suspended on the wall, looking very much as if the upholsterer had framed the bay itself, and hung it up. Some friend had previously described the sofa-covers as being like "birds of paradise on white satin," which may give an adequate idea of their brilliancy. The organ seems fit for a cathedral—the carpet, an acre in extent, is quite a kaleidoscope of brilliant colours—the chimney-piece is of Penrhyn marble—even the footstools would be worth describing, but they must be consigned to the pen of Mr. Hope, the poet-laureate of furniture. Nothing is wanting now but that indescribable look of comfort which an inhabited drawing-room gradually assumes, when groups of companionable looking albums and work-boxes scatter themselves miscellaneous about—when the chairs and sofas "stand at ease," as if they were occasionally sat upon,—and when the tables no longer seem to have taken root in the walls beside which they are planted, but advance near the fire, carrying keepsakes and annuals to vary their polished surfaces.

It is impossible to pass through the grand entrance-hall

at Penrhyn, without a word upon the beautifully sculptured pillars and roof, which might be examined with a microscope, the carving is so minute, while every pattern appears different. The whole looked as if done in blanc-mange, or in Ayrshire needle-work. It was entirely executed by a common stone mason, who has likewise sculptured a row of heads round the cornice of one room, exhibiting the genius and humour of a Hogarth. Every countenance bore a different expression, some laughably grotesque, others grinning or gnashing their teeth at us with rage; and yet scarcely one was there for which a likeness might not have been found in every-day life. Round the roof of a different room is an admirable imitation of the antique, exhibiting various groups and figures, exceedingly well executed, and conceived with much drollery, amongst which were monkeys devouring each other, cats with two tails, scorpions stinging themselves to death, fish vomiting smoke, and many such strange devices, to decypher which will often amuse idle visitors.

The library is a singularly elegant apartment, divided by three arches of oak, and lighted by a spacious window, which looks as if there might really be room to breathe at it. Large as the dimensions are, however, there seemed in proportion such a scarcity of accommodation for books, that it was almost as fatal an omission as the artist's who painted a picture of the deluge and forgot to put in any water. Here, however, no inducement exists to supply the vacancies with false books, as is done at Eaton Hall, a practice greatly to be discouraged by all authors.

A plan has been recently introduced, of hanging up library paper, to represent the backs of books, handsomely gilt and lettered. It takes up less room, and is perhaps quite as useful as the real volumes, since no reader ever opens any work that he has been long in the habit of seeing on a shelf. In the specimen we saw of this representative

library, the titles were so attractive, that it would really be rather lamentable if they are never actually written. All book clubs would be ready at once to order, "Rough Notes, by the Man in the Moon,"—"Thaw on Tropical Icebergs,"—"An Essay on Hobby Horses,"—"Infallible Remedies for all Complaints,"—"A Treatise, in five volumes, on the Greenland Sugar Cane,"—and a "Dissertation on the pleasures of the Toothach." It is related of an old Highland laird, that, when fitting up a library, he desired his bookseller to forward three boxes of "little books for the upper shelves, and big books below;" but when this very general order was duly executed, some volumes being considerably too tall for the accommodation prepared, he made a carpenter saw four inches from the top of each, and then forwarded a second order to bespeak "three feet square of divinity." The empty shelves we saw in this future library, will soon probably be filled with more careful discrimination than that exerted by the laird of Bonnymoon, and the volumes not shortened by so summary a process; though many modern books, containing "a rivulet of type in a meadow of margin," might be advantageously curtailed of half their bulk, being also apt in another respect to resemble Lord Byron's description;—

"Books there are with nothing fraught;  
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought."

Two small rooms, or rather closets, form wings to the library;—little brown-studies for students who wish to read in real earnest,—and these retreats are so extremely snug, that they might pass for cells in a convent.

At Penrhyn Castle the bed-rooms are so elegant that no one will be able to sleep for admiring them. Several of the beds are composed of black marble, handsomely carved like tombstones, and enlivened with brilliant silk hangings. In each dressing-room, instead of a window-seat, a bath is

placed, with pipes of hot and cold water perpetually ready ; and any one who coincides with Bonaparte, that “ an hour in the bath is worth several hours of sleep,” might have felt tempted to step into one of these on the spot,—they looked so very inviting. It is to be hoped the progress of luxury and comfort will at last introduce this indulgence into every house and dressing-room in England.—What splendid remains are yet to be seen of Roman baths ! Bathing is universally practised every morning now in Mahometan countries, and we read of its being very prevalent in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who had her own bath-room wainscotted with mirrors ; but the luxury probably fell into comparative disuse, when superstition caused those who desired a pre-eminent reputation for holiness, to emulate each other in the filthiness of their persons as well as of their dress.

We were shown a very handsome room, entirely fitted up with black marble and ebony,—to be inhabited probably when the family are in *mourning* ; even the very ink-stands were carved in the universal material—black marble,—which renders them so heavy, that the utmost exertion of any person’s strength is required to lift one off the table.—What then must be the weight of the whole house !

The little private chapel tries to look as much like a cathedral as possible, and presents a great appearance of solemnity and dignity, considering the moderate size to which it is necessarily limited.—The windows are of coloured glass, representing the four evangelists, beautifully painted by Willment in London. Roman Catholics, to account for our possessing likenesses of those early Christians, always maintain that St. Luke was a painter as well as a physician ; but though we have seen so many pictures from sacred subjects, that the aspect of each apostle seems familiar to fancy, yet their features must be imaginary. Portraits were not then so common as lately,—when a certain



popular preacher in England presented his own likeness to each member of his congregation ; and in every house now, the bust, or the print is suspended, of some favourite pulpit orator. This savours rather of that spirit which says, "I am of Paul and I am of Apollos ;" for too often, an admiration, amounting to enthusiasm, may be felt for virtue and talent, which rests only on the possessor, without reaching the great Giver of all. In nothing is the subtlety of Satan more exercised towards both pastor and people, than by causing that intense admiration of mere eloquence, which draws a train of rapturous admirers, to listen with fervent excitement, too often mistaken for pure devotion. Thus a gifted preacher, who begins with directing a single eye to the glory of God, is too often gradually led to seek the praise of men ;—while those who at first attended for edification, do so at last from personal regard to their teacher. Such feelings, however amiable, require to be kept in strict subordination.—It has been well observed by a modern author, that nearly all Roman Catholic superstitions arise from the better feelings of nature going to a wrong excess. The Pope's infallibility is merely an exaggeration of that extreme enthusiasm, which each individual feels for his own favourite monitor ; and our irresistible tendency to magnify the virtues of those who are departed, led at last to the worship of saints.—All such considerations should lead us to remember that warning in sacred Scripture, "take heed how ye hear."

It is pleasing whenever we find, in private houses, as at Penrhyn Castle, an altar raised to God.—Nothing rivets family attachments half so securely, as meeting every morning to pray for each other,—when every petty difference must at once be laid aside, and every misunderstanding forgotten before the sun goes down. What can be more pleasing also, than for the absent to know precisely at what hour they are remembered with the supplications and bless-

ings of an affectionate circle ; while those who remain together, can enjoy no greater solace than in following them with prayers, and uniting on their own account, in the expression of every anxiety, or pleasure, or sorrow, which each shares in common with all the others. There is indeed no pleasure more to be prized than that of raising a family altar, where those shall daily assemble on earth who hope hereafter to re-assemble in heaven—and “not a wanderer be lost.”

When about to leave this charming house, full of gratitude for the entertainment afforded us, we passed through the dining-room, where prodigious tables of oak-root, unusually long and wide, seemed to promise future hospitality ; and a gentleman of our party took his station for some minutes at the bottom of the table, where he made an eloquent speech, proposing the proprietor's health, accompanied by a suitable panegyric. We rather missed the wine and applause, but this oration was sufficiently animated to be deserving of both, and the meeting soon after broke up. It was rather a relief when the civil housekeeper at last announced that nothing more was to be seen, our whole vocabulary of exclamations having been long since exhausted ; and we now walked home, our heads filled with stucco, while we raved for an hour about Gothic bed-steads,—antique ottomans,—sculptured marble, and the whole paraphernalia of comfort and magnificence ; but admiring above all, the commanding situation of Penrhyn Castle, which wants nothing but well-grown wood to be perfect. Proprietors build for their own comfort, but plant only for future generations ; unless on the plan adopted by Mr. Hunter of Auchterarder, who brought to his park a ready made forest, and travelled it along the road, like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. Lord Lyndoch also issued the word of command once, in obedience to which, a perfect regiment of evergreens came, by forced marches, from

London to Perthshire,—where they may still be seen shooting vigorously. Some such plan should, if possible, be adopted by the proprietor here, who might with advantage try Sir Henry Steuart's plan, and "jump" a few oaks from Richmond Park or Windsor Forest, that they may reign supreme among the thriving young family of forest trees here, most of which are completely over-topped by the keep-tower. This has one advantage, that the landscape will not be easily intercepted by surrounding foliage, as is the case in some fine places, where a complete screen conceals the grander features at a distance, especially in the north, shelter being such a primary object there, that houses often seem perfectly suffocated with beeches and elms, instead of enjoying the extensive prospects beyond.

The trees and the house here are of somewhat the same comparative calibre as at an old place in Scotland, where the offices form a remarkably ugly object viewed from the drawing-room windows, though the proprietor positively asserts that they cannot be seen, because they are planted out!—the said plantation not looking yet much higher than a potatoe-field. The deficiency at either place, however, is one which becomes less obvious every year; for, we may say of the trees here, as the late Marquis of Abercorn answered, when complimented by George III. on his oaks growing so rapidly, "They have nothing else to do."

At Allanton, the same set of trees used always to be obligingly transplanted, when any one came there who expressed a curiosity on the subject; and never was known in the world before such a life of activity as those unfortunate beeches led,—no sooner comfortably settled in one spot, than they were danced off their feet again to another. Proprietors who like to move about themselves, and cannot even take root at their own places, would only in a similar case be doing as they wish to be done by. It seemed a singular coincidence, that among all the beautiful resi-

dences we had the pleasure of lionizing, there occurred not one where the family were actually residing, though this was the season of the year, above all others, advantageous for enjoying them ;—but while thus admiring their beauties for the passing moment ourselves, and flying from one estate to another with such exquisite pleasure, the traveller might be reminded of Goldsmith's delighted exclamation, in similar circumstances, "Creation's heir! the world—the world is mine!"

As we walked home, beneath a gloomy sky, and in a down-pour of rain, any ordinary tourists would have given up the rest of the day for being irreclaimably bad ; but travellers who cultivate a habit of expecting to enjoy the weather most desirable, may probably not always be disappointed. A farmer, delighted with a very fine harvest season, once remarked, that he could scarcely make a better summer himself, had he the sun in one hand and a watering-pot in the other. We were almost equally satisfied, though enduring the temporary shower that fell now, as it only added a zest to the brilliant clearing-up which followed some hours after. Being resolved, during our tour, to leave not a crevice unexplored, nor a stone unturned in Wales, we lost no time in entering one of Mrs. Bicknell's light open cars, with our umbrella, as soon as we reached the inn, and setting out in search of the picturesque, all around the neighbourhood of Bangor, while endeavouring to direct the eye of observation, and to point the finger of taste at whatever became visible along our route.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Away, away to the mountain's brow,  
Where the trees are gently waving:—  
Away, away to the mountain brow,  
Where the stream is gently laving.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—How entertaining it is to see the various views which different individuals take of life and its objects.—I met with a young lady lately, who seemed to wonder that any one could wish to live who had not a well-shaped hand; of course, her own was beautiful, though most of her time seemed to be occupied in contemplating it; others evidently breathe in a perfect atmosphere of music,—many devote their entire existence to worsted work,—and some appear as if they only lived to eat and sleep; but in Wales, the whole business and pleasure of women, old or young, seems to consist in knitting; and they must certainly wear more stockings than any other race of people, if all we saw in progress are ever worn out. None are to be seen without their work, which, from constant habit, might almost be done in sleep. When walking along the high-roads, every peasant seems so intent on her stocking, that she might as well be blindfolded for any notice she takes of her path; and this may account for those who are actually sightless, being able to find their way about with extraordinary facility. One remarkable instance of this we saw at Betws y Coed, where a poor woman ran along beside our carriage at full speed, holding up her hat to the window, during at least half-a-mile, without our discovering that she was blind. We were afterwards told at the inn, that she accompanies the mail every day, in a similar manner, begging for charity, and some-

times even scrambles to the top while it continues in rapid progress;—she then circulates her hat all round for contributions, after receiving which, she descends again with equal activity.

All women among the lower orders in Wales, wear men's hats over muslin caps, and a long blue cloth cloak, which gives them, at some distance, the air of ladies a moment before dismounted from horseback. Many were riding on spirited little Welsh ponies, like exaggerated mice, they seemed so diminutive in proportion to the fair equestrians themselves, and at the same time so extremely ill-broken, that often at the sight of an equipage they started aside with a spring that might have dismounted a cavalry officer, though the fair riders kept their seats with admirable dexterity. One of these peasants rode as gracefully on her mountain-pony, as if she had been taught by Colonel Letham; but when we first set out, several whom we passed in succession, either went off the road entirely into the nearest field, or alighted and led their horses past; consequently we began to compare ourselves with the Russian autocrat, who promulgated a law that riders must all descend to the ground whenever his imperial carriage came in sight.—The young women seem so constantly at work that they are seldom to be met, but we passed an unusual succession of very aged people, till a stranger might almost have fancied, that all the women in Wales were old. One whom we met on the road, being asked her age, replied, "only 80!"

The children here seem universally addicted to begging, as in Ireland, and they are taught to modulate their voices in a very peculiar cadence, which sounds extremely professional, without exciting so much compassion as a more natural tone would do. They never seem to lose breath, surrounding the carriage like a swarm of midges, and pursuing it with noisy vociferation, which sounds incessantly in the

ear like some troublesome tune, long after they are departed. The fisheries in this part of Wales are so productive, that the poor might be abundantly provided with food; but the sea is always their last resource, and the treasures of the deep have never been in great request at Bangor. The farmers in many instances allow industrious families to cultivate a field of potatoes, for which they are allowed, as a remuneration, every alternate ridge—an admirable plan of benevolence for affording both food and occupation. In Holland a prodigious refuge has been established for the destitute, upon a scheme somewhat similar to this. A vast extent of waste land is set aside for the purpose, upon which any person proved to be perfectly destitute may build a hut for himself, and cultivate a garden. These squatters have been known, in many instances, to realize, by honest persevering industry, a very comfortable subsistence. We were amused at one place, during our drive, conversing with a poor man, who scarcely understood English, and was busily occupied in digging his garden. One of our party accidentally picked a gooseberry, upon which the worthy peasant flew to a bush, tore off as many as he had time to scramble together, and instantly presented them to our friend on a cabbage leaf. Amongst the whole collection only one seemed ripe, upon which it was rather unhandsonely remarked, that this little incident might be viewed as a complete exemplification of the national character, “simplicity, kindness, and stupidity.” Whole nations are often judged by travellers, who generalize on not much better premises, when “dunce the thousandth writes like dunce the first;” and every one has heard of the tourist who spent one day in Poland, where he saw a nobleman patting a bear, therefore he put down in his note-book, “people of consequence in Poland usually amuse themselves during the morning with bears.” As Cuvier could describe the size, form, and habits of any fossil animal mere-

ly from examining a tooth, so with equal apparent decision a whole country is characterised by those who know nothing but the high-roads and inns, of which this letter may perhaps be thought a flagrant instance.

In every direction along the Welsh roads we were surrounded by poor people setting traps for money, and wishing to sell specimens of lead and copper ore, or baskets of plums and apples; but it would have been difficult to say whether the fruit or the stones were hardest. No omnibus could have been found capable of carrying all that travellers are expected to purchase during a progress through Wales; and it might have exhausted a copper mine to pay for one-half of the marble ink-stands, worsted stockings, knitted gloves, Snowdon diamonds, copper ore, lead, flowers, and fruit, successively thrust in at our carriage window, with an insinuating smile of entreaty, and an appeal in Welsh to our benevolence and taste. It was the greatest exertion of self-denial to shew that we possessed neither, by refusing to accept what we had no possibility of carrying away or using.

At one place on the road, we passed the funeral of two infants. The little coffins being borne by women, and suspended on white ribbons, with frilled muslin shrouds, we thought at first they were two cradles, though the mistake could not last long, on account of the mournful countenance and solemn face of the bearers, which told the affecting truth, that these young twins were cut off at the very threshold of existence, and after but tasting the bitter cup of sin and sorrow, had been called to sleep in Jesus, and to enter through His mediation into a state of everlasting peace. The tenderest Christian mother might almost learn to rejoice, or at least to be resigned, while deploring this most affecting of all earthly privations, when she considers, that without the previous discipline of temptation and trial—without encountering the dangers of this world or the



terrors of a guilty conscience, her children have entered at once on their glorious inheritance. How many prosperous men, after the brightest worldly career, have lived to mourn that they also did not perish before sin had blighted their hearts—before sorrow and remorse added their fearful pang to the bitterness of death; yet nature must feel, and ought to do so, therefore we gave our warmest sympathy to the sorrowing parents who followed.

The landlady at Bangor mentioned, that it is customary among the poorer classes for friends to volunteer their attendance at funerals, on which occasion the grave-digger carries round his spade, and each individual is expected to deposit a gift upon it for the officiating clergyman. This collection amounts in many cases to several pounds; but the offerings are sometimes as low as one penny—a rule is made against any visitor presuming to present less. In several cases clergymen have been known very charitably to distribute this fund among the poorest relatives, or to bestow it on indigent families in the neighbourhood, though their own might often very nearly come under that denomination, as the stipends in Wales are proverbially low; and wherever they are smallest, the largest seems always ready to be provided for.

Near Bangor, in the afternoon, being caught in the rain, we stepped into a cottage, where the inhabitants welcomed us in Welsh, while we returned thanks in English; but there is a universal language of courtesy which can never be misunderstood when kindness is intended on both sides. The interior was a clean and comfortable room, quite a study for Ostade or Teniers, with the dog, cat, poultry, and pigs, exhibiting a great appearance of cheerfulness and plenty. I observed a broad flat loaf of brown bread, like a tea-tray, suspended from the roof, with a carving-knife dangling beside it, wreaths of onions, and graceful drape-ries of herrings. Our oracle, the landlady at Bangor, says,

Mrs. Pennant of Penrhyn gives a weekly dinner to all the poor of this parish, and likewise sends materials once a-week to have another cooked for them at the Penrhyn Arms ; therefore no one in that neighbourhood has any occasion to starve unless he likes. If the loaves in Wales are unusually large, the mutton appears certainly smaller than any we have in the Highlands ; but the regular bill of fare in Wales is always like that which Smollett met with elsewhere, "mutton of every kind." The waiters at Bangor all attended at dinner in shoes made of goat's skin, with the hair outside, looking like the prints of Robinson Crusoe, and they are thus enabled to slip about the rooms as quietly as cats. In this large establishment a person is employed all night as well as all day, whose only business is to watch the bells where they are hung, that he may call out the number instantly when any one rings. I slept not far off, and invariably heard him vociferate "fifteen" whenever mine was pulled, which reminded me of Haji Baba's surprise on remarking, that "as soon as he drew a string in the parlour, a corresponding figure with white dust on his head appeared at the door ;" but I did not amuse myself like him with trying how often the experiment would succeed.

The same animated celebration of All Saints' Eve takes place among the Welsh peasantry that Burns describes in his poem on Hallowe'en, and all the superstitious ceremonies seem exactly similar to those in Scotland. Apples and tallow candles are hung alternately from the cottage ceiling, so close together that those who leap up to catch them in their mouths can scarcely touch the one without tasting the other, though the greatest proof of skill and good fortune is to succeed in doing so. Large tubs are also filled with cold water, at the bottom of which shillings and halfpence are visible, earned by any one who can pick them out with his teeth, while his hands are tied behind ;

and efforts so desperately persevering are sometimes made in the attempt, that some successful candidates would almost require the Humane Society's apparatus to restore them on emerging at last from the water.

At every inn on this road we eat and dress in jig time, as Welsh harpers seem always in full play, forming a very enlivening acquisition where they can be heard, and extremely unobtrusive in asking remuneration, as they never beg, though grateful for the merest trifle offered. The instrument has three rows of strings, or rather wires, but there is a great sameness in the music, which resembles a horn-pipe, and seldom exhibits any dignity or any volume of sound. The notes want roundness ; but it is superior to the Irish harp, in which the key cannot be changed without re-tuning the whole instrument. Some harpers play a march to represent the advance and retreat of an army, beginning with scarcely audible softness, afterwards swelling out to the fullest force of the instrument, and then dying away, as if they were five miles off, with so much management and effect, that Bochea himself might have been jealous.

We made a charming excursion on Friday to the Falls, where, according to that beautiful tradition given in Gray's Ode, the last of the bards precipitated himself in despair from the towering rock which "frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood." Here would have been the place to spout forth with due effect those unfortunate lines beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king," so often and so ruthlessly murdered at school examinations, where the show boy in the English class generally stammers it forth. A finer stage for the whole incident could not have been found than that which the poet has selected here. Six cascades are plunged into one deep, dark pool, whence they take a fall in concert, after which the river runs on with dignified composure, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

This might certainly be the place where Orpheus caused the rocks and trees to dance, for they still exhibit singular confusion, while the broad sheet of foam which rushes headlong into every echoing chasm seems like a living spirit animating the frame of nature, and turning our thoughts to Him "who hath divided a water course for the flowing rivers." The wooded and precipitous banks were festooned with hazels, ashes, and oaks, which softened the bolder features of the landscape; and amidst such "desert caves" to hide in, this neighbourhood must have been admirably adapted to the Guerilla warfare carried on amidst its silent retreats in the olden time.

A boy with a wooden leg acted as our guide, scrambling with astonishing dexterity to an eminence, where it seemed almost inevitable that he must inadvertently follow the example of Gray's bard, "deep in the roaring tide to plunge." The little fellow looked exceedingly contemptuous at my cowardice in remaining safely and unambitiously below, which occasioned our losing one principal branch of the cascade; but if any one be willing to risk his life in such a cause, he should wait for Niagara. Pearls may be found in this river, though unluckily we had not time to wait until a necklace could be collected. The imitation ones are so excellent, however, that it was less to be regretted. Even oriental pearls are scarcely to be distinguished from those which originate in Bond Street; and the celebrated fringe worn by Mrs. Warren Hastings, which used to occasion so much discussion, would hardly be more noticed now than if they were peas. The Duchess of Ormond formerly offered £80 to purchase a peculiarly fine Conway pearl; and they were often sold for four guineas each when the colour was good. It is said that nothing preserves pearls so perfectly white as being constantly worn, and that the Roman ladies, conscious of this, always slept in theirs.

Lord Willoughby has an extensive property not far from Bangor, and he may be considered peculiarly fortunate in possessing estates situated amidst the most romantic scenery of both Scotland and Wales, with Gray's verses to immortalize the one, and Sir Walter Scott's to celebrate the other. Several hills here resemble views that are engraved of Cintra ; for the circular rocks on their summits look like Moorish fortresses, and have precisely the effect of masonry. On the top of one towering eminence stood a summer-house, in the ugliest style of modern architecture, but most strikingly situated on so precipitous an ascent, that to those who are not good mountaineers, a ladder of ropes would be rather a desirable auxiliary in climbing it. Some English sailors lately contrived to surmount the Peter Botte at Mauritius, which used to be thought impregnable, and is described as having the shape of half an hour glass, resting on the small end. Since that has been successfully achieved, it must be supposed that all Welsh hills are possible, though when placed on the summit of such a precipice as we saw to-day, travellers probably feel somewhat as Sinbad describes when suspended in mid air on the eagle's bill. Nature cannot abhor a vacuum more than I do, when gazing down from a mountain top ; and though it is comparatively easy to ascend, I never can get down again ; therefore we crept ingloriously round the base, admiring those giants with their heads buried among the clouds, but not at all disposed to form a nearer acquaintance, unless the descent could have been made on the plan of the Montagnes Russes in Paris. Some cottages in this part of Wales are tastefully built like the Black Dwarf's, with rough lumps of stone, but evidently air-tight, and the chimneys in odd angular shapes, skilfully planned, so as to have an extremely eccentric effect. As cottages owe most of their expression and character to the style of the chimneys, it is always important to have them conspicuous and well proportioned.

Near Abergeley, several miles to the east of Conway, may be seen one of the strangest freaks in the way of castle-building that can well be imagined. I have seen a house before ; but such a house—never ! No school of architecture hitherto known can possibly lay claim to a singular residence recently built near the sea-coast by Mr. Bamfylde Hesketh. The whole precipitous face of a hill has been cut and carved into the shape of turrets, battlements, and pinacles, so that the entire mountain seems intended to represent a castle. What parts are habitable, and what parts merely ornamental, it would be difficult to discriminate from our distant position on the road. The effect as yet looks rather sombre, though it might be enlivened by more false windows being added, and perhaps a few stone inhabitants like those at Alnwick. There is nothing new under the sun ; but its rays have probably never for a long time looked upon any thing so perfectly original as this castle, not apparently built, but excavated, and where an addition is made by carrying away stones instead of bringing them. The architect deserves indeed to be immortalized ; for, as a distinguished poet says,

All Wyatt's works a classic taste combine,  
 Who studied long the ancients o'er and o'er ;  
 But lo ! the greater reputation thine,  
 To do what no man ever did before.

Conway Castle is one of the chief lions in this neighbourhood, being a magnificent ruin, the walls of which measure more than a mile in circumference, and they are whimsically laid out in the form of a Welsh harp. The building is nobly situated on a lofty rock, nearly surrounded by an arm of the sea ; and the walls, more than twelve feet thick, are defended by eight large circular towers, beautifully clothed with ivy. It was here that Monk Lewis placed the story of his Castle Spectre ; and many a

stern scene of conflict its venerable battlements have witnessed. Edward I. was besieged within those walls of his own building till he became reduced to the last extremity of famine, and must have surrendered but for the timely replenishment of his larder by a vessel which arrived laden with provisions. In 1646 the Parliamentary army besieged and took it, after which they committed the most barbarous outrages; and having tied all King Charles's Irish troops in pairs, back to back, they flung them into the river. We read of a wild beast's ravages with horror; but their cruelties are dictated by hunger, while they seldom attack each other, and can neither know the torture they inflict, nor feel any additional pleasure in doing so; but these men, with their passions let loose, would have made a tiger seem humane in comparison. No opportunities occur now in this favoured land to exercise such cruelty; but the germs of a disposition which would delight in inflicting pain may be traced sometimes, when, even amidst the courtesies of society, there are persons to be occasionally met who derive an obvious gratification from causing such petty mortifications as lie in their power to the very friends with whom they associate. At school every boy seems to find evident pleasure in wantonly tormenting his companions; and abhorrent as greater acts of cruelty seem in our estimation, how carefully should every individual scrutinize his own heart, to observe whether, being ready to wound his companions *à coup d'épingle*, when that is possible, his disposition might not be considered more fit to claim a family resemblance to men of malice, violence, and all uncharitableness, than to those who are preparing for a state of Christian communion hereafter, in which "all who see a living soul shall see a friend."

The suspension bridge leading to Conway Castle is extremely handsome, though, after the masonry was built at a great expense, of very excellent stone and workmanship,

which harmonized perfectly with the sublime old ruin, the arches have most unaccountably been painted entirely over with brilliant cement, which seems really like gilding a diamond, unless some very good reason can be produced in mitigation of this apparent blunder.

The grandest achievement in road-making yet accomplished in Britain is seen on doubling the precipitous promontory of Penmanmawr, between Conway and Bangor, where the carriage winds round a shelf of rock, hewn out of the solid stone, with a mountain towering on one side, 1500 feet perpendicular above the sea, and the Irish Channel stretching to the horizon on the other. Before the new road rendered this pass tolerably safe, Swift wrote inscriptions, which were hung over the doors of two small inns at each end of the dangerous path, then a terror to all travellers. On the first was this salutary advice :

Before you venture hence to pass,  
Take a good refreshing glass.

On the second he was equally hospitable and inviting,

Now you're over, take another,  
Your drooping spirits to recover.

The frequent renewal of such a prescription would soon have made travellers complain, like Neil Gow, that the breadth of a path was more inconvenient than its length. The story is often related of a poor man who had indulged deeply in similar potations to help him along a precarious way, but having unfortunately fallen into the water, he was drowned. A moment before death, looking up at the moon during his last struggles, he was heard to say, "Put out that light ; I'm for nae mair drink."

Rocks still overhang the road at Penmanmawr, that look almost as large as some of the Welsh churches ; and the wind occasionally blows with such violence on this cape,



that the mail has been obliged to retrace its steps from Conway, without venturing forward to Bangor. In Edinburgh, where the winds are proverbially high, it used to be told that a coachman had once been "mounted on the whirlwind's wing," and blown off his box. This might possibly have happened at Penmanmawr, in wheeling round the corner, where we were met by so stiff a breeze, and the waves were beating up with such force, that it reminded me of the Bullers of Buchan, where Slains Castle towers high above the ocean, and where the old housekeeper said that she never considered it a real storm till the flounders were flying into the court-yard. We however weathered this point in safety, without being even so roughly handled as a lady who once complained of a gale at sea becoming so violent, that "the rings were blown off her fingers;" and we returned to Bangor, as the Cockney described himself, "with a perfect harico in our teeth all the way."

Ban stands for good, and chœur for choir, which is the ancient spelling for Bangor. It may be conjectured therefore, that their music was originally very fine here, which it still continues, but the cathedral is the smallest attempt at one that can be seen, though belonging to the senior bishoprick in Wales. Bangor cathedral was dedicated in 512, to St. Daniel.—One of the first bishops having pillaged it for his own benefit, even sold the very bells, after which he is said to have been struck blind for his sacrilege! Deaf would have been more appropriate to the crime, if ever committed, which seems the most improbable part of the tradition. Bishop Hoadley was presented to this See in the reign of George I. but, as it is generally a mere stepping-stone to a better, he obtained promotion to Hereford, before he ever entered Bangor. A reply to one of his sermons, by Law, author of the "Serious Call," who was then a high-churchman, gave rise to the great Bangorian controversy, which lasted during forty years! The

bishop's works on this subject amount to three thick and closely printed folios, of cool, clever, and rather heterodox divinity. One principal point in dispute was the meaning of that text, "My kingdom is not of this world." When the intention of Scripture is there so obvious, that it seems framed by Divine wisdom on purpose to suit the capacity of every man, woman, or even child, who can read, it does seem a perverted ingenuity that can plunge such a subject into obscurity. The vehement discussion which followed, shows how everything may lead to contention among contentious people; as texts, plain enough to direct the belief and conduct of any Christian, may puzzle a thousand commentators and mere theologians. The argument lasted nearly as long as a Scotch law-suit, and the parties deserved great credit for keeping their tempers. The oldest religious controversy we read of, took place between Job and his friends, which would perhaps have continued fully as long, if it had not been stopped by Divine authority; and when we see, in ordinary life, the rapidly increasing sharpness of reply, which the most transient difference of opinion engenders, it becomes evident that sparring for forty years must have given a fine edge to the contest. A pamphleteering war is to be deprecated on any subject, and more especially on religion;—as even those who begin with being perfectly cool are generally heated at last, like two sticks taking fire by friction. Many who have spent their talents thus in debate, "how loud! how long! how dexterous! in Christian love how cold," may feel at last as Grotius did on his death-bed, when describing a poor religious man, who employed eight hours a-day in reading and prayer, eight in sleep and meals, and eight in labour;—"Ah!" said he, "I have consumed my life in laboriously doing nothing! I would give all my learning and honour for the simple integrity of John Urick!"

As you are not partial to authors of twenty-volume pow-

er, it may be prudent now to reach the end of my own lucubrations. Sterne knew the enticing nature of pen and ink, when he exclaimed, "Let no man say—I'll write a duodecimo."

## CHAPTER IX.

"No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,  
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home."

MOORE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—At an eminent school near London, the head-master, every month, used to assemble round him all the scholars who had leave to write home, each with a slate in his hand, while he stood in an elevated desk, dictating the rough copy of a letter which was to suit all parents at once. The style in which one of these compositions was worded, might have been precisely adapted to my intended description of our residence at the Penrhyn Arms, "perfectly happy, well-fed, and well-treated, making satisfactory progress, and not impatient to return home."

We went on Thursday to visit the famous slate-quarries at Bangor, the largest mines of this kind in Great Britain, and exceedingly curious, besides being productive of an enormous income. In fairy tales, a man is described whose money turned into slates; but Mr. Pennant, the proprietor, manages much better here, by reversing it, and transforming his slates into gold. We were assured that he makes money faster than he can count it; and if all reports be true, Cræsus was a joke to him. This one hill is worth at least £80,000 a-year. Twelve thousand men are employed on it constantly,—a perfect army! besides more than a hundred waggons. The effect, when we first looked into this excavation, seemed as if an enormous beehive had been turned upside down, with all the insects at work. More slates seemed already prepared than would have been necessary for giving a new roof to the whole

city of London, if wanted, besides supplying all the school-boys in Britain with writing boards. Many of these measured three or four feet long, and they get rank, as the people did at Lilliput, according to size; being named countesses, duchesses, and princesses, to signify the different dimensions of each. In one college at Oxford the drinking cups rank in proportion to their capacity, being named doctors, proctors, scholars, and servitors; but those who delight in great rank, may revel among titles and honours at Penrhyn slate quarries, where a herald's office seems established, which Burke, Debrett, and the Court Guide can scarcely excel. We did not ascertain how low the *scale* of precedence descends, but perhaps it might meet the inquiry of Miss —, who wished to be informed what is the rank of a baronet's grand-daughter.

Many labourers at the quarry were working under ground, and some appeared suspended like spiders by long lines hanging from the precipices, while they excavated with great diligence, forming galleries of slate, resembling houses built with cards, and ready to be thrown down by a touch. Numerous accidents happen, but nothing can exceed the liberality and kindness with which sufferers are always treated by Mr. Pennant, who has established an hospital for maimed or mutilated workmen. The people become so careless, from living long in such a scene with impunity, that they can scarcely be prevailed upon to take ordinary precautions, though after an explosion, the sharp heavy slates descend like shower of scythes or battle-axes, cutting and maiming indiscriminately all who are within reach. One large slate is reported to have acted as a guillotine, and actually struck off a man's head. Some months ago Princess Victoria visited these quarries, when three thousand holes were stuffed with gunpowder, and fired off in successive salutes, which must have sounded magnificent, awakening the echoes on many a distant hill. Great personages

would require a fresh relay of nerves wherever they go, to stand the cannonading with which it is etiquette to receive them. We were treated to one explosion, which was more than enough, and to inflict three thousand was a cruel kindness.

The old eight wonders of the world should now be cashiered and laid on the self, they are so completely out-done by a new set in the present day, nearly the whole of which might be seen within a walk of Bangor. The suspension bridge of Menai, deserves, for instance, to be promoted, *vice* the hanging gardens of Babylon superseded; and we set out to pay our tribute of astonishment at this surprising work of modern skill. From a great distance, Menai bridge looks like the father of all spiders' webs, while carriages or horses resemble flies that have been recently caught,—so prodigious and unexpected are its vast proportions.

Iron bridges cannot in general be commended for beauty, with perpendicular supporters and straight lines between, so little comparable to a light graceful arch. Their effect is as inferior as that of a steam boat to a sailing vessel; the one with its tall black chimney, plodding sullenly along,—the other with its white and flowing draperies dancing in the breeze. Both my favourites will however at last become entirely obsolete; the useful takes precedence of the ornamental, and stone bridges threaten to turn as rare as they are beautiful, while we shall have nothing to cross the waters on now but either a vessel bursting with fire and smoke, or a bridge that looks no better than a magnified fender. Poets and painters should take this into serious consideration, and get up a little agitation on the subject, or they may be unjustly deprived of two very important features in all their compositions, without getting any redress. We alighted at one end of the Menai, and walked across, followed by the carriage, which caused by its weight consider-

able vibration in the centre, apparently obvious even to the horses.

Four workmen lost their lives in constructing this wonderful piece of mechanism. The pillars are of granite, and the bridge between takes a stride of 1717 feet!—What would the Colossus of Rhodes say to that! It occupied six years, and cost £120,000 in building, while the turnpike brings in only an average income of £1,000 a-year, very unsatisfactory interest for money; but the proprietors may be deservedly proud of their own success in rearing so lasting a monument of enterprise and opulence. We seemed to be hung in mid-air, while standing over the waters of this beautiful bay,—with “the blue above and the blue below,” both equally calm and peaceful; the sea birds hovering over our heads and the light vessels passing beneath our feet. The sensation might be not very unlike that of travelling in a balloon. It would be very desirable now, if aëronauts would begin to tell us more than they ever do, concerning the variations in what is seen and felt by themselves, and less about the variations in Fahrenheit’s thermometer, which seems to engross so undue a proportion of notice, that it would be most fortunate if some day it were accidentally broken or forgotten.

About the year 1280, Edward I. built a bridge of boats across this estuary, on which sixty men could march abreast, but like that of Xerxes it had a very short existence, and caused a severe calamity to the founders. Part of the English forces had crossed before the chain gave way; the rest could not follow, and the Welsh massacred that first detachment of invaders, except Sir William Latimer, whose horse contrived to swim back with him. It is singular that all animals enjoy an advantage over mankind in being able to swim; one instance among many how it takes all the ingenuity of reason to equal the natural gift of instinct. Human power has been increased by the accu-

mulated experience and knowledge of former ages ; while no inferior species ever improve the intelligence of their kind, or pass the narrow bound appointed to animal intellect ; therefore, though men originally could only swim like Leander across the Hellespont, without more skill than Sir William Latimer's horse, the march of discovery has at last advanced us to this ne plus ultra of mortal achievements,—the bridge of Menai.

After crossing to Anglesey, conjectured to have been once a part of the mainland severed by floods, the first object claiming attention is an elegant monument, built by public subscription, and picturesquely placed on an eminence. It is 80 feet high, and dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesey's leg, killed at Waterloo ; if the other limb and a body in proportion are added hereafter, the whole will be stupendous. Passing round the *foot* we hastened on three miles to Plas-na-Wydd, a beautiful residence of the Paget family ; charmingly situated in a fine park, sprinkled round with noble trees, and bounded by the ocean, which shone like a chrysoprasus in the brightest noon, when, as an illustrious poet poetically remarked, "the sun's perpendicular heat illumined the depths of the sea." This place must have been a joyous scene, when George IV. paused here in 1821, on his road to Ireland. There cannot be a more enlivening house, lighted up with extensive airy windows as if they were made for nothing but sunshine and happiness. In point of external appearance, the walls have no particular architecture to boast of, and in truth they are positively ugly ; but when their gay, animated, smiling aspect, is contrasted with the gloomy, stern magnificence of some others, it seemed a convincing proof that in houses, as much as individuals, fine features are less important than a cheerful pleasing expression. Plas-na-Wydd would generally be preferred to pass a lifetime in, though finer houses might be shown as mere specimens of



architecture to lionize occasionally. The loveliest places are frequently the most neglected, and we were told that here the family had not been settled for any length of time during the last fourteen years. It was formerly related of a Duchess of Douglas, that having failed in prevailing on the Duke to settle at Bothwell castle, she took an opportunity, during her husband's absence, to burn his favourite residence, Douglas castle, to the ground, that his Grace might be induced, by this gentle expedient, to re-model his plans, so as to indulge her wishes; but neither fire nor sword are necessary now to dislodge the generality of proprietors from the finest residences in England, while the continent continues so near and accessible.

The first portrait in the drawing-room at Plas-na-Wydd rather surprised us. It represented the late Duchess of Argyle, and was surpassingly beautiful, with dark hair, and a mournful expression of the deepest melancholy. She holds by the hand a lovely child, now Duchess of Richmond, a perfect miniature of herself, but with a joyful look of childish glee very different from her mother's pensive aspect. Lord Anglesey's likeness hangs next, painted with so much vivacity and spirit, that no doubt the resemblance is good. On the other side is his sister, Lady Caroline Capel; and you would not have believed it possible that the Duchess of Argyle's picture could be eclipsed, unless you beheld this, which excels all others for beauty and grace. Visitors return again and again to admire the soft down-cast expression, the classical features, the transparent complexion, the look of tenderness and sensibility, which renders this portrait perfectly bewitching; and a knight-errant of former days would have wandered all round the world to discover an original for this model of beauty. It is seldom that such pre-eminent loveliness appears in family portraits, because plain persons are so flattered, and handsome countenances can so seldom be done real justice

to, that all are generally in the medium, though it cannot be called a "juste milieu."

The drawing-room walls at Plas-na-Wydd are covered with foreign silk, which cost seven guineas a yard, ell wide, as shopkeepers say; but Gillow never exhibited an article in his warehouse that could bear comparison with this. It has a ground of bright rose colour, covered with rich embroidery of flowers in their natural hues, tastefully grouped, and shaded with the skill of a first-rate artist. The whole was worked by nuns in a French convent; and it certainly is curious how often those who have abjured the vanities of life for themselves, are employed in distributing them to others. Some of the handsomest ball-dresses that could be seen at court formerly, were likewise embroidered in a convent; and nearly all the diamond merchants in London are quakers, who grow rich by encouraging a taste which they profess at the same time to deprecate. Before making our final exit from Plas-na-Wydd, the visiting book was as usual brought, in which our autographs were to be inserted; and it is impossible too much to admire the liberality of proprietors who grant so unlimited a passport in this way to strangers, whose very names are unknown. We consider it a hardship in town to inhabit houses to be let, where a ticket is hung up, indicating that they may be seen "on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from 12 till 2;" but no hour of any day is safe from intrusion at a show place, so that some persons would scarcely accept a lease of Blenheim itself, on condition of being liable to such constant incursions.

You will be amused to hear, that on a subsequent visit at Plas-na-Wydd, the housekeeper exhibited a dressing-room, then occupied by Lady E——n, when upon the table a book lay on its face, with the physiognomy of which we thought ourselves familiar, and taking the volume up, it proved to be *Modern Accomplishments*!

The agent's house at Plas-na-Wydd was mentioned as being well worth inspecting, though without receiving this valuable hint we should as soon have thought of lionizing the porter's lodge ; but it amply repays the trouble of going there, being an exact personification of the charming cottages, with a description of which most novels begin. The first chapter would have been complete at once, if there had only been a few suitable inhabitants to form a dramatic personæ. The heroine, with her bonnet fallen back on her shoulders, and her long hair streaming in the wind. An old lady, in a mob cap, talking sense by the duodecimo page, and spouting long scraps of poetry, as ladies do in novels, though never in actual conversation, and a hero might have been thrown into the back-ground, sketching or shooting. As it was, we were told that the family had all "gone to the Highlands that morning, and intended to be back at night." Somewhat surprised even in these expeditious times at so summary a mode of travelling, we investigated more fully, and discovered that our informant had misplaced the letter *h*, and it was to some islands the party had gone, near Bangor, where puffins abound. It is a favourite exploit in the neighbourhood to go there and dine, though if sportsmen eat immediately what they kill, the birds must certainly be roasted in their feathers.

The Grecian monarch said, "if I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes ;" and many people, seeing this little paragon of a cottage, might be ready to exclaim, "if I were not the marquis, I should wish to be his steward," for certainly never was a steward more romantically lodged, amidst roses and woodbines ; but what appears still more surprising, we observed a fine collection of minerals,—a very extensive library,—and several first-rate paintings. One original picture by Titian, had retired from public life, and instead of adorning the Vatican or the Louvre, was wasting its sweets in Anglesey. A portrait also of the

celebrated Lady Hamilton, painted at Naples, had found its way here.

After leaving Plas-na-Wydd park, we enjoyed a pleasant drive to the old castle of Beaumaris, an interesting ruin of Edward I.'s time. No one ever built castles in the air with more ease and frequency than this monarch did on the earth ; for the Welsh were forced, like the children of Israel during their bondage, to assist in building for a hard master ; and many are the fortresses yet remaining, which they unwillingly erected to confirm the English oppressor in maintaining his tyrannical authority. Edward I. once very appropriately called himself "the hammer of the Scottish nation ;" but he reserved a few blows for his neighbours in Wales likewise, of which many military castles afford a permanent memorial, as all those we see throughout this country were reared by him, and afterwards ruined *a la picturesque* by a touch from Cromwell, who very appropriately adopted for his crest, an iron hand. He seems to have been continually bringing an old house about his ears during the uncivil war, as Joe Miller called it ;—Conway, Carnarvon, Harlech, and Beaumaris have each the same history to relate ; for, as regularly as we are told, "this is the house that Jack built," a sequel follows about the man all shaven and shorn, who reduced the castle all tattered and torn, and left the country all forlorn. The grounds inside these ruins at Beaumaris, have been metamorphosed into a tennis court, which rather enlivens the old wall ; for a joyous party was assembling there when we entered. In South Wales, a very ancient tennis court of this kind may be seen, with a quaint inscription over the entrance, which would not in many places be a necessary warning now, even though Sir Andrew Agnew's bill has not yet passed :—

"Whoever here on Sunday  
Will practise playing at ball,  
It may be before Monday  
That Satan will have you all."

At Glamis castle a tradition is told of an apartment having once existed, where a party played at dice all Christmas day, till suddenly the doors and windows were supernaturally closed up, and the room has never since been found, though every Christmas night the rattle of dice is said to be distinctly audible; but while such immediate penalties are not inflicted for the desecration of a sacred day, it is curious to see how people were kept in order long ago, as nursery-maids try to frighten children into obedience by tales of imaginary terror. After scrambling up a perpendicular staircase, to the summit of the keep-tower at Beaumaris castle, we were suddenly favoured by a blaze of sunshine, which lighted up the whole landscape with unwonted splendour during several minutes, and then as suddenly vanished. It seemed to have come on purpose for us, and lasted exactly the time we required; but I shall never forget the unexpected pleasure it bestowed, breaking out through a stormy sky which had been gradually darkening and lowering during our whole drive. For a moment, even the black walls of Penrhyn castle shone as if they had become white, and the village of Bangor, on the opposite coast, seemed illuminated. Sir Boyle Roach thought the moon more useful than the sun, as "the sun shines only when there is daylight at any rate, but the moon appears when we should otherwise be in the dark;" but whatever might be said of its usefulness, he would have certainly allowed on this occasion, that nothing could be more ornamental. Before long, however, we were consigned again to gloom, and soon after the rain was pleased to fall in torrents. Nevertheless, hearing that Sir George

Bulkeley's fine old house lay not far distant, we resolved to extend the eye of observation, and to open the note-book of criticism as we passed, and accordingly stopped at Barron-Hill,—not barren, but quite the reverse, as it stood in a fine park, charmingly wooded, and commanding a noble view, where

“Mountains to the sky are toss'd,  
Where rivers in the sea are lost,  
And tumbling billows mark the coast.”

This elegant mansion, the object of our admiration, and apparently fitted to continue an ornament to the country for centuries, has become an instance of that mutability in all earthly affairs, to which houses as well as their inhabitants are equally liable; for the entire building was reduced to nothing in the course of a few hours, having been accidentally set fire to and entirely consumed. We must hope that another mansion will speedily rise out of the ashes, for there cannot be a finer situation; but meantime my flaming description of walls and windows no longer in existence, may share their fate, and be likewise burned.

We returned towards Bangor by a delightful road along the sea-shore, cut and carved amongst the rocks at an enormous expense of time, gunpowder, and money. It was presented to the public by Lord Bulkeley, for which we, as a part of the public, took the opportunity of feeling very grateful. An ancient stone coffin is shewn near this, which however, we did not see, where Princess Joan, daughter of King John, was formerly buried, though it is now degraded into a horse trough. Coffins are sometimes used for very extraordinary purposes; and the late eccentric Laird of —— had his own in the house many years before he died, standing on end, with shelves to hold bottles; hinges were put to the lid, and it formed a most convenient, though rather singular cupboard. When Lady ——'s body was sent

down from London to the Highlands, at an immense expense, the undertakers, where they stopped to rest in an evening, always played at whist, and dealt their cards on a black cloth which covered the lid of her coffin; but in the case of Princess Joan, no one could tell what became of her remains. All these instances exemplify how every natural feeling can be conquered by habit, and how undesirable it is that sensitiveness on such a subject should be extinguished.

Having seen so much already to admire in Anglesey, I imagined that even the Isle of Wight could scarcely be richer than the "Isle of Druids." What was my surprise, therefore, when we took a drive of twenty-eight miles completely across the country one day, to Holyhead, and discovered that the general face of this island is as bare as Salisbury Plain, and in many places so like Hounslow Heath, that we almost expected to be robbed.

The Druidical worship was always carried on in groves, and this being the very centre of their superstitious rites, it might have been expected that some oaks would still remain, with the sacred mistletoe clinging to their roots; but when the Romans extirpated Druidism, they burned all the trees, which never raised their heads again. It brought certain death formerly to count a Druid's circle of stones; but we might with ease and impunity have numbered their trees now. Fields of rushes were visible in every direction, but scarcely an inclosure. The whole country was green and flat, like a billiard table, and troops of Welsh ponies hopped about on the grass, with their legs manacled together, which supersedes a necessity for fences, but must greatly injure their paces in riding, as they could only be compared in grace and activity to rabbits.

The chief variety consisted in a perpetual succession of windmills, which I felt as much inclined to quarrel with at last as Don Quixote, they appeared so numerous. Gilpin

on the Picturesque, occasionally talks of "an amusing piece of landscape," but this was laughably ugly, and came upon us with all the shock of a surprise after being so charmed with the coast ; but the same is too frequently the case with persons as well as places, that in travelling over their minds few improve on nearer intimacy, and those most attractive at first, are often least estimable when known. The lady in London, who fancied a glass coach as open as a conservatory, and therefore bespoke one to travel in, that she might see the country, would certainly have drawn every blind down here. Very little levelling might be requisite for a rail-road, as neither trees, houses, nor hills would be any impediment ; but a very few days usually reconciles people to living in an ugly country, as well as with a plain looking person, and probably the few inhabitants of Anglesea are used to it.

An interesting paragraph ought to follow here, which is unfortunately lost, containing an elaborate description of several ancient Cromleches in Anglesea, followed by many ingenious conjectures how they were raised and what they were intended for. A short history of the Druids, in about sixty pages, tracing their origin, and giving a full, true, and particular account of their dress, manners, and sacrifices, of their ancient customs and final extinction.—Also a dissertation on the Anglesea copper-mines ; with particular directions for roasting and washing copper, and a calculation stating the almost incredible mass of precious ore "precipitated and sublimed" here.

The proprietor of a rich mine, aware what enormous wealth lies concealed in the depths of the earth belonging to himself ; must have as much pleasure and advantage whether it be dug up or not, as a miser has in his stores at the bank, which he never either sees or spends ; and it often appears to be the greatest of all Satan's delusions, when he bribes people to an inordinate love of that money which



they never have the heart to enjoy. This very wealth passes nominally into the hands of new possessors, who neglect their souls, while grasping for another mite ; and thus, in endless succession, the same money is gained and hoarded, by nominal owners, in successive generations,—who give up eternity for riches which they never even see.

The Druids, like nearly all other heathens, were in the habit of offering up human victims ; and while we shudder to see in this instance, how “their foolish hearts were darkened,” it becomes interesting to trace in that dreadful rite, a tradition of animal sacrifices instituted by the Almighty in primeval times, as types of the great sacrifice to be once offered up for the sins of the whole world. This universal practice among pagan nations shows how general the Divine revelation originally was, though its application became perverted in the long course of years, and its real meaning forgotten. We may remark too, that the early Christians were sometimes unjustly accused and condemned by the Romans, for causing human sacrifices and eating human flesh ; and this was occasioned by the imperfect description circulated among unbelievers, of the manner in which disciples met for solemnly commemorating the holy sacrament. Such mistakes should increase our thankfulness for being no longer dependent on mere tradition or verbal report, to gain our knowledge of those deep mysteries sent from heaven, like the manna in the desert, for our use, to be gathered every day in their native purity, from the gospel record, for the nourishment of our souls unto eternal life.

## CHAPTER X.

—— “ I saw it with these eyes,  
Sir ! I believe it on that ground alone ;  
I could not, had I seen it with my own.”—COWPER.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—My intention is, to give such a delightful account of our excursion to Wales, that you may never recover the vexation of not accompanying us ; and we feel a comfortable conviction that this will be the case, after hearing an unadorned narrative of all you have had the misfortune to miss.

On our return through Anglesea to Bangor, nothing would have been more agreeable, than to spend an additional month at the Penrhyn Arms. There we always found our “ warmest welcome” from the most gracious of landladies, assisted by a host of civil waiters, active chambermaids, and accomplished cooks ; while our bill was so moderate, that it should be lithographed and distributed as a pattern to all the hotel-keepers in England. Next day after our excursion to the Isle of the Druids, we ordered dinner at Bangor, and set off, intending meantime to enjoy an airing towards the three peaks of Snowdon ; but alas ! I was destined never more to retrace my steps, or to set foot again on the hospitable threshold of the Penrhyn Arms !—As our travels have hitherto been like Sir Fretful Plagiary’s comedy, “ rather deficient in incident,” it might here be reasonably hoped that we were buried in an avalanche of rocks near Snowdon, or overturned down a precipice and killed on the spot ; therefore it will appear a most contemptible sinking in poetry to acknowledge that we were merely caught in the rain ! It was no ordinary shower however which detained us at Capel Curig inn, for

the drops were worthy of Snowdon, and sounded on our carriage-windows like rain at the theatre. If a single bucket could be copied here, no one would wonder that, seeing a snug little inn not far distant, we resolved to stay out the rainy season at Capel Curig, where I remained till A—— proceeded in the evening for our baggage, and to pay the bill at Bangor. Every thing turned out to be excellent except the weather; and the landlady must certainly have dreamed beforehand that we were coming, she had so enticing a sitting-room prepared. This inn was built at Lord Penrhyn's expense, entirely of slates, nailed in layers on the front and sides, exactly like the roof, and as if the whole had been brought, ready made, from the neighbouring quarry. It has been placed half a mile off the great public road, to catch a fine view; which may be excusable in this instance where so much is gained, but might be a very inconvenient custom generally, if hotels went so far in search of the picturesque.

Capel Curig inn has another remarkable peculiarity, the landlord being a clergyman, who goes seven miles on Sunday to perform service in the church at Llanroost, besides doing duty in the smallest chapel, or rather chapellette that can be imagined near the inn. It appeared scarcely larger or more commodious than a bathing machine! The church extension commissioners, if any are ever appointed for England, should take a microscope to look at it; and certainly this innkeeper's double vocation is a singular case of pluralities, well worthy of being quoted by those who object to them; for, though St. Matthew was originally a publican, he forsook that occupation as soon as his conversion promoted him to be a teacher. Our host's charity did not begin at home, as on Sunday his guests were rather disappointed that he gave us no morning service, nor assembled the household for family prayers; but perhaps considering how many miles he had to walk, besides performing the scr-

vice twice, it might not have been very easily accomplished. A—— set off across the hills, to hear this Welsh pastor, who superintends as wild and mountainous a district as Oberlin or Felix Neff, and teaches a congregation that seemed as primitive as theirs. Our enemy the rain continued inexorable, so I remained blockaded within doors, not quite reduced however to the extremity which the stout gentleman's biographer endured, while he envied the ducks and geese in their jovial enjoyment, and admired the cock with its tail matted into a single feather; but this was certainly a silent and solitary day, while, by way of consolation, we were told that the cathedral service is particularly well performed at Bangor. The weather is also frequently dry there, while it pours at Capel Curig, as the showers in this quarter are partial, and seem particularly *partial* to Snowdon; for the rain lashed down all day with ceaseless vehemence, while very possibly all the best bonnets at Bangor were going, in full procession, on a delightful morning to church.

I felt, "while days were dark and friends were few," like a chess-player after a rash move, who suffers check-mate at once; for it turned out that our remaining at Capel Curig had been, as Talleyrand said on more important occasions, "worse than a crime, it was a blunder;" but, what cannot be cured must be endured, and my reflections, full of discontented resignation on the subject, were at length interrupted by our good landlady entering with the kind intention of enlivening my solitary imprisonment, by bringing up a handful of tracts and a plate of hard biscuits, both very wholesome and acceptable, which she insisted on presenting. It became impossible to convince her that I did not feel most lamentably dull, and she seemed quite distressed, at being absolutely obliged by many household occupations, to deprive me of her own society. The good landlady's mistaken idea in this case, reminded me of what occurred to the

Duchess d'Angouleme when she arrived in Edinburgh. On account of her reduced establishment, she thought it requisite that a footman, who had recently left off his livery, should resume it. The man expressed himself so vehemently against this encroachment on his prerogatives, that she gave him his *congé*; and then, dismissing the subject from her thoughts, began reflecting on past political events, till drowned in tears. At this moment her servant having occasion to replenish the fire, entered her room, and imagining her distress to be caused entirely by his own departure, he suddenly exclaimed, "*Ne pleurez plus, Madame ! J'y renonce ! Je porterai la livrée.*"

Having always lived, both in town and country, within reach of the "church-going bell," which calls an assembling congregation to unite in praising God,—the only bond of sympathy universal among those of one faith; it was an era in a life-time to spend this entire Sunday, in the small, best parlour of a country inn; though a blessed privilege attends all Christians,—the light of the gospel being now universally diffused in this country as the light of the sun, no place is so unpropitious that it shuts them out from the pleasures and advantages of a Sabbath. However solitary or remote from ordinances they have the Bible,

" That sacred book, the author, God himself;  
The subject, God and man, salvation, life  
And death—eternal life, eternal death.  
Most wondrous book ! bright candle of the Lord !  
Star of eternity ! the only star  
By which the bark of man could navigate  
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss."

The scenery around Capel Curig reminded me of the Highlands, where, even in the present day, a preacher may so often be seen standing like an apostle upon the hill-side, addressing the multitude who cluster around in listening groups upon the grass; and then raise their voices, in

"grave sweet melody," till the sound peals upwards on the mountain brow or echoes along the valley ;

"Their organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;  
Their minstrels, brooks ;  
Their lamps, the moon and stars."

It is a glorious sight, and no temple built by man can equal the magnificence of that vaulted roof, and of those perpetual hills, beneath which, a Highland minister, like the Covenanters of old, addresses his flock. Nothing in this world, however beautiful, or however apparently excellent, is entirely freed from that danger of degenerating into evil, which attaches to every thing on earth ; and such assemblies in Scotland have sometimes lately been little better than the American camp-meetings.

It is customary still for the clergy at many places, during their annual celebration of the holy sacrament, to preach in the open air ; and I shall never forget being present once on such an occasion at Linlithgow, when the fine old palace and cathedral were visible, standing on the summit of a beautiful green bank, which sloped down to the lake, and was covered by a dense mass of attentive listeners,—sitting, lying, or standing on the daisied grass ; while one preacher succeeded to another, and poured forth in animated accents the sacred truths of the gospel. Towards evening the sky darkened, and a thunder storm broke out, accompanied by torrents of rain ; but the assembled people, instead of dispersing, which might have been expected, only raised, as if by magic, a field of cotton umbrellas, stretching as far as the eye could reach, while not an individual stirred from his place. If I could borrow Wilkie's pencil, it would certainly be used to sketch a field-preaching in some Highland church-yard, where the living are mingled with the dead ;—sitting or leaning on the tomb-stones and grassy mounds, exhibiting as many varied expressions of countenance, as

in Raphael's cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens. The principal heritor on these occasions is generally indulged with a white tent for his family-pew, which would form an excellent object in the fore-ground of a field preaching, and some of the captors might be represented in the distance, whose office it once was in Scotland, during a period of 150 years, to perambulate the parish while divine service was going on, and to remonstrate with all absentees, not necessarily detained away.

A French author, discussing the very serious manner of observing Sunday in the north, makes the astonishing discovery, after probably a very difficult and intricate calculation, that every Scotchman who lives to be seventy, must spend ten years of Sundays! Certainly by the time he reaches that advanced period, it will be a very agreeable reflection to any man that he has done so conscientiously, for the scriptural exhortation, teaching us "to die daily," is more peculiarly applicable to the sacred period, when we should practise to live in this world as those who are not of it, who expect soon to leave it, and whose hearts are already in a better. Knowing that any day may be our last, and that some day must be so; it is indeed a blessed appointment, that a stated season is so especially set apart, and so publicly observed, for solemnizing our minds by reflection,—for disentangling our thoughts from the engagements or amusements of this passing scene,—and for so living in a state of mental preparation, that when death at last summons us to an eternal Sabbath above, we may die without reluctance,—knowing that our change will only be to brighter scenes than these, and to employments resembling what have hitherto been most our delight in the earthly Sabbaths that we loved. The great work begun in our hearts in this world, can only be finished in a better state, where we are not merely taught to desire rest and peace, but we read these words among the many promises of

Scripture, "At thy right hand are PLEASURES for evermore." In this life we are apt to anticipate greater delight from the flattering language of hope than it ever fulfils; but in the blessings of religion we continually find more now than they promise, while our expectations may enlarge without bounds in looking to the future:—

"Their tasks the heavenly host fulfil,  
Ere long to shine their last;—  
We, if we do our Father's will,  
Shall shine when they are past."

On Monday morning, the landlady at Capel Curig brought up a curious book, kept at the inn for nearly fifty years past, which afforded us great diversion. In its pages, travellers are requested to record a verdict on the house,—whether they have been properly accommodated and civilly treated; so nothing could be more diverting than to discover the names of many persons whom we had known, and to see sometimes a very characteristic note in their hand-writings. I was sorry to observe that our friend Colonel R\*\*s, dined so little to his satisfaction on the 9th of July 1812; and we sympathised most heartily with a large family of Smiths, in the following year, who thought their beds had been damp. Certainly the public wit did not appear to much advantage in this register of grumbling; for though many a bad pun, and many a laboured attempt at one was made,—yet as far as we took time to read, not a single genuine flash of humour brightened the leaves. Irishmen might be found bewailing the wrongs of their country; Scotchmen professing an impartial preference for the Highlands, and Englishmen recording what they had ate for dinner. One evident advantage of this miscellaneous compilation is, that it acts as a safety-valve, to preserve the windows and wainscots from poetical fire; and though few of the squibs were thrown off without some little explosion of



discontent, two were in perfect good-humour ; which afford a fair specimen of the genius pervading this very scarce manuscript :—

“ Of all the places I have seen,  
Within this mighty region,  
I'd choose new Capel Curig inn,  
To be my habitation.”

The signature below is neither Goldsmith nor Crabbe, in case any one might fancy a resemblance to their style, nor has the author of the following lines favoured us probably with any more lucubrations, as his name remains unknown to fame :—

“ Pleas'd with the inn and host, a grateful guest,  
Strikes his crack'd lyre, and praises with the rest.”

Amused to observe the whole book resounding with a universal groan over the wetness of the climate, we recommended our landlady to charge a good day in her bill, as that seemed evidently so great a rarity. The actors at a country theatre once being unable to get up a storm for King Lear, and wishing at least to shew that it rained, made him come on the stage mad, with an umbrella ; but at Capel Curig it would be madness ever to stir without one, for the peaks of Snowdon seem as if they pierced the clouds, and let out their contents upon the dripping trees and houses beneath, nevertheless we navigated our way through oceans of mud to admire whatever could be seen, and to fancy how the whole might appear when dressed up in sunshine—Snowdon in the mean time looking through the mist like an enormous ghost flitting out of sight in dim and shadowy obscurity.

It is most truly pleasing to become acquainted with the simple and amiable character of the country people in Wales, and quite surprising to find them perfectly unsophis-

ticated in a neighbourhood so frequented by travellers. One old man favoured me with his whole history on a ten minutes' acquaintance, and seemed as pleased with my sympathy and interest in it as I was with his honest open-hearted *naïveté* in relating what appeared certainly remarkable only as a specimen how some people's lives pass on from childhood to old age, without the slightest alteration of place, of habits, or of events. He seemed to have grown old, like the trees over our heads, with nothing more important occurring than a change of weather. The manner of every peasant we met or spoke to is particularly obliging. They were often quite officiously civil, in running to open gates when we approached, and generally stepped quite off the foot-path, touching their hats when we passed. It might have been supposed that the whole people had been drilled by a certain military disciplinarian formerly, who used to knock a hat off the head of any man in the lower ranks, who did not voluntarily shew him the usual mark of respect. Certainly such extreme measures are not to be recommended; but it is advantageous to both parties when old customs and distinctions are kept up, which preserve that subordination due to legitimate authority. The time is not long elapsed when children knelt every morning to receive a parent's blessing, and that custom is yet maintained in the Duke of ——'s family; but neither sons, tenantry, nor parishioners, are under the authority of their superiors as formerly; and it is doubtful whether those never accustomed to shew obedience or respect to earthly power, will find the yoke easy in conforming their wills to that of our Divine Master and Lawgiver himself.

I never observed a single instance of intoxication during our progress through Wales, where the national beverage is butter-milk kept until almost putrid—a luxury in which there seems little temptation to exceed. The whole country must be united in one vast temperance society, or else

such associations are quite superfluous here. We may hope the people act on principles similar to that of a clergyman, who replied, on being asked to take the oath of abstinence, that he belonged to the oldest temperance society in the world, Christianity itself binding him by the most solemn obligations to temperance, after having renounced in his baptismal vow "all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Still, if men's resolutions and principles are weak, additional strength may sometimes be given to self-denial, by the consciousness of having become banded with others in a sacred compact, and of being liable to deeper worldly disgrace than before, by falling under temptation. The great object on all occasions should be, to place a barrier at the very commencement of temptation; and these societies have achieved some good, by supplying a pretext for declining to join in what may at first be merely called a social glass, though probably leading on step by step to the maddest excess. It is scarcely credible how many servants who had previously acquired a long established character for respectability, entirely forfeit all claim to it on account of the imprudent custom in many houses where a dram is given as a mark of good will to messengers, coachmen, or servants, after more than ordinary fatigue; and many painful instances might be recorded, where it has led to confirmed habits of intoxication, so that, though much ridicule is thrown on temperance societies by caricatured stories raised against them, they have in many cases served as a mechanical help to failing resolutions, where moral restraints might have proved insufficient. Christians are directed to cut off a right hand, or to pluck out a right eye, if it offend them; and it seems to be upon a somewhat similar plan that they thus turn away from the very sight of what might lead to evil. In the Highlands the first thing a new born infant tastes is whiskey. The working classes partake of it every day on rising from bed, and emphatical-

ly call in "their morning," while that is also the universal medicine prescribed by themselves for all diseases. It seems wonderful that whole villages do not go off sometimes in a spontaneous combustion, as the more people inquire into the miserable condition of the many poor in different districts, the more general and destructive will this reign of intemperance be found. While it must be deplored that men, and even women, are addicted to inebriety, still more lamentable is the melancholy fact, that infants are in many instances brought up by their parents to reject gruel or other food, unless mingled with whiskey, after which they enjoy it with the greatest relish. A Highland clergyman, lately preaching against wine-bibbing, suddenly recollected that his congregation of the poorer sort might evade his admonitions by reading the text literally; so he very considerably paused in the midst of delivering it, and emphatically fixed his eyes on the most notorious offenders, saying, "Whiskey, my friends, whiskey!" An old fable is related, that when Satan obtained permission to choose what vice a man should have, in order to give the surest chance of his intended victim being thoroughly corrupted, he named intoxication, because that is the root of all others. It is the same with nations as with individuals; and therefore, if temperance societies do no more than stop one hole in a sieve, they deserve encouragement, and it will be a blessing beyond all price when any scheme has been devised for spreading sobriety throughout every part of the kingdom, as conspicuously as it appears to be established in Wales. The cottagers seem remarkably cleanly in their houses and persons, but nature is never so extravagant as to bestow all her gifts at once, and it has been surmised that, though the Welsh be moral and amiable, they are generally far from clever. Not a spark of Irish vivacity enlivens them, for they would no more think of cutting a joke than of cutting a throat. If a Welshman

relaxed into a smile, the skin of his face would crack with so unusual an effort; and as for a hearty fit of laughing, I should like to hear the jest that produced one. Even "old Grouse and the gunroom" might here have been related by Mr. Hardcastle with impunity! Hume mentions, in his History of England, that some wit of those days received a crown-piece for making Edward II. laugh, which must therefore have been rather an uncommon circumstance,—and he was born in Wales. It has been observed that scarcely any first-rate authors have yet sprung from the soil, though Sir William Jones is always mentioned as an exception to the rule. He ought to have a monument in every village, to shew what a powerful writer Wales has produced, that travellers may be frequently reminded, like the gentleman who once perpetrated a bon-mot, and desired it might be repeated to him every day afterwards. Of heroes, many in this country have distinguished themselves since the days of Owen Glendower. The bravest and most lamented was Sir Thomas Picton, who would have died for his country more than once, had that been possible, and who fell nobly at last on the field of victory. His monument is shewn at Carmarthen, after being broken and defaced by a riotous mob, who received no provocation for this wanton mischief, except that Sir Thomas died at Waterloo, and of course all officers killed there, under the Duke of Wellington, must have been Tories, and enjoyed sinecures!

Fairs in this country seem like Quakers' meetings. The people who attended were so perfectly quiet and inanimate, that you would have looked to see whether a padlock was placed on their lips. How it would have astonished an Irishman to be suddenly transported from Donnybrook to the one at Brecon, where, except the squeaking of innumerable pigs, not a sound was audible; no merriment, and no quarrelling. The people stood like a flock of sheep, huddled together in the market place, all sober, silent,

indolent, and civil; but we could scarcely have discovered that a living creature breathed in the place, except for the animation and vivacity of the swinish multitude, screaming and grunting in every note of the gamut. Most Welsh people are gifted with remarkably large features and very aquiline noses, considered in general as characteristic of high descent. They seem rarely to have any colour, and are of remarkably short stature, being almost in proportion to their ponies and sheep, which look quite Liliputian. The case is far otherwise in respect to trees, as many of them are prodigiously fine, and of nearly American proportions. Nothing proves so obviously the antiquity of Wales, as visiting her churchyards, where in several villages trees flourish, evidently the growth of centuries,—and one we saw in a remote little hamlet must have been the father of all yews, its growth was so splendid. “Where none admire ’tis useless to excel;” and this Colossus of nature seemed quite thrown away in retirement, when it might have been quite a lion to look at in any fine park.

On entering a church in Wales, however insignificant, we almost invariably found the ancient memorial of some great families, many extinct and long forgotten, except by historians and genealogists, whose memories serve as a *hortus siccus* for preserving names that have fallen into decay. We drove during Monday morning on an excursion from Capel Curig to Llanroost, where, in the small chapel, some very curious and interesting tombs of the Wynne family, many hundred years old, are found. In several instances, a likeness of the deceased was engraved on a large brass plate, and imbedded in the stone, having much the appearance of a door with a brass plate. An inscription seemed to be carved out underneath; but however eloquent and well-merited these panegyrics probably were, the language and characters remain totally illegible. There is also exhibited a stone coffin, in which the famous Llewelyn was

buried; the cavity measuring eight feet long. If the Welsh prince actually filled it, he might have been a suitable colonel for Frederick the Great's regiment of tall men. Our drive between Capel Curig and Llanroost was enchanting, and the day turning out fine, we proceeded in one of those small light cars, universally to be found ready for hire at all the Inns, drawn by a steady trust-worthy horse of good character and great experience, all necessary when he is to be trusted without a companion. A two-wheeled vehicle seldom proves even tolerably safe, and travellers addicted to them might take warning by Dr. Gregory, when one of his patients offered to set him home in a gig,—he declined the proposal with many thanks, saying he had "seven gig-patients already on his list, to be visited that morning." I was much amused lately to hear of a traveller who wore a cork leg being precipitated from a cab in such a way, that the artificial limb was thrown completely out of joint. When the country people flew forward to render assistance, and heard the patient complaining grievously of being injured on the side, a compassionate old woman remarked, "Indeed, that can be nothing in comparison of your leg!"

The ripe fields of corn, as we passed along, might have been coined into gold; the hedges were starred with roses; the turf gemmed with daises; the tall pyramids of foxglove, and the clusters of whin by the road side, were each and all delightful; but beyond these were scattered villages, sending up their clear blue smoke, till it melted away in the distance, large trees casting a brilliant chequering of light and shade on the ground beneath, and the hills almost touching a procession of gorgeous clouds, moving majestically along in a constant variety of form and colouring. Few pleasures in life are so nearly without alloy as that of contemplating scenery so splendid as this. The mind seems lost in attempting to conceive that infinite power which,

having called such magnificent scenes into existence, placed living creatures there, not merely fitted to observe and enjoy them now, but created to survive the very oldest and the most permanent of all visible objects. Standing between a past and future eternity, what mere insects of an hour should we feel, but for such words of Holy Scripture as these, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord?" How many, after the toil and bustle of an anxious life, might feel amidst these peaceful beauties of nature, as if a dear and long-lost friend had been restored, or that the days of childhood were come back? for in rural scenes and mountain solitudes, the artificial pleasures of existence appear hackneyed and vulgar, while fond memory clings to the remembrance of those youthful hours when threading daises and fishing for minnows seemed the utmost sum of human felicity, and no sorrow to be endured greater than the death of a canary-bird. The joys and the afflictions of life become greater in advancing to mature years, as lights and shadows on earth grow stronger towards the meridian day. Both are most intensely felt in the active scenes of existence, and both seem again restored to comparative oblivion, when the evening of life is darkening towards the obscurity of night.

We see, as day closes, how the majestic features of nature are but faintly revealed in their silent repose; yet while all below thus gives evidence of weakness and mortality, the glorious firmament above claims that attention which would be vainly bestowed on earthly objects already becoming invisible; and it seems thus in old age, when the eyes grow dim that they cannot see, and the ears heavy that they cannot hear, still the gloomier the night is which gathers around, the more do worldly objects become obscure and unattractive, while to those who lift their eyes upwards,



eternal scenes of glory and brightness open, far removed from all that is transient and changeable.

On our way to Llanroost we visited Gwydir Castle, one of the most ancient in this country, and the first that ever indulged its inhabitants in the luxury of glass windows. How grievous was our disappointment to find this old fortress merely a tall, cold, grey tower, situated in the only recess where a fine view could possibly be avoided. Perhaps the founder agreed with a modern proprietor whose house was about to be built lately, and when an officious friend insisted on its being placed differently from what he intended, in order to catch a better prospect, the owner replied, in a tone of angry remonstrance, "I don't want a view." Could houses be set in motion here, as Captain Hall so amusingly describes at New-York, a great improvement might be made on many ill-situated mansions which we passed lately, and in that case most people would vote for giving Gwydir Castle a step. We scrambled up to the little Gothic chapel above, and there feasted our eyes upon a prospect so beautiful, that it shews with what admirable taste the monks of old selected the situation of their monasteries and churches. Wherever a fragment remains, they are sure to command the best view throughout the whole neighbourhood, which was certainly the case here, as besides the charmingly varied banks of the Conway, covered with a fleet of little vessels, we saw a lovely Welsh background of mountains.

The handsome bridge at Llanroost, built by Inigo Jones, a native of this village, boasts of one peculiarity, that any person standing on the centre arch, can shake the whole edifice. We summoned the old man, who has appointed himself shaker general to his Majesty, and when he stood on the opposite side of the bridge, and struck his shoulder against the parapet, I felt a corresponding stroke from the parapet next to me, and experienced a sensible vibration. The old man looked delighted to hear

this fact acknowledged with a suitable expression of astonishment,—and no Indian juggler could have appeared more vain of his achievement.

We returned in the evening to Capel Curig, a few miles from which stands the ancient tower of Dolwyddelan, within whose walls a Welsh prince resided for many years, though not allowed to reign because his nose had been accidentally broken, as in these unsettled times the right of succession could often be most unceremoniously thrown aside. It is an ordinary expression, even in the present day, when any one loses an inheritance, that “his nose has been put out of joint!” and we may very plausibly conjecture that the saying originated at Dolwyddelan castle. The Highland clans often formerly chose the best looking son of their chief to succeed him. If that privilege still prevailed universally, it would cause a great promotion among younger brothers.

The more I see of this beautiful country, the more it pleases me, and the farther we feel inclined to proceed. You must endeavour, therefore, to experience while reading, as I do while seeing, that instead of our interest and curiosity wearing out,—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*.

## CHAPTER XI.

" But where to find the happiest spot below,  
Who can direct, when all pretend to know."

GOLDSMITH.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—A lady who had lived more than half-a-century in Scotland, went abroad lately for two years ; and on her return, she became so proud of having travelled on the continent, that, in listening to her conversation, you would imagine she knew neither the manners nor customs of that country. She even inquired once before a wondering circle of old friends, whether they often had " such a severe spring as this !" Certainly climate is our weak side, which all who are censoriously disposed may attack with impunity ; but I soon learn to love even the defects of a friend ; and when faults are ascribed to our native land, we may at least reply, as the French lady did to those who disparaged her lover,—*" Je l'aime parce que c'est lui."*

When we intended to hurry finally away from our rainy quarters at Capel Curig, it proved for the present impossible. So many travellers made a rush out of the inn on the first appearance of sunshine, that the horses had their hands full ; but at last we did effect our escape, and began the morning with a circuitous tour round " steep Snowdon's shaggy side," which looked so rugged, dark, and bare, in a grey misty morning, that it could be compared to nothing but an enormous cinder, while the summit, like smoke, obscurely mingling with the clouds, seemed ready to float away with them. The shape and proportions of Snowdon are so grand and lofty, that nature probably determined to astonish us by this majestic mountain, and then broke the mould in which it was cast. Bishop Heber perfectly

coincides in my admiration of Welsh scenery, and writes enthusiastically on the subject, preferring it to any he ever saw: and certainly nothing can appear more perfect in its way than the desolate grandeur throughout the Pass of Llanberis,—three miles long, hemmed in by Snowdon on one side, and the Glidders, or Welsh Glaciers, opposite, which rise so contiguously, that some parts of the chasm we drove through, seemed not above 30 yards apart, and the road had barely room to wind its way along. We felt like a nut between the crackers, thus wedged in by two such mountains, with masses of rock impending on each side, ready to roll down and extinguish us. Gilpin on the Picturesque, talks of “ill disposed mountains;” and certainly these had a very treacherous aspect. There are people who never go anywhere without seeing something to be afraid of; and a little apprehension here might have been perfectly justifiable, as our post-boy mentioned that the road is sometimes entirely blocked up by an avalanche of rock, while many large fragments were now suspended overhead with little more apparent security than the sword of Dionysius. How easily these tottering rocks might be safely propped up in their present elevations, and rendered stationary for ever; yet if once they began a downward course, how rapid and irresistible would be their descent!—An emblem this of the sinner’s course when he once yields to temptation; for a slight resistance may be sufficient at first, yet how impossible for anything short of supernatural power afterwards to stay his fall. Every one who seeks for high attainments in holiness, may be compared to Sisyphus rolling a stone up-hill; for not more certainly is the inclination of every thing downwards, than of all Christians to decline from their steadfastness. We were shewn a mass of rock recently fallen, measuring thirty-six feet long; so it would exactly have filled up your drawing-room. Not far from that lay another immense stone, beneath the shelter of which

an old woman formerly lived during several years, finding herself amply accommodated, though she must have been almost as entirely cut off from human intercourse in such a place, as if buried like a toad in its centre. An old Welsh proverb says, "whoever sleeps a night on Snowdon, will awaken either a poet or a madman;" and as men have sometimes become both, it is not an experiment many would be inclined to try, even with so lofty a subject to inspire them as this new Parnassus. While we rolled ingloriously round the base of Snowdon, I often wished myself mounted on its summit, and envied the goats skipping among the precipices without an idea of being giddy; but the ascent is one thousand one hundred and ninety yards; while no one in scaling a mountain will be of opinion with the Frenchman that, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui conte.*" Every step becomes more difficult than its predecessor; so this desire to reach the top of Snowdon must be added to the list of my unattainable wishes. "Though fixed on earth, aspiring to the skies!" Moralists declare that the most miserable situation in life is to covet great pre-eminence without energy to seek it, and that those who have not active ambition can only find peace in contented insignificance; therefore travellers not possessing energy to perch themselves like eagles on the summit of Snowdon, must be satisfied to measure its circumference, and delay a closer inspection of the upper regions until they grow younger. Near the top of Snowdon a celebrated giant-killer is buried,—not our old nursery friend, "Jack," though an equally redoubtable hero, who put so many giants to death, that he made a coat of their beards! rather a troublesome manufacture; but I once saw a pair of gloves equally uncommon, which might have been worn at the same time, made from the beards of the muscle shell-fish, which sometimes grow about four inches long.

Near the bottom of Snowdon we were shewn an ancient spinster, who has lived almost a century in single blessed-

ness, inhabiting her small cottage, perched upon a rock at some distance off the road, and completely isolated from all neighbours.

Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone.

Luckily for her, witchcraft is no longer credited, or she might have been in some jeopardy, as old age and lonely habits were generally the chief evidences against a culprit, and she could have brought few witnesses to vouch for the blamelessness of her life, since no one ever visits there. This Welsh recluse is quite an heiress, possessing a hundred sheep of her own, which were scattered on the hill, like snow-wreaths at a distance, and we heard that she lives very comfortably in her solitary dwelling, "contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair." How seldom the great events of this busy world can interest her! She scarcely knows probably what king reigns in London now, while standing far remote, at her cottage door, "unhurt amidst the war of politics, the wreck of ministries, and the crush of elections." The death of a sheep must appear of more importance to her than the death of a monarch; and the breaking of a window pane a severer blow than the breaking of the Bank of England. As long as Welsh flannel and worsted stockings continue in fashion, she is above the vicissitudes of life, and may carry on perpetual knitting in peace and security. Even amidst the warm current of domestic affection, how natural a tendency the human heart betrays to freeze into selfishness; but when individuals, either from choice or necessity, live entirely isolated, every event of the day personally concerns themselves only, and therefore the consequence becomes inevitable, that their minds get engrossed about trifles, and those trifles are exclusively their own affairs.

The celebrated Lakes of Llanberris rather disappoint.

ed us; they exhibit merely a few sheets of water, not more than three miles long, considerably removed from Snowdon, with scarcely a tree reflected in their waters, which seem clear and shallow. Not a boat was visible, and few traces of animal life or human society; but probably good fishing abounds here, as a celebrated angler observed of the Welsh lakes, that they contain two-thirds water and one-third fish. Formerly a large shallow lake like one of these, ornamented the grounds of the late eccentric Lord —, who amused himself often with rowing a party of guests into the centre, where a large bung was secretly drawn out, which caused an alarming leak in the boat. His Lordship's visitors underwent all the agonies of shipwreck, and at last the vessel merely grounded in a few feet deep of water, whence the terrified victims were speedily rescued, drenched, though not drowned, and probably admiring greatly the dry humour of their noble host. We did not make quite so intimate an acquaintance with the depth of Llanberris, but rapidly skirted along the banks. An old Welsh fortress rises there, in a rather picturesque situation; but the moss-grown walls, where "ruin greenly dwelt," excited only slight attention, until A—— announced it to be Dolbadern Castle, once a favourite retreat of Owen Glendower and his followers, where liberty made her latest struggles for existence in Wales. What magical power exists in association of ideas! We look with indifference at an extensive plain, when suddenly it acquires intense interest from discovering that this was the field of a great battle. We admire a diamond necklace, till some busy gossip betrays that the whole is merely an imitation in paste, and though no change takes place in its appearance, our feelings are instantly reversed; and an old wreck of a castle like Dolbadern excites vague and indistinct consideration, till we hear that it became the scene of imprisonment, conflict, or victory, to some patriotic hero,

whose name seems familiar to memory like that of Owen Glendower, long the admiration and the terror of his numerous foes, though more than four hundred years have elapsed since "the place that once knew them has known them no more. Their lives are as a tale that hath been told; their hatred and their love are lost." One of the Welsh native princes languished in confinement within these walls during twenty years of hopeless imprisonment; but the castle looks now like a gaunt, bare skeleton, from which life, strength, and cheerfulness are departed.

The palace of the feudal victor  
Now serves for nought but for a picture.

The exploits of Owen Glendower are so universal a theme in Wales, that if any author ever wants a hero for his next historical novel, I could venture to recommend him; the scene laid at Dolbadern Castle, and the catastrophe, if sufficiently dismal, might most appropriately take place in the Pass of Llanberris. The poet who planned a tragedy about Mount Vesuvius, where his heroine entered, pursued by a stream of lava, might here substitute an avalanche of rocks, though it would be apt to go off rather heavily in the representation.

Thirty years ago not an inn existed at Llanberris to afford travellers a bed, or any refreshment except bread and cheese; but so much has the fashion of touring increased the comfort of tourists, that a splendid new hotel has been erected here, called "The Princess Victoria," where, instead of being received by a landlord who spoke no English, as was the case not very long since, we might now have fancied ourselves returned to the Lakes of Cumberland. The hours here are much modernized also; for we arrived so early as eight o'clock, when the whole household appeared in a slipshod, half-awake state, which induced us to postpone our appetites, and to take another stage before break-



fast. Bingley, in his tour through Wales, twenty years since, did not find the beds very inviting, as he records that having remonstrated with a landlady on the extraordinary number of fleas, she gravely asserted the impossibility of discouraging these intruders, because whenever one was killed, half a dozen more came to attend the funeral ; but such days are over now ; for the Frenchman who makes his livelihood by taming and training those very active animals for public exhibition in London, would scarcely find any recruits here at present with which to entertain the fashionable world, by driving his carriages and playing at whist.

Our stage from Llanberris to Bedgelert was varied by several toilsome walks up hill, for travellers in this neighbourhood must lay their account with having occasion to pedestrianize frequently ; and could we have consulted a pedometer, it would certainly record our having achieved more miles of walking than we can venture to claim, without an authority so unimpeachable. Timid persons might be inclined to walk down the descents also ; for it required great reliance on the strength of our drag-chain to feel any satisfaction in rattling along these mountain-paths, where I planned at least a dozen of overturns which never took place, and tried several times to guess how far we might have to send for a doctor.

As travellers cannot live like cameleons, on air, it may be conjectured, that after having completed two long stages among the mountains, in a sharp appetizing morning, breakfast became no unimportant affair ; and seeing that tourists on the Continent still keep up the good old custom of recording their bill of fare at every inn, it ought to be a matter of as much importance to know what was achieved in a Welsh kitchen, as in one more remotely situated in Italy. Accordingly it deserves commemoration, that we sat down to a praiseworthy *dejeuné*, consisting of fish a moment be-

fore off the hook, eggs not laid above an hour since, mountain butter, that tasted of the grass, and cream as rich as any in London. Fearing the description of breakfast may occupy more room, however, than that of Snowdon itself, the rest shall be left to fancy. Here we discussed, over our tea and toast, the romantic tradition of Llewelyn and his celebrated greyhound, to which, like the dogs of Frederick the Great, a monument has been raised commemorating his virtues and his tragical end. It is a common Welsh saying now, "I repent as deeply as the prince who slew his dog;" and the story has lately been revived by a beautiful song of Mrs. Arkwright's, sung with suitable pathos in every drawing-room.

Words composed for the music by Mr. Spencer, tell the story with more effect than any prose could do; therefore these lines being so appropriate, are subjoined:—

The spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerly smiled the morn,  
And many a brach and many a hound  
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

Yet still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer,  
"Come, Gelert, come; thou'rt never last,  
Llewelyn's horn to hear."

"But where does faithful Gelert roam,  
The pride of all his race?  
So true, so brave—a lamb at home—  
A lion in the chase."

That day Llewelyn little loved  
The chase of hart or hare;  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,  
When near the portal seat  
His truant Gelert he espied  
Bounding, his lord to meet.

But when he reach'd the castle door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
 The hound was all o'ersmear'd with gore ;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Onward in haste Llewelyn past,  
 And on went Gelert too ;  
 And still where'er his eyes he cast  
 Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

He call'd his child, no voice replied ;  
 He search'd in terror wild ;  
 Blood, blood he found on every side,  
 But nowhere found his child.

" Base hound ! my child's by thee devour'd !"  
 The frantic father cried ;  
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
 He plung'd in Gelert's side.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,  
 Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh ;  
 What joy the parent's heart could tell  
 To hear his infant cry.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
 But the same couch beneath  
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead ;  
 Tremendous still in death.

And what was then Llewelyn's pain ;  
 For now the truth was clear,  
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

Now till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
 And cease the storm to brave ;  
 A consecrated spot shall hold  
 The name of Gelert's grave.\*

If gentlemen fond of coursing in the present day, were  
 to lament as deeply over the dogs they are so frequently

\* See Tales about Wales.

obliged to condemn and execute, what a melancholy pleasure the sport would become.

Probably no travellers ever sit an hour within the walls of this tidy little inn, who forget to talk of "Gelert's Grave," while pitying his untimely fate; therefore if dogs could highly appreciate, as men do, the value of posthumous fame, it was worth while, by dying when he did, to obtain so much notoriety. A person unacquainted with the feelings of human nature, might suppose distinguished personages would care little more to be told they shall be celebrated after death, than if an individual could ascertain that he is now a subject of occasional conversation in the moon; but as every natural instinct has advantages, the intense love of fame, which renders death itself welcome, in order to secure applause, is implanted in some minds for important purposes. Love of approbation seems a far more respectable motive than love of money, the mere acquisition of which is the meanest of all worldly impulses; but the former has served as a stimulus to great actions often, where a still higher and nobler aim was wanting.

The inn at Bedgelert hangs out as a sign, the goat, with this motto, "My country is a rock." At another place on the road we passed the "The Heart and Trumpet," rather an unaccountable union of incongruities. There is likewise a little miniature hotel in Wales, called "The Rock and Fountain," offering but little enticement to *bon vivants*; and in a small village we perceived an inscription, proving the schoolmaster abroad when it first claimed attention, as the inscription was spelled thus, "The Stag and Hunds."

Our drive from Bedgelert over the bridge of Aberglaslyn led through one of the grandest and most romantic scenes in Wales. There a gentleman with his sketch-book was perched upon the very spot I would have chosen for taking a view, while it became impossible not to envy him for finding leisure to sit there and admire such a scene of

magnificence. These towering hills, like the wall of the world, seemed as if nothing lay beyond their inaccessible heights, nor did we yet observe any visible outlet : there were precisely the number of trees necessary to dress the landscape, without overloading it, and the river resembled all mountain streams, a lively, dashing, noisy torrent of clear bright crystal, foaming and tumbling in ceaseless vivacity, while, as a contrast, the grave sombre rocks stood in gloomy silence, tortured and fretted into a thousand odd contortions by the dancing waters, which sing and roar a perpetual concert amidst these dark and melancholy caverns. How often married people appear quite as ill assorted ! the lady a lively hoiden, graceful and capricious ; the gentleman cold, stern, and apparently insensible, amidst all her fascinations.

In this stream a famous salmon-leap occurs of twelve feet high, where fish may be seen springing up like perfect harlequins, and the sport below seems excellent for those addicted to the rod. This was a scene in which it would have been delightful to linger a week, and we were out of sight in ten minutes. It is to be hoped, however, that we are immortalized in the gentleman's portfolio of drawings ; who will undoubtedly publish his personal narrative, containing a view of Aberglaslyn, with an open carriage on the bridge, and two picturesque figures standing up in attitudes of admiration and surprise. We seldom stopped to commit any landscapes to paper, as in travelling many might find it difficult to decide whether the greatest misery of human life is to be the companion of an inveterate sketcher or a botanist.—In the one case he stops at every ruin, bridge, tree, or cascade, whether the weather be hot or cold, wet or dry, and thinks any one insensible to all the finer feelings of nature who could either shiver or tire.—In the other instance, no discussion is so interesting, and no story so exciting, but you may expect to see a botanist

break through the very midst of it to rush up a bank or plunge into a ditch, seizing triumphantly hold of some nearly invisible weed, and leaving you like the Beef-eater in the Critic, with a half-uttered word never to be completed.

We met on this road an incredible number of pedestrian tourists, "walking gentlemen," with their heavy baggage tied, like that of Mr. Dowlas, in a pocket-handkerchief, and slung over the shoulder ; while they proceeded along with a look of independent enjoyment perfectly enviable. You were entertained formerly by the story of a poor lady, in decayed circumstances, reduced to calling shrimps in the street, who said, she "only hoped nobody would hear her ;" and if I could also secure no one's observing me, it might have been most agreeable to pedestrianize the rest of our tour. Some mechanical method will probably be invented, during the march of improvement, to supersede the exertion of travelling in this way, walking perhaps by steam, with a bottle smoking at each foot. "If it were not for the honour of the thing, I would as soon walk," said a lady, when the bottom of her sedan-chair fell out ; and often while we passed these "fatigue parties" on their march, it seemed rather a tempting example to follow, on account of the facilities they must enjoy for searching out every crevice and nook by the wayside, besides the advantage of conversing with the country people. Three pedestrian tourists, mentioned that they amused themselves during their progress by constantly assuming fictitious characters at every different inn on the road. At one place they personated strolling players, at another fortune-tellers, and at a third, the elder represented a tutor, and the others, two rather unruly pupils, whom he endeavoured to keep in order without much success ; but so protracted a masquerade must have been rather tedious.

Near this route lay a valley, which A—— never ceased afterwards to lament our not exploring ; and as I always

discovered that those places were best worth seeing which bore the strangest names, no doubt there was much to regret in not threading through the vale of Festiniogg. Some great connoisseur once declared it the most perfectly beautiful part of Wales; but a similar panegyric has probably been pronounced, by different writers, on every fine landscape we saw, as people are apt, when pleased, to deal in superlatives. Perhaps, on second thoughts, their enthusiasm might receive a check, like that of a gentleman who used to describe any *ci-devant* beauty whom he remembered at court, beginning his sentence in a tone of emphasis quite out of keeping with the very tame conclusion,—“She was without exception . . . . one of the most perfect beauties in the world;” and probably Festiniogg is, without exception, one of the most splendid valleys in Wales,—though we left it to “waste its sweets on the desert air.” Possibly the etymology for Wales may originally be derived from *vales*, on account of the innumerable valleys which intersect that whole country; it may since have been gradually corrupted into Wales; while now, the cockneys of London, who would of course be the first to depart from this ancient designation, have also been the first to relapse, while talking of the “mountains in Vales.” Those authors and tourists, who weary the patience of readers with a preliminary dissertation, in every place they enter, on the origin conjectured for its name, from the Saxon, Danish, Norman, Latin, or Celtic, may perhaps hereafter discuss this supposition more fully; and though the subject seldom excites much interest among the inhabitants of a place, still less concerns travellers, and least of all readers, yet the Society of Antiquaries have occasionally tolerated less plausible theories and less important discussions.

Having arrived at the comfortable inn of Tan-y-bulch, we were attracted by the beauty of a place on the neighbouring hill, and after walking in that direction, it realized

our highest expectations ; the proprietor, Mr. Oakley, having shewn great taste in the scenery, machinery, and decorations. The house, which seems very ancient, is built on a platform half-way up the hill, whence a most superb landscape became visible, and, to use a technical phrase, it “ composed well ;” the mountains of bare rock and of rich verdure being finely contrasted,—the river meandering below and reflecting them on its surface,—the terrace where we stood covered with a tapestry of roses, and the park diversified with noble wood. We passed along a beautiful approach, in which the large trees gracefully fanned us with their branches, and the whole scene was bathed in rich glowing sunshine, like a water-coloured drawing the moment after receiving its first general wash of warm tints.

During our stroll in this romantic scene of beauty and seclusion, we encountered a most unforeseen instance of civilization, which in so remote a district could scarcely have been anticipated. I observed for some time a decrepit old woman slowly approaching to where we stood, but when arrived within some yards, and about to speak, she suddenly fell down in a most alarming fit. A boy and a girl who happened to be near, rushed instantly forward and supported her, while we also flew to afford every possible assistance. Seeing the case very desperate, A—— hastened to Tan-y-bulch, while I remained to take charge of the unfortunate sufferer, whose jaw had already dropped, and her eyes turned round in her head, till nothing became visible but the white. Assisted by the two children, I rapidly untied every string about her dress,—we sprinkled water over her face, and the little girl got some money to run for restoratives ; though scarcely a hope remained that the poor old creature could survive till she returned. A——’s absence seemed endless, but at last he re-appeared with our landlord from the inn, a remarkably



sensible, intelligent man. Immediately on seeing the old woman, he said some sentences in Welsh, and I was startled at the harsh, angry tone in which they were uttered, while the inn-keeper seemed scarcely able to help laughing at my look of consternation. Could she possibly be drunk ? This was the first idea which occurred to me. On that score however he acquitted her, but explained the whole affair, which was a trick she and her two grandchildren frequently got up, and acted to the very life, when travellers were passing, in order to obtain money ! If this had occurred in London, such an imposture might have been expected, or even in Edinburgh I could scarcely have been so easily duped ; but to be out-witted by an old Welsh-woman, in her hat and knitting-pins, seemed mortifying beyond endurance ; and when she rose up to walk away, I felt very much like Clown in a Pantomime, when Harlequin gives the power of locomotion to his tea-pot,

## CHAPTER XII.

"Sir! There is no scenery equal to Fleet Street."

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You know the old proverb, "*On ne vaut pas plus que ce que l'on veut valoir*," and if this be applicable to the ambition of correspondents as well as of politicians, my diligence lately ought to raise me five per cent. in your estimation; as I unceasingly perambulate the country all day, and sit up half the night to send you a sketch of our adventures.

We drove on Wednesday from Tan-y-bulch to Harlech, over a new, or at least an improved line of road, which possessed the rare merit, in so hilly a country, of being level as a river. The chief objection of this modern fashion of avoiding ascents is, that travellers frequently lose the view entirely, because a wall or a hedge hems in the whole prospect; whereas formerly, taking the ups-and-downs as they came, we were amply rewarded by gaining an eye-full of scenery, such as rewarded the most tedious progress. How inseparably exertion and pleasure are tied together in this world,—“ease, when courted most, farthest retires;” for, as Solomon says, “all things are full of labour,” and we generally find most enjoyment given where most trouble has been taken.

The Welsh used formerly to be as skilful as the South Americans in using a lasso, to catch their native wild ponies, which abounded then among the hills. These useful animals are no longer to be seen however in primitive freedom on Snowdon, any more than the sheep on Ben-Lomond, which a French sportsman fired at, saying they were “wild moutons.” Some years since, a farmer in

Wales, who had successfully thrown the noose over one of these powerful little ponies, unfortunately forgot to uncoil the other end of the rope from his own body, so he was dragged to the ground, and drawn along the high-road, till the terrified and infuriated animal sprang over a lofty cliff, beneath which the mangled remains of both were afterwards discovered, with scarcely a vestige remaining of their original forms.

One of the most splendidly situated ruins in Wales is Harlech Castle, which stands upon an abrupt eminence of some hundred feet, rising directly out of a plain, once covered by water, though now the sea has retreated for good, and left an extensive flat, which is under cultivation.

*Tout homme est né marin*, and a few would not have been exhilarated with the prospect from Harlech Castle, displaying Cardigan Bay, edged with a broad sparkling belt of sandy beach, skirting many miles along the coast, and contrasted beautifully with the deep blue colour of the sea, scarcely broken by a ripple on its surface. No want of life and animation, however, appeared on the scene, as a countless flock of sea-gulls wheeled in the air, dived in the water, and filled the shore with constant vociferation. Certainly these are the happiest little beings in the world ; and I watched in untiring delight a large gossiping party, sitting upon the ocean, close together, flapping their wings, dipping under water, and chattering with such incessant volubility, that they were audible from the road, apparently as merry and important as a knot of misses assembling for a ball. How strange that some sportsmen, when no game is in season, would have found pleasure in sending death and destruction amid such a scene of cheerfulness as this ; and yet many a good shot would feel no scruple in scattering those gay, happy creatures, maimed and fluttering with agony on the wide ocean, to serve no other object than the amusement of playing at " the barbarous

game of death." Wherever Providence gives joy and ease, it seems like Satan himself to enter and destroy it. I often think, if future penalties were ordered as heathens supposed, so that each person shall suffer hereafter a punishment precisely adapted to his actions here, how many thousand deaths a sportsman would die. People really deserve to endure some equivalent for whatever unnecessary pain they inflict; and though all flesh is given for the use of man, yet a verdict of bird-slaughter should be brought in against those who destroy animal life merely for the sake of witnessing pain and suffering. The seagulls are peculiarly attached to each other, and afford assistance at all hazards to any one of their kind which falls into danger. Even the report of a gun cannot intimidate them from flying close to the enemy, screaming in mournful accents, and exerting every manœuvre to shield a wounded associate from notice. They have actually been observed to unite in numbers, and drag a mutilated companion away; and it is an ascertained fact, where they abound in great numbers, that a sentinel regularly keeps watch from some elevated point during the day. On one well-known occasion, when several of these watchmen were successively shot, as an experiment to test their perseverance, a constant succession of volunteers enlisted for this forlorn hope, and remained on the conspicuous point of danger, till an unerring bullet one by one destroyed them; yet others immediately supplied the vacant place. It might have been almost expected that brave men would sympathize with so courageous a spirit, and spare those in this respect resembling themselves.

Harlech Castle, on Cardigan Bay, is twin brother of Carnarvon and Conway, to which it bears a strong family likeness, being ornamented with very similar round towers at each corner; the entrance is likewise between two circular turrets, and an extensive open court stands in the

middle. This was the last fortress in Wales that held out for Charles; and the garrison did not yield till only twenty-eight men were left alive. One tower is called after Margaret of Anjou, who found a refuge here during her adversity; and we saw some frightful dungeons within the walls, which had probably served as a prison and a tomb to many brave princes and bards during those early times when it was as customary to shut men up twenty or thirty years in darkness and solitude, as now to lock up a rebellious child during ten minutes in a closet.

The principal staircase here had entirely fallen down, which I was not perfectly inconsolable to perceive, because in every ruin there generally is a narrow tottering ascent, scarcely practicable, and quite in the dark, which tourists are expected to grope and scramble up at all hazards. If the stairs of every ancient keep-tower I have mounted in my time could be piled one above another, they would go a considerable way towards reaching the moon. A— at last succeeded in rummaging out what he considered a tolerable flight of steps; indeed he cares so little to encounter a mile of ruinous perpendicular stairs, that if he passed a day on the tread-mill it would apparently be no penance. I was on the point of yielding to my fate, and took *le premier pas*, when the guide unexpectedly interposed, declaring, that though "some gentlemen of great steadiness had been known to reach the summit of that tower in safety, he never could scale it himself, and dared not undertake now to accompany us on the enterprise." This very rational view of the subject appeared so convincing, that I gladly retraced the three steps we had already mounted, while A— unflinchingly proceeded to escalate the castle with a degree of steadiness that an engineer might emulate, and soon emerged on the highest pinnacle of a crumbling battlement, whence he probably saw a very extended horizon of sea. The intermediate time I passed in a splendid

banqueting room, seventy-five feet long, and lighted by a row of beautiful windows, looking towards what had been a very deep moat. It was curious, while thus left "alone with my glory," to fancy all the scenes of mirth and revelry which enlivened those silent, desolate halls, in gay old times, when the brave knights and warriors of England kept dominion here. Now the roof has fallen in, and long grass waves upon the floor, as if all who ever lived here lay buried beneath the turf.

Their lights are fled, their garlands dead,  
And all but me departed.

Lord Byron's last man scarcely felt more solitary, while I put myself back a few centuries, and thought of those who lived and acted once on this very spot, where all the grander features of nature remained the same to my sight as formerly to theirs.

One of the ancient heroes, who acted as constable of Harlech Castle five hundred years ago, distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, and cut the head off the French king's horse with a battle-axe; in memory of which exploit the Black Prince ordered, at the expense of the crown, that a dish of meat should be laid before the axe every day in this banqueting hall, and then distributed to the poor. Eight yeomen guarded the mess, for which they received a stated salary; and the practice was continued till Elizabeth's day, when probably some Joseph Hume of those times thought it an unnecessary burden on the public purse.

We returned to the inn, which is embellished with beautiful gardens, commanding a noble view of Cardigan bay. The white and foaming waves on a shore like this are called by the Welsh "mermaid's sheep;" and the invisible shepherdess certainly drove her flocks now with cease-

less diligence. Sir Joseph Banks once jocularly recommended that naturalists should fish for mermaids, using a comb and a looking-glass for baits. It is an old joke against the female sex, their fondness for mirrors; and these apparently fabulous beings seem never to be observed without one, though scientific writers have not attempted to account for the existence of a submarine glass manufactory, where at least kelp may be abundantly supplied.

Travellers become slaves to their own arrangements when they fix plans for a journey, resolving that these shall be adhered to. We could have passed a day at Harlech without tiring, and the inn seems so well kept, that it deserves encouragement. The landlords in Wales all consider themselves gentlemen, and not a few claim descent from the Welsh princes, while the land-ladies are so given to hospitality, that even when we did not alight, they frequently brought a tray of biscuits to the carriage window. At no place did every thing appear more comfortable than here, though we could not even give our host the pleasure of seeing us at dinner, having positively promised each other to reach Barmouth that evening, which, after a cheerful drive along the coast, we consequently did, at the very hour when, according to appointment, we fell due. The sea-prospect continued truly grand and majestic, though in such scenery there must always be a certain degree of sameness not found during an inland journey, because the shore is generally like this, all shaven and shorn, destitute alike of trees or crops. Nevertheless such a stage occasionally becomes very enlivening and delightful. To "watch the pulses of the mighty deep"—to feel the fresh cool breeze, never breathed by a living mortal before,—and to admire the distant ships dotting the horizon, or the nearer vessels dancing their graceful minuets, with white and flowing sails stretched before the breeze. There could scarcely be a brighter picture of joy and prosperity than

the vessels we saw, with, as the poet says, "pleasure at the helm," not always the safest pilot on shore.

The sea, more than any other object, gives an idea of eternity; "without a mark, without a bound," it reaches beyond the power of vision, and in its wonderful extent brings to mind how great and marvellous are the works of Him "whose dominion is from sea to sea;"—"who is "heaven, earth, and ocean's Lord;"—"who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

Barmouth is a very singular town, perched like an eagle's nest upon the rocks, and looking extremely odd and fantastic at a distance. The houses, placed on the slope of a very steep hill, are piled one above another, the ground floor of the highest being level with the garret of its neighbour, and they seem all gazing on tiptoe over each other's shoulders. The whole town looks as if it had been rushing down the mountain side, and suddenly made an irregular pause, by which the houses are confusedly huddled and jostled together, but with a bright evening sun glaring upon all the windows, forming a brilliant illumination, it seemed a very cheerful, riante little sea-port, where many a Sinbad has embarked in search of adventures, or returned to relate them by his peaceful fireside.

On driving up to the inn, we were surprised to find apparently the whole population assembled before the door, and evidently in a state of considerable excitement. Could it be some very illustrious arrival which had preceded ours! perhaps a distinguished foreign prince, or possibly the Princess Victoria, who was said to be then travelling in Wales. My expectations rose, when we observed the universal expression of eager, intense curiosity, marked on every countenance; and scarcely any thing could have equalled our hopes, when suddenly the bubble burst.



Our landlord explained, that the whole mob were collected merely to watch a black man whom he pointed out, with a white towel round his head. This personage had undertaken, for a bet, to roll a large wheel, and to run beside it, without stopping, or letting it fall, in front of the inn, during two hours. "But half of his heavy task was done," and meantime we could scarcely find any one to shew us a room, or to take an order for dinner, on account of the commotion which this wonderful man had excited.

Finding it a vain attempt to sail against the stream, we resolved to take our own share of the gaieties, and sallied forth on a tour of observation. Nothing could look more enlivening than the groups of gazers collected on every eminence from which they might catch a glimpse of the exhibition, while probably each spectator could have performed the whole achievement quite as well himself. The wheel seemed light and well balanced, but any one else would as soon have attempted to guide the wheel of fortune as that which was turned by the man of colour, who seemed neither out of breath nor fatigued, when an hour afterwards he gained the prize, and closed his career amidst enthusiastic acclamations from the surrounding multitude. It is amusing to see what astonishment may be occasioned in one country by contrivances common in another. The surprise with which we observe the feats of an expert juggler can scarcely equal that felt by a party of New Zealanders who once seized an old admiral, intending to scalp him; but when his wig came off in their hands, the whole tribe instantly worshipped their prisoner as a supernatural being.

In the evening a scene of gaiety took place on the beach at Barmouth, equal to any thing that could have been got up on the Continent. If a Frenchman had looked on, as we did, he might have fancied himself at home; for the

remark would have been by no means applicable here, made on such an occasion elsewhere, "*Les Angloises se réjouissaient tristement, selon la coutume de leurs pays.*" A number of villagers and sailors assembled near the inn, and danced with spirit and vivacity to the sound of a Welsh harp, while neither confusion nor intoxication followed, but all dispersed in perfect peace and harmony at an early hour. If relaxation and amusement on such a plan of sober moderation could be more frequently encouraged among the lower orders everywhere, it might produce many advantages. No one can do otherwise than lament that such numbers resort for cheerful society to the ale-house, even before having acquired an incurable taste for ardent spirits, because they are unaccustomed to find exhilaration elsewhere ; but dancing on the village green affords a safe and wholesome outlet for the exuberant vivacity of young people, and prevents their acquiring worse habits, by spending time and money on the road to ruin. Dancing, like all other things, is only evil in excess, when leading to irregular hours, idle dissipation, or vain display, but under proper restraints, no more actual harm arises from it than from running. We read in Scripture, that when the prodigal son returned, he found "music and dancing" in his father's house ; and Solomon says there is "a time to mourn and a time to dance." All things tend to evil ; the very medicines we swallow are poison ; there is excess even in self-denial, in abstinence, in exercise, in music, in study, in sleep, in education, in solitude, in society, —all are good in themselves, but to be used in moderation ; and even wine, the bane of thousands, which, from the time of Noah to the present day, has been abused into a source of sin and wretchedness, is nevertheless not entirely to be banished from the world, but may be allowed to those who need it "for their stomach's sake and their often infirmities." It is a much greater test of a man's Chris-

tian firmness to take things in moderation, than to abstain from them entirely, as nothing exemplifies more obviously our state of probation in this life, than the constantly recurring necessity for curbing extreme indulgence in any thing however innocent, and in discriminating, by a well-exercised conscience, what duty allows, and what constitutes excess. As Lord Bacon says, "Love of power in excess caused the angels to fall; love of knowledge in excess caused our first parents to fall; but in charity there is no excess."

We enjoyed a long walk on the beach at Barmouth after dinner, admiring a fine glowing afternoon, when the sun seemed to sink red hot into the Irish Sea, putting the sky and the ocean into a perfect blaze of the brightest rose colour, which brought to mind that fine passage in the Revelations, describing "a sea of glass, mingled with fire." If a rational man could have been supposed, for the first time in his life, to see the sun thus descending into night, how little it would have been possible to convince his reason, that in a few hours the same glorious orb would again irradiate the earth; and equally extraordinary, as well as equally certain, is that resurrection from the grave which we are promised, and permitted to anticipate. The most natural of all heathen superstitions is that which imagines the sun to be an object of worship; and even Milton puts such an idea into the language of Lucifer, when he attributes to his awful character that sublime apostrophe to the orb of day, beginning thus:—

"Oh! thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God  
Of this new world ———"

On the shores of the Persian Gulf, thousands assemble every morning to welcome a return of the rising sun, and prostrate themselves with one accord at its first appear-

ance, while they cast little offerings of sugar into the sea as marks of homage. It would be well for Christians to remember in their closets as faithfully and regularly at the dawn of day, that "Sun of Righteousness" which men are born to worship. His visible presence no longer appears on the earth, but we must prepare to rejoice hereafter at his glorious return. The material world is not in a darker chaos without the natural sun, than the mental world would have been without the light of the gospel.

Before yon sun arose,  
Stars cluster'd through the sky ;  
But, oh ! how dim, how pale were those  
To his one burning eye !

So truth lent many a ray  
To bless the pagan's night ;  
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they  
To thy one glorious light !

## CHAPTER XIII.

"A Turkey carpet was his lawn,  
Whereon he loved to bound."

COWPER.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Some learned physician once remarked, that our frame of mind during the day is entirely guided by our first feelings on awakening ; and it is curious to observe that no human being can rouse us from sleep without occasioning a startling surprise ; while on the contrary, Providence, who does all things with such tender consideration for our weakness, restores us from deep repose, as soon as nature is refreshed, and under His care we calmly glide into consciousness, with perfect peace and serenity. How many thousand times has this happened to each of us ; but we only appreciate blessings by their loss ; and the peculiar comfort of former mornings might never have occurred to my thoughts, had it not been contrasted, with my reveillé to-day, when I was called at the very dawn of light to hurry forward on our journey.

In all books upon early rising, indolent people are tormented with calculations of how many hours in a year may easily be rescued from sleep and devoted to active employment, by getting up soon, till at last we feel almost inclined to try the plan of a philosopher who limited himself to resting every alternate night ; but those who lengthen their days in this way, shorten their lives, by expending the principal of their strength instead of the interest ; therefore, even early rising should have its limits, which I felt

particularly inclined to acknowledge, when we were in full career from Barmouth towards Dolgelly before five in the morning :—

They that would thrive, must rise by five;  
They that have thriven, may lie till seven.

These lines even go on to say something about “those doing more who rise at four;” but the hint is quite undeserving of notice. Though seldom able thoroughly to admire any place that I see before breakfast, the beauties of this road were quite irresistible, as it skirted round a graceful arm of the sea, which had penetrated through so wild a scene of Alpine magnificence, that the shore resembled a gigantic ocean of tempestuous waves suddenly turned into stone. If we could have summoned a bugle or a bagpipe, to awaken the echoes among these precipices; nothing can be more like enchantment in such mountain scenery, than to hear rock answering to rock and hill to hill, as if they had suddenly come to life, and been endowed with voices; but we could only admire in silence. Hills alternately bare or wooded are scattered around in picturesque confusion, while the black heights of Cader Idris tower above like the monarch of them all. This mountain was named after a giant Prince called Idris, who retired here frequently to study astronomy; and in so lofty an observatory, raising his head above the clouds, he might now and then have pricked new constellations in the skies, or altered some of the old ones if they did not please him. His bed is still shewn, being a pile of stones some hundred yards long; and near the road lies a small piece of water, named, on account of three prodigious rocks which are placed there, “The lake of the three grains.” Tradition, always to be believed, relates, that those stones accidentally got into the shoe of Idris, causing him so much inconvenience whilst walking, that he shook them out near the

lake, when stopping there to drink. The whole story is so perfectly natural, that it cannot but be credited, considering how often we all in turn suffer discomfort from the very common circumstance which annoyed this gigantic astronomer.

Nothing would make travellers estimate more highly their obligations to Telford and Macadam, than performing a stage on the road between Dolgelly and Machlwyd, which is left almost entirely in a state of nature, without any of the modern improvements, by which tourists now always go upon velvet. The American corduroy roads are probably smooth in comparison of those we experienced this day in going down the shelf of a mountain, on what seemed like the rough channel of a cascade, or a flight of stairs with no balustrade. I had a ready-made scream prepared for use during a progress of two miles, while it appeared as if each turn of the wheels must inevitably be our last. Some philosopher observes, that life is made up of vain hopes and vain apprehensions; therefore it ought to compensate for the former being so frequently disappointed, that the latter also turn out sometimes mistaken, as was happily the case on this occasion, when we descended to the banks of the river Onion, most appropriately flowing through the land of leeks, and here fertilizing a fine productive country.

It was at Dolgelly that the last Welsh Parliament assembled under Owen Glendower, after which all the M. Ps. adjourned *sine die*,—accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, or whatever else was the form when vacating their seats, never to return. Here also, Owen Glendower murdered his cousin Howel, former proprietor of this country, and concealed his body in the trunk of a tree, since called “The haunted oak.” His widow remained inconsolable, and unable to penetrate the mystery of her husband’s disappearance; till the Prince on his death-bed became peni-

tent, and sent a friend to confess for him the whole transaction, after which the skeleton was found and buried.

The Welsh language seems so nearly similar to Gaelic, that I often felt inclined to give the common Highland salutation in passing along the road, especially seeing the landscape around so exactly on a similar pattern. We hurried on from mountain to mountain in splendid succession; and but for the women wearing their little hats like men's, instead of the graceful plaid, might have supposed ourselves in Ross-shire. The harp here is a tolerable substitute for the bagpipe, and it is remarkable that the Irish have an inferior imitation of both harp and bigpipe, while the English can boast of no national instrument whatever; nor have they any national music; while the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish each excel in a style of harmony, as peculiar to themselves as their accent in speaking. A few airs, perhaps co-eval with the days of Ossian, are not quite identified to either country, such as Gamachree Molly and Robin Adair, which occasion a vehement feud between the bards of these different nations; though it would be difficult to ascertain who first lighted the candle, when each claims the honour of having illuminated the rest.

When George IV. visited Scotland, having one day tasted a haggis, his Majesty wished to say something polite to a Scotch laird, and mentioned that he had dined lately on an excellent dish, "a boiled bagpipe!" rather light diet certainly,—as in that case he must have lived upon air. In a violent dispute some years ago upon the subject of national tunes, a Highland piper thought himself triumphant, and blew such a blast of music as had not been heard for ages; upon which his enraged opponent seized a carving-knife, and stabbed the bag of the pipes, so that they could be played no more. The harp however is not subject to vicissitudes like these, having more strings to its



bow, though never likely to make as much noise in the world as the "loud pibroch swelling on the gale."

Adieu for the present;—my miscellaneous lucubrations will remind you of Cowper's lines, so applicable to many observers of life and manners:—

"The jackdaw sees this round about  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
Church, army, music, law,  
And says—what says he?—Caw!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Gwryndch y Llandrygynth wydfnzig broleh,  
Slinwaer cwrwynddmawr dywroed rwrclch."

WELSH BARD, vol. xix. p. 654.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Gray the poet maintained, that if any individual would write down every day all he or she had seen and heard, it must, in whatever hands, prove interesting; of which opinion my letters may serve either as a contradiction or a confirmation, according to the verdict given after perusal. Certainly, when wishing to entertain children, no fiction seems half so successful as a full, true, and particular account of all we have done during that very day; beginning with the usual perplexity about which dress to wear, describing at what end your egg was broken for breakfast, and how twenty minutes was spent in a shop, considering which of two boxes of pins it would be best to purchase. A circle of little wondering faces will listen to all this, as if their very lives depended on the result; and undoubtedly the true secret of creating universal interest is, to be extremely minute and particular in relating adventures. If a newspaper paragraph mentions that a lady was thrown from her horse yesterday and killed on the spot, we scarcely think of the accident a second time; but if the editor farther tells that it happened near Grosvenor gate,—that she took luncheon with a party of friends during the morning in high spirits,—that she was engaged to a ball in the evening,—that a gentleman observed her gracefully cantering along five minutes before, followed by a groom at some distance,—and that her habit was blue; the interest rises with every particular, till at last we feel quite sufficiently affected by so melancholy a

catastrophe. Luckily I have nothing equally tragical for which to claim your attention, as we are now in the most cheerful, animated, bustling scene for a comedy that can be imagined, at the little marine city of Aberistwyth in Cardiganshire,—a charming place, which seems peculiarly calculated for the promotion of health and happiness. This town is built like the celebrated city of Alexandria, shaped like a bow, while the line of the sea represents the string.—The whole intermediate space was crowded by a multitude of equestrians, pedestrians, and every variety of carriage-architecture, from a London barouche to a bathing-machine. Groups of children plunging in the sea, looked as if they were the only persons who had anything to do.

The ruinous old castle of Aberistwyth flanks the crescent at one end, and a splendid new hotel terminates it at the other, the intermediate houses being handsome lodgings, all apparently occupied, and every window peopled with gay parties, who seemed as if they were enjoying a perpetual jubilee. The inn being crowded, we had no immediate prospect of dinner, for landlords have unluckily not yet adopted the Irishman's expeditious plan, who wished to be so rapid in feeding his guests, that he planted potatoes ready boiled, hoping they might come up hot and ready for eating. The spare time thus at our disposal, would probably have been spent in fifty different ways, by fifty different persons, if they had each been obliged to wait so long. Some would have fretted and scolded within doors,—others might have taken a hit at backgammon,—some would have read a book, or bathed, or sketched, or visited the cottages, to inquire into the state of the poor,—many gentlemen would have fished, and some ladies might have beguiled their weariness, as they have already been known to do, by unfolding matches on the chimney piece, and reading their contents; but after duly considering all these plans that

suggested themselves, we sallied forth to lionize the wonders of Aberistwyth.

Remote, unfriended, slow, but not melancholy, we reached a beautiful esplanade, and were in the midst of some very original remarks upon the loneliness of being solitary in a crowd, and on the certainty of our remaining as completely incog. as if we had worn Fortunatus' invisible ring, being far removed from the world in general, as well as from our own world of acquaintances in particular, when we were suddenly arrested by hearing our names reiterated behind. If a bailiff had tapped A—— on the shoulder, he could not have turned round with greater surprise, which was changed into pleasure when we recognized a party of intimate friends, all arrived quite as recently as ourselves, and equally pleased to see "a kent face" among so many strangers. The little coterie now became transfixed to the spot for nearly half-an-hour; and though nothing in the intercourse of society is more difficult than to support with suifable spirit and vivacity, the animation of an agreeable and unexpected meeting like this, yet the awkward reaction which generally takes place on such occasions, did not occur to interrupt the fluency with which we all exchanged greetings, compared notes, admired, criticised, complained, narrated old adventures, anticipated new ones, inquired for cousins, uncles, and relations, on every side, sympathized with all the gouts or rheumatisms enumerated, and also commented on the accommodations, the prices, the scenery and the society of Wales. In short, "we met and parted with such emotions, as only strangers in a foreign land can ever know!"

Late in the evening, A—— and I set forth a second time to explore in good earnest, and began with inserting ourselves into every crevice of the very old castle at Aberistwyth, which is said to have been built by somebody once. It served as a dwelling-place formerly, to the great Cad-

wallader, who kept open house there, and the present proprietor does so now in a different sense, as neither doors, windows, nor roof remain. It stands in a fine commanding situation, where an immeasurable stretch of ocean lies before its walls, bounded by Ireland in the distance; and a charming view of the town and neighbouring hills on the other side, may be enjoyed from the windows. In this castle, Charles I. allowed a Mr. Bushels once to set up a mint for coining money to pay his workmen, because he had so many employed in the lead mines, that it amounted to a perfect army. This man afterwards testified his gratitude by lending, or rather giving the king in his adversity, £40,000. Punsters are requested to beware of perpetrating any puns here about coining *by Bushels*, or raising a Sovereign, as any such attempt at wit would be considered a public nuisance, and indicted accordingly. This man's loyalty was also shewn by enlisting a regiment at his own expense, the soldiers in which would not be stinted for leaden bullets, as they might have an abundant supply from the materials here.

Every drawing-room in the crescent at Aberistwyth became now lighted up, and the distant sound of music proceeded from many an open casement, where we saw gay groups sprinkled about the rooms, with every appearance of festivity and enjoyment. It was an unlucky hour when shutters were first invented, as we derived much pleasure during our evening walk from seeing into such a multitude of cheerful homes, before they were closed for the night; but what a fairy scene of enchantment those brilliantly illuminated saloons must have appeared to several poor people whom we met strolling along the beach! They had, perhaps, scarcely a roof to cover them, while we saw their eyes casting many a wistful gaze towards the splendour, partially revealed at every glittering window, within which they could scarcely suppose any thing but

perfect happiness to reign. Those who, during a lifetime, can scarcely obtain the necessaries of existence, are apt to fancy, that if these were only supplied, there would be nothing more to endure ; and having scarcely time to cherish any natural sensibility, how little it can be possible for them to imagine, that the very luxury and ease which they envy, only leaves more leisure for reflection upon the mental distresses of earthly existence, when these come, as they inevitably must, sooner or later, with all their train of dark and mournful emotions. Nothing can oblige a rich man to exertion under the pressure of affliction ; while shut up in solitary musings, his mind cultivated to the highest pitch of feeling, he sometimes contemplates the darkened horizon of life with awe and apprehension, becoming forgetful of all worldly greatness, to which he is already as much accustomed as to the air he unconsciously breathes ; but an indigent man finds in the daily cares of existence a " counter irritation," which divides his notice between bodily and mental endurance, diminishing the sharpness of both, and proving that while the comparatively insignificant gifts of fortune are so unequally distributed, cheerfulness and peace are impartially dealt to all without exception. The remark of Sir William Curtis might be applied to many enjoyments, as truly as to the subject of eating, that " after all, the rich and the poor are about equally ill off, because the one can seldom find a dinner, and the other can still seldomer find an appetite." How striking and appropriate was the testimony of Lord Bolingbroke, who had mingled more than any man in such bright scenes of festivity as those we were now contemplating from the solitary beach at Aberistwyth, and who had enjoyed them with all the refinement and zest of which they are capable ; yet these are his remarks upon the mistaken estimate which the poorer classes form of the advantages bestowed by wealth and

luxury : " I have enjoyed all the pleasures of this world, and appraise them at their true value, which is very low, whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the outside, and are dazzled by their glare ; but I have been behind scenes, and observed all the coarse pulleys, and dirty ropes, which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant multitude. When I reflect back on what I have seen, and heard, and done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasure of the world, had any reality ; but I look upon what has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium occasions, and by no means wish to repeat the nauseous doze for the sake of the fugitive dream." Life is indeed " as a dream when one awaketh ;" and though few agree with the French divine who maintains that men are answerable for the sins they commit in their dreams, because it must be a wicked imagination that fancies them at all, yet the fugitive vision of life is deeply important in its smallest details, on account of its leaving a record of every hour and every moment behind, which shall be proclaimed hereafter, before an assembled universe, and give its colouring to eternity.

Night closed in, and we still paced up and down the sea-shore, as if it had been the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, while one of our newly discovered friends from the hotel " met us by moonlight," and joined our party, till nothing was visible but the stars over-head, and the young moon looking not much larger than an eye-lash. All the magnificent features of nature appeared beside the darkening shore, exactly as they have been seen by successive generations of men since the days when Noah first practised navigation, and Confucius studied astronomy, and the

calm clear moon above reflected in the troubled sea beneath, might fitly represent the glory and the peace which reign on high, contrasted with the agitations and tumults of this world, even when brightened by Christian hope.

As the old song says, "I would rather sit up a' the night than be up in the morning early," and we could have continued to promenade with pleasure till next day at six, when our journey was to re-commence; but having in a rash moment pledged ourselves to the chambermaid by ordering rooms, we thought it due to her feelings that they should be occupied, after the trouble she must have had in preparing them. Therefore, at a very late hour, we unwillingly took leave of our sociable companion, and of that beautiful shore, where memory will often carry us back in agreeable retrospection, when the pleasantest pages of our past history are recalled to mind.

Next morning, by the peep of day, we were again in full progress southwards, and on this occasion it must be acknowledged, that the only omissions were made which have to be recorded in the whole course of our travels; but a perfect tour "ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Hafod, a place recently purchased by the Duke of Newcastle, and with a splendid reputation for beauty, is situated some miles from Aberistwyth, and deserves every respect and attention from travellers, though we had not put it down on our visiting list. The previous proprietor, Mr. Johnes, who had unfortunately more taste than money, ruined himself with the expense of embellishing these grounds; and after improving them till they became the delight and admiration of every stranger, was obliged to leave the Elysium he had made, and become a stranger there himself. Near that richly adorned residence is also to be found "The Devil's Bridge," a scene of mournful



desolation, which no tourist should omit to cast his eye upon.

After we left Aberistwyth, it might have been supposed that no place but London, which produces every thing in its highest perfection, could have exhibited so heavy a fog as this morning commenced with, ending in still heavier rain; and the cold was so intense, that winter seemed really come to spend the summer with us. It was tantalizing to depend entirely on fancy and description for the scenery we passed through after leaving Aberistwyth, because the country appeared to have the finest features imaginable, had it not been for this double veil which concealed them. After laboriously ascending nearly to the summit of one very lofty hill, I felt like the blind traveler, Holman, when A— described what ought to have been visible, but could not be descried through the reeking fog. Innumerable rich and fertile valleys were stretching out in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel, while a noble barrier of mountains hemmed them all in, though the whole seemed now melted into one universal mist. The top of the hill where we stood was lost in fog above, and the base equally invisible below, so that our road seemed an island, cut off from the earth entirely, and floating in an ocean of its own.

We had breakfasted at the little fishing village of Aberayron, where one of the most clean and orderly inns in the principality hangs out its sign; and as is always the case in so praiseworthy an establishment, the bill appeared so very moderate, that we were much inclined to send for the landlord, as Lord — did on a similar occasion, and to make him increase the amount in proportion to the comfort enjoyed. On that occasion, the worthy host was with difficulty induced to raise his demand, and then wrote down on the bill, "By desire, one shilling." In these remote districts there are always women to wait at meals;

and though the rustling of their stuff petticoats forms an audible accompaniment to the creaking of their shoes, yet use is second nature, and I soon began to feel quite a want without the accustomed noise. It is desirable that as many occupations as possible should be left open by which women may gain a competence, because both at shops and inns, as well as in every other department, they are unfortunately now nearly superseded.

During this day, we passed the College of St. David's, at Llanpeter, recently endowed for the education of Welsh clergy, though students cannot obtain a degree here with the same advantage as at Oxford or Cambridge. Several benefices belong to this establishment, and it cost £20,000 to raise the house. Amongst many other liberal subscriptions for it, George IV. sent from his privy purse £1000; and it was one of the last acts of his government, under Mr. Canning, to give a second thousand.

The whole expense of studying here averages only £50 per annum to each individual, and the house is large and handsome, of accommodating aspect, with so many windows, that if we had not heard the building was opened in 1827, I should have supposed it older than the window-tax, which spoils all our modern dwellings, by putting their eyes out whenever economy is an object.

We observed several learned looking professors and students strolling about on a large green which surrounds the college, apparently immersed in solitary meditation, or carrying a book in their hands, probably Euclid or Aristotle, or perhaps an English grammar; for to many Welsh clergy English is a foreign language. The members of this college wear no particular dress, but hide their heads in a round hat like ordinary mortals, and their shoulders seem "unconscious of a gown." This does not look at all academic, and it undignifies a college extremely to see its members wearing modern costumes instead of the clas-

sic gown, like a Roman toga, cut in as old a fashion as the books they study, and looking as if it had been a cast-off dress belonging to Cicero himself. The scarlet gown at Glasgow gives that college a decided advantage over Edinburgh, where the students resemble raw recruits who have not yet got their uniforms. The English traveller, who thought they all wore gowns of the royal tartan because he saw a few young men pass in cloaks of it on a wet day, would have done a service to the university if he had established that fashion generally.

Welsh livings are proverbially poor, but seeing is believing; for no one can suppose to what degree this is the case without being actually on the spot. Every body has heard of the incumbent at a living between Ambleside and Keswick, who received only "£10 per annum, two new surplices, and a goose's grass;" but many zealous and learned divines in Wales have little more; and what a gentleman gives to his butler would be wealth to men of learning, education, and piety in Wales, whose laborious lives and active services in a widely extended parish must seek a better reward hereafter than they can ever look for in this world. On one occasion we observed a gentleman whose dress denoted his clerical profession, hastening rapidly along the high road, under torrents of rain, with a lady leaning on his arm. They stopped a public coach which was passing at the moment, and inquired how much the driver would charge for conveying them to a town several miles off; and when he named what appeared a very moderate sum, the stranger looked disappointed, saying in a tone of remonstrance, "Why! that is the whole fare from our own door, and we rose early in the morning to walk all this distance, expecting to diminish our expenses." The coachman continued unrelenting, and the dispute ended in the lady proceeding to take an outside seat, while the gentleman walked on under his umbrella. The differ-

ence was scarcely more than a shilling, which any one would gladly have paid ; but we were obliged, like Macbeth, to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would ;" for though no secret was made of their embarrassment, yet they were evidently people of superior education and manners, to whom any purse proud offers of assistance would have been very officious. Unfortunately, on account of the necessity for speaking the Welsh language, all churches in this country must go to native preachers ; or it might sometimes happen, as is occasionally the case in England, that men of independent income accept small livings, and are thus enabled greatly to benefit the parish, by a degree of liberality from their own private fortune, which exhibits the Christian spirit of St. Paul, when he said, "I seek not yours' but you." Men have been found willing thus "to spend and be spent" in their Master's service,—possessing talents and wealth added to sincere devotion, all employed with unceasing energy for the flock they were appointed to watch over ; but the cares inseparable from a limited, uncertain income, must paralyze the exertions of the most zealous, who are unable to afford such benevolent relief to the poor, along with their pious exhortations, as might give the most permanent efficacy to both.

I remain with respect, esteem, and regard,—nothing sounds so emphatic as writing in triplets,—your friend, correspondent, and cousin.

&c. &c. &c.

## CHAPTER XV.

— Familiar with a round  
Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor.

CRABBE.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—A tedious visitor has clipped the wings of my pen this morning, but though friends and acquaintances cannot be laid aside in our reticules till wanted, it is your own fault if ever you are bored too long with a book or a letter.

We did not observe many schools or charitable institutions in North Wales, but one acquaintance, the Lady Bountiful of a whole parish, and a truly zealous Christian, mentioned, that she taught a class of eighty children herself, in her own neighbourhood; and that it was encouraging to observe the zeal with which her little scholars walked many miles in all weathers to gain the benefit of instruction. Her persevering labour must have been richly rewarded, by seeing such a promise of success in sowing seed, which would bring forth fruit unto life eternal. No teacher could have been found throughout that district duly qualified for the task which she seemed able to discharge, without neglecting any domestic duties. Her example however is not for universal imitation, as it forms a better arrangement where ladies merely superintend the labours of a well-informed teacher chosen from the middle ranks; thus, not only providing a deserving young person with a livelihood, but also maintaining proper order and subordination among the different ranks in society. The higher classes may discharge their duties to the lower, yet not obliterate all social distinctions. St. Paul's injunction is remarkable, "condescend to men of low estate." It is

incumbent on every Christian to be liberal as God hath prospered him, and to "consider the poor;" but in doing so, circumspection must accompany benevolence, or the indiscriminate distribution of food, clothing, education, and attendance in sickness, might prove a source of unexpected mischief. By imagining for a moment such well-intended plans carried to their utmost extent, we perceive that the whole domestic work of the poor would be taken out of their own hands and done by deputy: therefore it becomes important to inquire where that medium lies, which shall enable conscientious persons to perform the duties enjoined by Holy Scripture, towards those who are the legitimate objects of their assistance, without diminishing any exertions of the indigent when capable of labour, which it should be the first object of Christian charity to encourage. An eminent divine, being some time since on a visit to some benevolent ladies in a country parish, they mentioned having established schools, kitchens, clothing societies, and dispensaries, in the neighbourhood; but distress being still evidently on the increase, they were anxious to ascertain what more he would recommend to be done; upon which he advised that none but the blind, the maimed, and the incurables be thus provided for,—that all those public institutions be abolished, and that subscriptions be asked in every cottage, for some great Christian object. This plan proved so efficacious, that before long many were bestowing charity, who had been in the habit of receiving it. Every disciple of Christ must hold himself ready to "give alms of such things as he hath," for the poor shall be always with us, and never cease out of the land; but while the purse is open, the understanding needs also to be enlightened, before any individual can ascertain in what manner his limited powers may be most efficiently exerted for the general good, without wasting their efforts on unnecessary objects. Nothing can be

done well in this world, without very great pains being taken to do it right ; and while there exist multitudes of our fellow-creatures whose misfortunes oblige us, on Scriptural principles, and from natural feeling to pity and relieve them ; no Christian should indolently act on mere impulse, in a world where every thing tends towards evil, but study with fervent prayer and anxious attention the difficult science of really doing good. It may be considered the deepest question in political economy, though every one fancies himself competent to solve it, what promises to be the best prevention and cure for idleness, poverty, and ignorance, the three great evils with which active benevolence has to contend. The idea is quite exploded now, that charity consists in showering half-pence indiscriminately on every clamorous applicant along the highway ; because what is bestowed in this way, must be either too much or too little. If the distress be real, more ample relief should be afforded ; if it be an imposition, you are probably sending money to the gin-shop ; but after careful and judicious inquiry, no one can feel in the perplexity that Sterne did, when throwing a trifle to the distressed widow,—“ I grudged at the time, thinking it too much. I have blushed ever since thinking it too little.” We should observe that Christians are desired “ to let their light shine before men,” as to their own personal conduct ; but on the subject of charity they are peculiarly enjoined “ not to do their alms before men,—not to sound a trumpet,—to do them in secret ;” and while these injunctions were intended to elevate the motives of those who give, they are at the same time most beneficial for those also who receive assistance ; because it now seems fully ascertained, that by publicly relieving the poor, evil is almost invariably caused, and that nearly all great institutions for their benefit produce mischief, by taking the motive away from their own exertions. If the tie of sympathy between the poor be unbroken by the jea-

lousies produced when they are rivals for public aid, it is almost incredible how generously they will assist those who really are helpless; and that instinct of compassion which Providence has so mercifully implanted in every breast, becomes especially active when softened by experience of similar distress. There may of course occur a few instances, much to be lamented, of neglected infirmities and unpitied sufferings among the homes of the indigent, but these are rare, while many touching traits of almost magnanimous friendship might be described among the very poorest families. While the affluent are therefore bound not to withhold of their abundance, where the poor are throwing in their mite, it must be done with discretion, or sufferers may lose those disinterested attentions from relations and neighbours, which are beyond all price. Amidst the higher ranks we see how generously friends sometimes assist each other in pecuniary difficulties; but if government were to establish a public fund for placing gentlemen's sons at Eaton or Harrow gratis; if physicians and nurses were appointed to attend the sick, without receiving any fee; and if every old lady who fell into difficulties were entitled to a pension, there would be an immediate end of all mutual good offices even among members of the same family.—Fathers might have no wish to incur the expense of a classical education for their children,—relations might feel acquitted from all necessity to visit invalids,—and sons, who in other circumstances would have been happy to share their fortunes with a parent, might in this case put him on the general fund. Thus all those emotions of tenderness which arise from dependence on the one hand, and protection on the other, must be finally extinguished, but secret benevolence runs no such hazards. Few plans of Christian liberality seem so perfectly to unite a due regard to the bodily and spiritual wants of the poor, as that recently suggested by Dr. Chalmers, and adopted in most



towns, of employing, under sanction of the parish clergyman and to act as his assistants, qualified missionaries, who visit the homes of the poor, and become personally acquainted with their habits and necessities. This approaches nearer the apostolical method of affording relief and consolation in private, than any other, besides supplying a sure channel of information to every one desirous of making his charities really efficient. The custom of carelessly giving money to those who professionally exhibit their poverty, is worse than useless; but the truly suffering and deserving poor are numerous, and ought to be diligently sought for and succoured, as our zeal in doing so, is the test by which every one's faith shall be estimated at the day of judgment; when those who clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and visited the sick, shall alone be recognized as having the love of God in them. These duties may often be privately and unobtrusively discharged by ladies in the country, with much advantage and pleasure to themselves; but in great cities so many impediments occur, that such an enterprise becomes, in many cases, next to impossible, which renders it the more desirable that clergymen and missionaries should be employed as proxies in privately distributing to the necessitous; especially considering that ladies possessing ample means to bestow alms on the poor, have seldom that command of time, which might enable them to distribute their gifts with the necessary circumspection. Those who have families to educate, cannot feel justified in consigning their own children to a governess, that they may teach those of others; or in leaving parents and husbands neglected, if any other qualified agent can be employed, for reading that holy word to others, in which domestic duties are first inculcated,—“To guide the house and diligently to follow every good work,” are injunctions preceded by the important remark, “If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own

house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Though Eli became occupied in the service of the temple, we see how severely he was punished for the neglect of his own sons' education; which proves that the most sacred engagements cannot supersede that duty. It was the last earthly work of our Saviour to recommend Mary his mother, to the disciple John. We have a beautiful example of domestic love in the Apostle Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, as soon as he was himself convinced of Christ's divine mission, he first findeth his own brother Simon that he might bring him to Jesus; and though not much is told of Job's wife, she must have added little to the comfort of home, when we read that all his blessings were to be taken from him, yet she was left behind. Christian love then should resemble a beam of the sun, warmest and brightest in that centre from which Providence directs that it shall emanate; but, far from limiting its influence to one sphere, spreading light and cheerfulness abroad in proportion to the strength and purity of its source; while Christians who seek not first the good of those nearest by kindred or neighbourhood to themselves, act with as little conformity to the known will of our great Creator, as if the sun were to withdraw from this world, and spend its whole strength in aiming to enlighten some more distant hemisphere.

A traveller abroad used to tell, that he lived several months in foreign society without finding it necessary to use more than the single French word, "*vraiment!*" and a tourist in North Wales, might have passed through that whole country with one exclamation, adapted to all he sees, "*Sublime!*" In the South however, we sink from the sublime to the beautiful, though without taking that one step which Burke threatens his readers with, from the sublime to the ridiculous. After leaving Cader-Idris, the whole character of the scenery degenerates from bold, undisciplined, natural grandeur, to tame cultivation; where the

hills seem all transformed, on Bailie Jarvie's plan, into "good arable land," varied by extensive meadows, wooded banks, and luxuriant valleys, resembling the richest parts of England, but no longer the Welsh Highlands, with "heath-covered hills that pierced the skies," and mountain torrents precipitated into the dark and narrow gorges which seemed prepared to swallow them up.

I have an insatiable love of desolate grandeur, and shall probably settle for life either at Glenoe or Llanberris; but, in the meantime, we arrived safely at Llandovery, beautifully situated in a vale, where two streams join the Towy. A large proportion of the villages in South Wales, have names beginning with Llan, which means Church; thus shewing the universal importance attached to religion in this country, even at the remote period when those places received their designation. We passed through upwards of a dozen with the same auspicious commencement; but as they are all faithfully recorded in Cook's Topographical Library, it affords the best opportunity of studying to distinguish between Llandewrystradennau, Llansaintffread, Llanrhystid, Llanbadarnvawr, and a multitude of similar designations, amongst which Llandovery is charmingly situated at the entrance to the celebrated vale of Towy, and almost surrounded by a confluence of rivers.

Here we lionized a small scrap of an old fortification close to the inn,

A castle and a ruin too!  
We'll hasten there and take a view!

It is placed on an eminence commanding a fine prospect of rich and varied scenery, adding interest to the smiling landscape, while standing there as a monument of past generations; indeed it is, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "a perfect antic," being the merest skeleton that can be imagined, and not very unlike an old Stilton cheese when

making its last appearance on table ; but if walls could speak, as we all know they have ears, what a history these could tell of daring actions and important events, which they witnessed formerly, when patriots fought and bled in those deserted chambers ;—" Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days ? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day ; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert howls in thy empty courts."

From Llandovery we were conveyed next morning, by a charming drive, to Llandilo, situated so near a very fine place of Lord Dynevor's, that we hastened there without loss of time. Indeed, we never lost time ; for it may be conscientiously declared, that from the moment of starting on our western circuit, until we returned, no one can accuse us of having, for one single moment, forgotten our duty as tourists. Whether walking, driving, gazing, sketching, or journalizing, we were specimens of perpetual motion, so that a spectator might have been apt to fancy us gifted with the wooden leg invented by a German doctor, which could never be made to stop walking, till the unfortunate wearer died of fatigue. The approach to Dynevor Castle leads through a magnificent park, commanding the finest wooded scenery that can be imagined, widely extended valleys stretching out in every direction, and tastefully decorated by a profusion of ancient trees, which look as if they had been planted by the Druids. A connoisseur enjoys much the same pleasure in admiring the symmetry of a well-proportioned tree, as of an ancient statue ; but Spencer, in his *Fairy Queen*, formerly celebrated these stately oaks in such rapturous stanzas, that no poet since has ventured to take up the theme, or I should certainly have thought it necessary to immortalize them in verse. The same poet imagines Merlin's cave to be excavated in this park ; but he threatens so dire a fate to those who enter, that we did not even attempt to discover it—

And if thou ever happen that same way  
To travel, go to see that dreadful place  
Amongst the woody hills of Dinevawr;  
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,  
To enter into that same baleful bower,  
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unawares devour.

An ancient castle, built by the Welsh princes before the time of William the Conqueror, stands at one end of this park, overhanging a precipice, and surrounded by trees coeval with itself, their fine old branches twisting and writhing into all imaginable shapes, as if they were suffering agonies. These should undoubtedly have been shewn to the London tourist, who complained that he never saw any trees so grand or so picturesque as those in Kensington Gardens; but, though comparisons are odious, they would certainly have gained the prize at any competition. It is a proof that hereditary prudence has subsisted during centuries in a family, when such old ancestral forests maintain their ground; for a spendthrift proprietor would have wielded the axe, and put them all in his pocket before they attained so mature a growth, while his successors might reap a harvest of copse wood every twenty years, instead of wandering beneath the shadow of trees as old as their owners' genealogy. Gilpin describes the noble oaks in Susséx, which, after they were cut down, took a score of oxen to draw, and were two or three years in travelling to Chatham. But the person capable of signing their death-warrant may well be pitied, whether he felt it as he ought to do, or remained heartlessly indifferent.

An ancient Prince of Wales was long and cruelly imprisoned within the walls of Dynevor Castle by his own son, a chief with an un-spellable name; and, indeed, the name of so odious a tyrant should neither be written nor remembered. He put out the eyes of a brother, who had excited jealousy by superior attainments, and confined him

also in a solitary cell within the castle. This unfortunate youth, knowing every winding and turning in the edifice, groped his way to the dungeon of his injured father, and, by an effort of prodigious strength, broke the door open, unloosed the aged prince's chains, and conducted him to light and liberty. I felt much inclined, like Lady Betty in the Inheritance, to beg for a sequel to the story ; but whether the dutiful son ever by good chance recovered his sight, or whether poetical justice at last overtook the usurper, tradition has not been complaisant enough to remember.

The only flaw visible in the beautiful landscape at Dynevor, consists of a plain, ugly, oblong-square house, at present the family residence. The venerable old trees did their best to hide it from us, evidently ashamed to be seen in such companionship ; for certainly the finger of taste has never been there. Children every day cut out precisely such houses on white paper, perfectly square, with small square apertures at the upper story for bed-room windows, a row rather larger below, for the drawing-room ones, and a wide square door. The only attempt at ornament consisted of four very thin turrets, placed one at each corner, looking like rushlights surmounted by extinguishers ; and the whole seemed newly dressed in a coat of white-wash. Where nature has done so much, art might shew herself to more advantage. We strolled round the house and offices during nearly an hour, wishing to discover some one who might conduct us over the place ; but not a living creature became visible, except a furious little dog, which barked as if we had been robbing the house ; and certainly evil disposed persons might have done so with impunity, if there had been any thing that they happened to fancy.

Next morning, having been more successful in catching a cicerone, he told us that the proprietor here felt so much

satisfaction in the antiquity of his beautiful place, that no alterations, however trifling, are permitted, and no changes are considered improvements. When an old fence, or a mildewed wall, gives way, our informant assured us, it must always be rebuilt precisely on the original pattern, and the aged moss or weeds are carefully re-adjusted in their places; so that if any previous lord of Dynevor returned, he would find these grounds in the same dishabille in which they were left on his decease. Peculiarities are always entertaining; and, from the moment we were initiated into this trait, so like Miss Edgeworth's Goodenough, it became amusing to observe all the old unreformed abuses. Fortunately in this country nettles never grow, as they do in the Pampas, twelve feet high, or they would have been allowed ample time to do so round the old castle, where they seem never to be cut, which might probably be an innovation on ancient prerogatives, as colonies of snakes and toads must have established a right of prescription beneath the long rank grass, in toiling through which we were drenched with wet, and stung with nettles. Here I began, for the first time, to believe old Colonel ——'s story, that on first taking possession of his place in the Highlands, he cut down grass of many years' growth, and found a flock of the ancient cattle of Caledonia pasturing invisibly beneath it. In many estates, where the same aversion to change does not exist, improvements are so long planned and discussed without being executed, that it might be no bad plan, if, every twenty years, the proprietors in a county were all, during one season, to change estates, and each execute for his neighbour what, it could be proved that the owner had himself projected and talked of during at least ten years. Plantations would then at last be thinned, lodges built, garden walls repaired, drawing-rooms furnished, and hills planted, which, under the

ancient regime, have had a reform bill often proposed upon them, without its ever being passed.

The gardens at Dynevor are charmingly embellished with fine old yews, cut and carved in the fashion of King William's time, and subdivided with walls, built in open arches, which produce a very light and cheerful effect. The green-houses are superintended by a first-rate gardener, who turned out, of course, to be Scotch, as wherever any one enters a particularly well-managed garden, he might safely address the superintendent in the northern salutation, "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" According to nature, Great Britain should enjoy a very short summer in respect to flowers; but the American plants brighten our earliest spring, the Russian violets perfume our November, and roots from China and other nations prolong the autumn; so that now, even in the open air, we can almost contrive to make the two ends meet. It has been calculated, that during the last century, more than a hundred new species of plants were every year imported to our gardens, so that, in the present day, upwards of seventy thousand are known; and of roses, even in one garden, at Loddiges, near Hackney, there are fifteen hundred different kinds; while in Lord Douglas's, at Bothwell, one hundred and twenty species of heaths may be found. Throughout the Scriptures, only seventy-one plants happen to be named; but how different must the study of botany be now from the early times of Solomon, "who spake of trees from the cedar tree, that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" and how great is the pleasure to those in the present day who have mastered so difficult and so beautiful a science. The fashionable affectation at present is to profess an extravagant passion for flowers. No one should be able to exist a day without heliotropes and geraniums; and it would be more tolerable to dispense with a dinner than with a bouquet.



In Germany, peasants who can afford a garden, always appear in church carrying nosegays, to shew that they are persons of property ; but young ladies now, whose whole estate is in a flower-pot, cannot be seen without as many camellias and hyacinths daily as would fill a conservatory, and employ half-a-dozen gardeners. At Dynevor there ought to be none of the modern parvenu flowers, such as dahlias, cactusses, chrysanthemums, and calceolarias, all distinguished foreigners, newly imported, and generally received with ecstasies of admiration ; but in such an old Welsh scene, we expect to find only the native families of lilies and holly-hocks—

The vulgar wallflower, the smart gillyflower,  
The polyanthus mean, the tribe of single and of double pinks.

Here roses were in their highest perfection—by no means a frequent sight now ; for there appears considerable reason to apprehend that the respectable old race of hundred-leaved and cabbage roses, and others with a pedigree as ancient as those that fought for the houses of York and Lancaster, will soon become extinct, and give way to the more showy, but far less estimable, monthly and Chinese tribe.

The rose of Damascus is one of the most beautiful kinds ; and Sir John Malcolm mentions—if that would be any inducement to their cultivation—that in the east, he has seen excellent tarts made of the leaves ; though in this country a cook would give up his place if asked to try the experiment.

As it is said in heathen mythology, that all roses were originally white, till Venus accidentally pricked her feet with thorns, and stained them red, perhaps Flora had the jaundice when they became yellow ; but roses are very rare yet of that hue, and all attempts to make them perfectly black have hitherto been failures ; though every where our

complaisance is put to the test by the exhibition of some which profess to be a match for ebony. The gardener here has not yet adopted the new fashion, so prevalent elsewhere, for training rose bushes into trees. Many varieties are now engrafted on the top of a tall straight stem, and they consequently branch out in all directions, looking so much like an umbrella, that any one caught in the rain would be much tempted to pull it up by the roots. The effect of this artificial engrafting is neither natural nor graceful, having no recommendation but novelty; and when I see these imitation trees in preparation, with a string attached to every branch, and not a twig left to nature, they often remind me of modern education.

## CHAPTER XVI.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,  
Was also certain that the earth was square ;  
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found  
No sign that it was circular any where.

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—The old proverb used to hint, that “familiarity breeds contempt ;” but this saying is quite reversed in respect to the scenery of Wales, which rises in my estimation the more we see of it. During a delightful drive yesterday to Carmarthen, the river Towy accompanied us, like a cheerful pleasant friend, prattling and running almost the whole way alongside of the carriage, and enlivening each scene as we passed, not in any respect resembling its formidable aspect some months ago, when the little current suddenly swelled into importance, roaring through the wide valley, and sweeping all to destruction, on which occasion the mail horses were drowned, and the passengers saved in a boat. Every pleasure in life is destined to have some alloy ; so the landlord at Llandilo had taken care to provide one for me during our drive, as he tried an experiment of yoking, for the first time in its life, a fiery, irritable, chesnut horse into our carriage ; and animals of that colour are alleged always to possess the worst tempers. Before long I became much more occupied in watching the meandering of our equipage from side to side of the road, than the meanderings of the Towy, towards the brink of which we often approached nearer than seemed quite agreeable, while my exclamations were alternately expressive of fear or of admiration. It became a most anxious drive, as we were within an inch of an accident all

the way ; and having once, on a former journey, been betrayed by a treacherous landlady into entering a ruinous old chaise, which the post-boy afterwards confessed that he was conveying to the next stage, on the chance that it might possibly be repaired, we had now an opportunity of judging whether the greatest misery of human life is, to travel with the first day of a horse, or the last day of a carriage. Persons who tolerate mischievous animals in their possession, should remember the Jewish law, that when a man kept an animal, habit and repute vicious, if it caused the death of any person, then "the beast must be put to death, and his owner was also put to death." Not that I wished the innkeeper brought to condign punishment on this occasion, but he certainly deserved to be put in fear as his guests were.

Nothing can be more attractive than the beauty of the cottages in this part of South Wales. Generally rather removed off the public road, they have an air of elegant seclusion, being covered with roses and buried in apple trees. The walls are invariably white-washed by the inhabitants themselves, who, in their zeal to perform the operation thoroughly, often include the roof also, which makes each house appear like a white tent, and the villages resemble scattered encampments, or drifts of snow on the hill-side. We glanced into several of these little miniature dwellings, and their cleanliness would have done honour to a Dutch housewife, for the floors could scarcely be exceeded in neatness except on the deck of a man-of-war. The ruinous Castle of Carmarthen has been entirely monopolized for gardens and orchards, by a gentleman who grows vegetables in the ancient kitchen, where once they were cooked, and picks his dessert in the old dining-hall and buttery, where the grape is now enjoyed in a less jovial form, than it assumed within those walls in former days. We could only obtain a "bird's-eye view from the river"

of this very picturesque ruin, a mere remnant of former magnificence, though the garden resembles a brilliant rainbow of various colours amidst those dingy walls. The climate here, being imported from the west, is more equal and mild than in any place but Devonshire, as a proof of which, the myrtle, passion-flower, fuschia, and other delicate plants thrive in the open air. It became necessary to put off an hour at Carmarthen, while my enemy the chesnut horse repaired his strength and spirits to give me another fright ; so we proceeded to inspect the town, though there were scarcely objects enough of curiosity to occupy so much time. Houses of all ranks are mingled at Carmarthen, with as little attention to disparity in their importance and qualifications, as if they had come in person to vote at an election. Wretched looking, thatched, and dilapidated cottages are falling to decay, close beside others which exhibit a thriving prosperous exterior, and seem well-to-do-in-the-world, displaying venetian blinds, slate roofs, brass knockers, five square windows and a door. These "desirable tenements" were evidently inhabited by people, of whom Miss Mitford could relate a delightful little gossiping history, in which the attorney, the surgeon, the old maid and the widow, would be each our intimate acquaintance ; while we should have been led to sympathize in their broken hearts, lost keys, harsh overseers, pet lap-dogs, and all the miscellaneous subjects of interest found in every village, though no where better described than by that delightful authoress, whose works are so perfectly rural, that they seem fragrant with cowslips and violets whenever we open the book. Rivers always appear muddy in a town, and even the crystal Towy, which had become quite majestic in extent at Carmarthen, looked soiled, like a dim looking-glass breathed over, till it could no longer reflect the bright face of nature. What an emblem it seemed of the human character, so fresh, so natural, and so joyous when unconta-

minated by the world ; but too often losing in purity what is gained in depth, while it slowly advances till mingled and lost in a boundless infinity, "without a bottom or a shore."

A family went abroad lately, because though they had gone up the left bank of the Rhine, they had never come down the right, and we resolved to do equal justice to the Towy ; therefore having advanced on one side, we returned by the other, and made our carriage wait while we scrambled up a very steep ascent leading to a prospect-house built by Sir William Paxton in memory of Lord Nelson. This distinguished hero has been rather unlucky in his monuments, they are all so remarkably ugly. Those at Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, are complete failures.

But his bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,  
Whose leaves were water'd with a nation's tears.

From this temple of fame that whole country may be overlooked at one single glance, which we had taken an entire day to drive through. What can be compared to the wide and rapid grasp of sight ! We travelled with our eyes over fifty miles in one fleeting moment ! A man born blind would be as unable to imagine the possibility of such a fact, as we are to comprehend the greatest wonders recorded in revelation. Here we gained a distant view of Middleton Hall, one of the finest mansions in Wales, belonging to the Paxton family ; and we also saw Lord Cawdor's park, where he was building a new house, the grounds about which well deserve their name of "Golden Grove," on account of the glowing fertility they display. This Thane of Cawdor is better off than his predecessor on the Highland moor ; for the witches themselves would have stopped dancing to admire the view of his seat, which we enjoyed from that elegant summer-house. The Welsh

monument to Lord Nelson does not supply pilgrims with ices and pastry like its colleague in Edinburgh, but is left open constantly for the benefit of visitors ; so that if any one be ever at a loss to find a night's lodging in Wales, he may know where to go, and place himself on an altitude whence the plain beneath seems spread out like a map for inspection ; and here tourists may feel themselves raised for a time above the anxious cares and the much-ado-about-nothingitiveness of their busy lives, while if the mind could be elevated like the body, they might

View the distant tops of thoughts,  
Which men of common stature never saw.

In this part of Wales five horses are sometimes yoked into one plough, and seldom fewer than three in a cart. Hay and pasture seemed abundant, and observing the rich dairy lands, with cows up to their knees in grass, we were prepared to find the butter pre-eminent here, which it always is, though never presented except with a *soupçon* of salt. As Welsh loaves, however, are baked without any, and taste what the Scotch would call very *wersh*, the balance is preserved, and their bread and butter when united are not much more salted than our own. In respect of not making it sour, Welsh bakers have the advantage of their northern neighbours, who would require to give the same reason for preferring their own loaves to others, alleged by a Highland proprietor for maintaining that the grapes in his garden were better than elsewhere, "I must premise, however, that I like them sour."

The Welsh mutton can be as tough as any other, and the best generally walks off to the London market ; but at some principal inns, where the landlords had farms, and fed sheep themselves, it was admirable, and of so small a breed, that the lambs might almost have been roasted whole like pigs, or served up in a dish, split and branded,

to imitate chickens. It is always enumerated among the pleasures of the country, when proprietors kill their own mutton ; but a retired shop-keeper, who bought an estate in the north some time ago, was heard to declare, that much as country gentlemen enjoyed it, he tried the experiment once, and really never had the heart to perform the operation a second time.

We saw in this part of Wales several very primitive carts, without wheels, their shafts leaning on the horse, and sloping to the ground behind. The boats here are also very simply constructed, being made of basket-work, and covered with waxed canvas, which renders them so light that a fisherman can carry one many miles on his back, with as much ease and grace as a tortoise carries its shell. The ancient Britons covered theirs with the hide of a horse, which thus continued, even after death, to bear its rider ; but in shape, size, and weight, their coracles were exactly similar to those now in use. It requires very skilful navigation to manage them, as the boatman may often be observed to paddle his oar with one hand, while he conducts his net with the other, and holds a line in his teeth. If he over-reaches in the slightest degree, while eagerly playing a trout on the hook, the fish gets the best of the joke, as he inevitably plunges into a cold bath ; therefore the little vessel must be kept as carefully balanced as a spoon on the edge of a tea-cup. Some years since, a spirited boatman, on the Wye, astonished the natives at Ross, by undertaking, for a wager, to navigate his coracle to the farthest extremity of the British Channel, which was thought nearly as impossible as to go round the world in it. His voyage lasted a fortnight, during which he encountered difficulties beyond belief, as this bet was scarcely less difficult to gain than that of Bradbury the clown, who undertook formerly to proceed from one extremity of the Thames to another in a boat drawn by six geese harnessed,



which exploit was successfully achieved at last, as well as that in a coracle upon the Wye.

While enjoying a most enchanting drive by Brecon and Hay to Hereford, it seemed rather tormenting to be informed that there was a still more beautiful road by the Vale of Usk, which we felt it would be necessary for us to return and see on some future occasion. Meanwhile the one we passed through appeared quite charming enough, as the gladness of nature became really infectious, while we meandered along through a maze of finely wooded hills, where every field and valley smiled in gay luxuriance. The county of Brecknock, on account of its mountainous roads, has been very suitably nick-named Break-neck-shire.— Within the walls of Brecon castle, during the reign of Richard III. a former bishop of Ely planned, along with Buckingham, the rebellion in favour of Richmond; but the Welsh, not being very partial to the conspirators, deserted their cause, so that the duke was taken and beheaded, though they afterwards rallied round the standard of Henry, and assisted in gaining the victory on Bosworth Field.

In a churchyard near Brecon, stands one of the finest groups of yew trees in Great Britain, which we repented frequently afterwards not having alighted to measure, though it would scarcely have been safe to record their immense circumference, because no *untraveller* reader would have believed it possible. I did formerly hazard a description of one gigantic yew which grows in a small village churchyard near Abergavenny; but a northern proprietor, who was listening, assumed so polite a look of incredulity on the occasion, that I gave him down half a yard on the spot.

Gilpin mentions a hollow yew tree in Dorsetshire, which may be entered by a rustic gate, and seventeen persons once breakfasted in its interior. In Perthshire, too, we may boast of the one at Fortingal, which measured fifty-

two feet round, and all funerals entering the churchyard passed through its trunk ; therefore backed by such an authority, it may be mentioned that I saw a gentleman measure one of those that still flourish near Abergavenny, and he had to stretch his arms to their full extent five times before he completely circumnavigated the trunk. Even then he did not quite meet himself again, and therefore, on the most moderate computation, it must have measured thirty feet. The top spread out into a perfect forest of large branches, amongst which we counted more than twenty of considerable dimensions. It had altogether a fine sombre, sepulchral effect, harmonizing beautifully with the simple memorials of past generations, many successions of whom had probably admired this tree when living, and now slept beneath its shadow. There is an uninteresting sameness, however, in all evergreens ; and though this aged yew tree seemed to bow its majestic branches in acknowledgment of our admiration, as we stood gazing with astonishment at its enormous proportions, yet there would be no pleasure in forests such as those of New South Wales, where not a leaf withers in autumn, and the joyousness of spring is never felt. We must have change in all things ; and even sunshine itself loses half its beauty without clouds fitting by. Mr. Loudon, who is drawing up a description of British forest trees, lately surprised a Caithness proprietor by gravely writing his request to be favoured with an exact measurement of the largest cedars and oaks in that county, where it would require a microscope to discover any ; but a connoisseur in such subjects should visit the churchyards in South Wales, where trees appear as if they must have been old before the days when any other memorial was raised over the dead. It is pleasing when the language of nature can thus be used to express the language of the heart, when the yew, perpetually green, exhibits an emblem of immortality,—when the willows weep not in

marble, but in the freshness of life, and when the gayer flowers which fade and bloom in succession over the grave, remind us that, while "all nature dies, it lives again," and "a following spring" shall yet revive even "the ashes of the urn."

Hereford, where we arrived to dinner, is a very pleasant little town, celebrated for being the birth-place of Garrick, and also distinguished as a particularly healthy place of residence. A gentleman named Hoskins, in the time of king James, assembled there ten old men and women to dance before his majesty, whose united ages made a thousand years. We could not easily collect such a quadrille anywhere in the present day.

It is a sad deficiency in most cities, having no public promenade on which to assemble the inhabitants occasionally; but in this respect Hereford excels most places, as there are beautiful public walks, bounded on one side by the Wye, and on another by a decayed remnant of the old castle. In these gardens we paraded for two hours, enjoying the scenery, and admiring the groups of fashionable loungers in their best dresses, who strolled beneath the long aisles of noble trees, or who skirted round the bright pool of water which lies like a diamond upon the green sward, while the visitors all wore a look of leisurely enjoyment, which seemed quite foreign. The small cathedral towns in England are reckoned peculiarly dull, but respectable; and in none does this appear more to be the case than at Hereford, where the streets are clean and quiet, the people all tolerably well dressed, not a beggar visible, not a carriage to be seen, the shops excellent, and the hotel where we stopped one of the best I ever entered. The waiter, on our arrival, appeared completely at a loss to find any good sitting room disengaged; but while meandering through the long passages in search of one to suit, we accidentally observed the large assembly room vacant, and proposed to put

up with that as a *pis aller*. This suggestion was gladly acceded to, though with evident surprise at our choice ; but the weather had become so sultry, that we enjoyed our extensive airy premises exceedingly. If the various vicissitudes of this large public room could be known, what balls, concerts, missionary meetings, public dinners, and political assemblies, its walls have witnessed, but probably never so small and select a party as now. Being thus lodged *en prince*, we might have invited all our friends and acquaintances in Hereford to a public dinner without increasing the party by one single individual ; but the room was fitted to contain a crowd as numerous as one shown in the old town of Edinburgh lately, where a charitable gentleman found that four families lived, each in a different corner, and one of the parties let lodgings !

The first cathedral at Hereford was founded in the seventh century, by the Saxon king Offa, who wished thus to expiate the murder of Ethelbert, perpetrated on the exact pattern of Macbeth and king Duncan. Offa's queen inveigled her victim to the house where she instigated the crime, and assisted in its consummation. It is the privilege of those who die young to get credit for all the good actions they might possibly have done, and all the good qualities they could possibly have possessed, and accordingly Ethelbert was afterwards worshipped by the Roman Catholics as a saint, while the Saxon monarch showed every mark of remorse ; but we do not hear that the lady repented, as she probably remained a sad instance of what is so often remarked, that if a woman's heart be once perverted, it becomes even more hopelessly hardened than that of a man. In this case, what is most contrary to nature seems least likely to return to the course of nature again, for the best things when corrupted become the worst. This cathedral was renewed about the time of William the Conqueror, and very frequently since, but it is now shap-

ed, as most old churches are, like a cross ; and viewing it as a cathedral, Hereford is not considered particularly illustrious for size or architectural beauty. As Gulliver was a dwarf at Brobdignag, and a giant among Lilliputians, so Hereford cathedral is diminutive compared to York, Canterbury, and Winchester, but so far exceeds all ordinary places of worship, that our church extension plans will never produce another of equal extent. The little formal disfiguring edifices, now showing their faces all over the country, present a sad contrast to such buildings as this, or even to the fine old parish churches of Bernard Gilpin's time, in which a beautiful mixture of variety and uniformity gives so much grace and elegance to their outline. It might be desirable if the rich would still exhibit their zeal for the honour of religion, as was done formerly, by dressing up the country with ornamental churches like those erected by the primitive Christians in our own country, and of which king David at Jerusalem set an example, when he wished to build an house for the ark of God, saying, "Shall I dwell in a house of cedar, and the ark of the Lord in tents." This example may have inspired his first namesake in Scotland to raise such a crowd of beautiful abbeys and churches in the north. After our Scottish monarch had completed those of which we have such noble remains at Melrose, Jedburgh, Kelso, &c., he was raised to the dignity of being called St. David ; and one of his successors remarked with some bitterness, that he had indeed been "a sore saint to the crown." The destructiveness of reformers signalized itself on those edifices where a more moderate degree of zeal might have established the worship of God in its primitive purity, instead of introducing the silence and desolation which reign within those roofless walls. All may read a lesson of caution and moderation while they view such memorials of ill-directed violence, in zealots acting like the Irishman, who took down

his house because the chimney smoked. External marks of respect for public worship may have proceeded often from superstition, or other inferior motives; but it has been truly remarked, that there is no smoke without fire, and therefore every indication of reverence for religion is to be viewed with pleasure, as a testimony of allegiance to the great cause of Christianity. Whatever were the bigotry and enthusiasm of ages less enlightened than the present, they have left most glorious monuments behind; and though much ignorance and even hypocrisy occasionally intruded within those sacred walls, yet many are the acts of humble devotion, and fervent adoration, which they must frequently have witnessed among the successive generations formerly assembled there. It is seldom that those unaccustomed to the chanting of prayers like anything so artificial, because the expression of feeling must be quite simple, or it never appears genuine, and the ordinary arrangement of the church service seems much more applicable to the varied impressions on a mind engaged in public worship, when solemn heartfelt prayers are followed by the music of thanksgiving and praise, while the voluntary comes in also to represent meditation, and to give time for it. Still there is something truly impressive in the cathedral service, which elevates the mind, and brings forth the inmost depths of feeling and of thought, when the sublime harmony of the anthem seems to "speak our Maker as we can," expressing in the grandest tones our limited powers can yet reach, the praise and adoration which shall rise hereafter to an eternal anthem in a better world. We had a very interesting sermon from the officiating clergyman, a person apparently of most unaffected piety, who treated us to the best of all eloquence, sincerity, without either wandering into wild and baseless declamation, or confining his address to mere cold and unimpressive reasoning; but in order to please a congregation in more north-

ern latitudes, he would have required to unite three of his longest sermons into one, as any of his auditors might have lost a very considerable proportion of the time it occupied, during an ordinary fit of coughing. One old man who sat near us caused excessive annoyance during the psalms, by singing completely out of tune, and exhibiting extraordinary agility of voice, pitching his notes higher, as well as louder, than the organ, or any one of the choir; while the more observingly people looked round at him, the better he became satisfied with his own performance, evidently considering himself a great acquisition,—and no doubt he was a very powerful one. A great spirit of emulation is kept up between the organists and singers of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester cathedrals, as an annual meeting takes place between all those three choirs, when they give a grand concert, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen, which always produced a considerable fund till last year, when the stewards had to pay up a considerable deficiency.

We did not forget at this cathedral, to look for Miss Edgeworth's rat-hole, and to enquire for the verger, now a very civil, intelligent man, who conducted us, after service, over the entire edifice—the long aisles and lofty arches of which we peopled in imagination, with monks and bishops of former days, whose voices, once so familiar within those walls, are to be heard no more, but whose tombs in the chancel are marked with inscriptions which ask our sympathy for the dead. A few short lines embody the history of a life-time; while with "uplifted palms, and silent marble lips," they claim our remembrance, and teach us a lesson more deeply impressive than any living tongue can utter. It was truly solemn to stand in this mournful "hall of death," where the mortal remains of so many lie in temporary separation from the soul, awaiting that day when the body and spirit shall meet again, like long absent friends,

to remember, as for ever past, the sorrows and temptations they formerly endured. David speaks of passing through "the valley of the shadow of death;" and to those who enter there, guided by the great Shepherd of souls, death is but a shadow, dark and solemn though it be. The righteous *sleep* till the resurrection; but that only seems deservingly characterized by the name of death, which is eternal, when hope as well as life is extinct, and the sinner rests not in Him who "turneth the shadow of death into the morning." Life would indeed seem one universal tragedy, were it not for such hopes full of immortality as are expressed on many a tomb-stone around us here, which enables a Christian to feel like Solomon, that "the day of his death is better than the day of his birth." Between the one period and the other, how short an interval it seemed, when we read on each stone, the hour recorded when life began, the day when it closed, and the few intermediate actions which had been thought worthy of remembrance; while in most of those we examined, centuries had elapsed, and generations had lived and died, since the course of those who lay there had been run. Like the leaves of a tree, they blossomed and fell; but any existence short of eternal, would at the last appear thus to terminate speedily. A French author imagines men living successively in all the planets, and redoubling the duration of their time in each, till they entered Jupiter and Saturn, where he supposes them to survive during three thousand years; and he yet describes the inhabitants complaining, while each pursued his favourite phantom, how rapid was the flight of time.

"Life how short, eternity how long."

Bishop Cantilupe, whose shrine we saw here, dated 1282, was supposed to work miracles after his death; and on the richly carved sides of his tomb, are still visible the marks of several hooks on which pilgrims were expected to hang their



offerings; but though more than one hundred miracles were ascribed to him, the greatest of all certainly was, that people were found so credulous as to flock from every part of Europe to partake in this benefit. One of the oldest monuments in Hereford Cathedral is raised to Bishop Lindsay, who is represented lying on a sarcophagus, with the city of Jerusalem carved in marble on his breast. The sculptor's was a bold attempt to diminish the proportions so marvellously, and reminded me of Mr. Canning's celebrated snuff-box, with the town of Constantinople cut out in diamonds on the lid; or of Alexander the Great, who intended Mount Athos to be carved into a representation of himself, while a city was to be held in his hand. All round Bishop Lindsay's tomb, were beautiful medallions chiselled in marble, representing Scriptural subjects; such as the house founded on a rock—the head of St. John—the Lamb slain, and many more which seemed very interesting, though difficult to decypher. They might have served the same purpose as those which Dr. Doddridge describes in his own life, when he mentions that his first taste for studying sacred history arose from trying to understand the Dutch tiles on a chimney piece, where his mother used to explain such devices as these, with which it was profusely adorned. One very ancient image of a bishop, carved in stone, lay on his side, in an easy attitude, as if he had that moment turned himself round, though he has reclined in the same position during eight hundred years. Several tombs were marked out by flat figures stamped on brass, looking as if a man in armour had been put into a frame and hot pressed. The dates upon these brasses were generally about the year 1100, but one as late as the fifteenth century. Several were unfortunately sold by mistake, amongst some old rubbish, many years ago, and may now perhaps be appearing in the capacity of knockers on the doors of their descendants.

The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb.  
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read ?

One female figure in the chancel, of very ancient date, wore a perfect Queen Mary's cap, and her dress gathered into folds all round, so completely in the present fashion, that she might have entered a drawing room without exciting particular notice. The most remarkable monument here, is to Bishop Field, Queen Elizabeth's chaplain. His effigy is carved in free stone, and painted to imitate life, while he stands in a most animated attitude, as if preaching. The sermon lasts longer than any Covenanters', however, since he has been demonstrating there with an uplifted arm, since 1595. Dr. Barrow termed all poetry "ingenious nonsense," and the epitaph beneath this figure deserved to be so characterized, being a quaint and witty specimen of playing upon words.

The sunne that light three churches gave,  
Is sett. The Field is buried in a grave,  
This sunne shall rise, this Field renew his flowers,  
Where sweetnesse breathes for ages, not for howers.

The modern monuments at Hereford are very paltry in comparison to those of former days, and were scarcely better than what may be seen in the shop of a marble-cutter at any time ; "a little cupola more neat than solemn," or small miniature willows weeping over urns no larger than tea-cups, waiting to commemorate the virtues of any one for whom they may be purchased. Every thing is grudged now, but what goes to personal expense ; even the good old fashion of wearing mourning rings seems almost discontinued ; and it is a much cheaper plan, instead of raising monuments for the dead at a vast price, to write a memoir and to be paid for the copy-right ; therefore, those who might formerly have reared a splendid tomb over de-

parted worth, now prefer paper to marble ; and whether it be a wonderful child, a celebrated preacher, or a respectable old lady deceased, their biography inevitably appears after death, as the report of a gun follows the flash. All have their day, and all sink into oblivion ; for truly has Burke said, " Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue," while no shadow is so fleeting as posthumous fame.

The altar window at Hereford Cathedral looks as if painted with a rainbow, the colours are so bright, and yet so softly blended. It represents the breaking of bread, a subject in which the grouping and expression are so successful, that the effect is most impressive. Soon after we had ceased to contemplate and admire it, an actual distribution of loaves to the poor took place, which occurs every week, in commemoration of a deceased person who left this benefaction as his monument. Probably the perishable nature of these simple memorials will not prevent his being more gratefully remembered by many, than if perpetuated in more durable materials by Chantrey. It was pleasing during prayers to observe the great number of old people, so ancient in appearance that they might almost be supposed co-eval with the edifice, who daily frequented the morning service ; while those who so fully appreciate the privilege of attending to receive the consolations of religion amidst the infirmities of advancing years, must rejoice that our cathedrals are not closed like our churches during the week, but open almost constantly for prayer, as on the Continent. I counted seven indigent old men seated in a row one morning, who looked so deeply impressed and so devout, that it was quite an edifying example. Perhaps, formerly, they may have officiated among the boys in white surplices, who chant the responses, and thus acquired this habit of regular attendance. Some of the congregation, we observed, however, who were as regularly present, and seemed paying as lit-

the attention to the service as the stone and brass bishops by whom they were surrounded. And certainly many persons have almost a popish feeling about reading morning prayers, which seems done like telling over beads, as if all the religious duties of home, even on Sunday, were thus fully performed, without further reference to the continual spirit of devotion in which we are enjoined to live. A very well-intentioned Christian, some time since, made it a rule to pray daily during twenty minutes, and regularly hung up a watch before his eyes that he might never exceed that time; after which, the religious business of the day was done. How long it takes us to learn the true meaning of that text, "Pray without ceasing!" The verger at Hereford Cathedral exhibited a curious map of the world upon vellum, measuring five feet in breadth and six feet high. Jerusalem appears in the centre, while London is thrust into an obscure corner; but the date was 1190, at which period our metropolis might have been put into the pocket of the present London; so we were less surprised that it holds so subordinate a place in the eye of an ancient geographer. Here also is shown a handsome copy of Wickliff's Bible; and how many owe the possession of theirs to the right value he placed on the privilege of studying this sacred volume for himself!

The most valuable books in this cathedral library are all chained into their shelves, though none seemed very portable, being generally large illuminated manuscripts, dressed in that antique binding which always indicates heavy reading, not easily to be carried either in the head or the pocket. At a certain well known library, which abounds in expensive books, a rule, promulgated some years ago, gave great offence by stating, "that as several precious volumes had recently disappeared, ladies were requested not to bring muffs!" The precautions at Hereford are still stronger, and probably quite as superfluous.

Perhaps the more violent works of controversy have to be chained like mastiffs, or a new battle of the books might ensue. We were shown a singular brass enamel pix, recently dug out of a grave, in which a skull was also discovered with red hair still in curl. Within the same coffin was a popish bull of Clement VI., with an impression of his seal, dated 1343. It is customary in Russia to place a paper of this kind beside the body of every deceased person, signed by the nearest bishop, on which are inscribed testimonials to the departed man's character. A previous trial always takes place, with witnesses called to prove whether he merited a passport to future felicity or not. Our last visit we paid to the confessional in Hereford Cathedral, now fortunately fallen into disuse ; but it reminded us of superstitions exploded, and of days gone by, when repentance seems not to have been considered the root of reformation ; but a penitent came here to pour out his dark catalogue of crime, in order that his conscience might be cleared for the perpetration of more. Money was then considered influential in procuring a passport to happiness, like the fabled golden bough with which Eneas entered paradise ; but more enlightened faith now prevails within those venerable walls ; and after standing throughout all the ages when popish superstition domineered, they are now restored to that purer mode of worship for which they were originally built. Corruptions in faith, form, and doctrine, arose to such magnitude once, that the branch was apt to be mistaken for the stem ; but the Roman Church, which claims infallibility for itself, cannot now be considered even a member of that which claims infallibility for the Bible alone, and which was "rooted and built up in Christ" shortly after He ascended on high. Christians of our own Scriptural creed were the first who raised those splendid cathedrals in England, which have continued from the earliest ages

to embellish our land ; yet the credit of having done so is too often ascribed to the mistaken zeal of a later period, when papal errors usurped our pulpits for a time. These are now purified, and restored, however, once more to their ancient orthodox doctrines, such as we find them stated in the oldest Christian writers, even by those ancient fathers who had personal intercourse with the apostles themselves.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"For the less cause there is for all this hurry,  
The greater is the pleasure in arriving  
At the great end of travel, which is driving."—BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—A friend of mine maintains that he perfectly remembers, the day after he was born, making a sign to the nurse that she should let down a blind, because the light was too strong for his eyes. Such memories are uncommon, and in case mine should prove treacherous, it is lucky that our correspondence supplies an inducement to jot down all we see, think, say, or do, before it escapes into oblivion. The golden vale of Hereford, distinguished for its prodigious show of butter-cups, and other field flowers, during the season, is so celebrated for beauty and fertility, that I expected to be disappointed on first beholding it, because imagination so commonly exceeds reality; but for once this was not the case, as description had scarcely done justice to its richness of colouring, which looked, beneath a glaring sunshine, perfectly sumptuous. The pretty little town of Ross—not, as an accomplished young lady with rather vague notions of geography supposed, the capital of Ross-shire, but situated on the Wye, is entered by so perpendicular a street, that one or two wagoners are said to have been annually killed there for some years past, while leading their loaded carts down the hill. A traveller once remarked, that the mothers of large families undoubtedly send troops of children out on the road, when carriages fly past, on purpose to have some chance of their numbers being diminished, and the swarms of little creatures that clustered round our wheels occasionally, seemed

as if they really meant to imitate the disciples of Juggernaut.

The Man of Ross is intimately known to every reader of poetry, and his memory revered by all who can appreciate self-denying benevolence, active charity, and an unceasing endeavour to do good, and to spread an atmosphere of happiness and prosperity around wherever his influence could extend. If all men devoted their means as unreservedly and judiciously to the glory of God as that admirable philanthropist, and lived, like him, with a single eye to the good of others, what a Paradise this world might be, and what a Paradise each individual might carry within his own breast. Half the miseries of life proceed from "man's inhumanity to man," but the sunshine of inward peace would in such a case diffuse its cheerfulness externally, while increased and enlivened by the participation of others. Pope celebrates "The Man of Ross" in lines worth all the monuments in Hereford Cathedral; and though no overgrown hospital emblazons his name, because he preferred usefulness to celebrity, yet hearing a description of all this excellent man did, a stranger might be apt to imagine that he enjoyed an almost boundless income, and learns with astonishment that all he achieved was on an income of only £500 a-year. "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." How many persons are apt to beguile their own idleness, and excuse their own illiberality, by complacently imagining what they would do if endowed with the large fortune of another, thus revelling in generous deeds at the expense of their neighbours; but when the ability arises, the inclination seems to decline, or such actions, so often planned, would not continue always impossible. Instead of wishing for the leisure, the talents, or the wealth of another, we here study with advantage how much may be accomplished by the single-handed exertions of one individual, who



had but a light purse to assist a willing mind. Of such a man it was formerly said in his epitaph, "He exported his fortune before him into heaven by his charities;—he is gone thither to enjoy it." During a life extended to ninety years, Mr. Kyrle made it his business to act as the guardian of all around him. He apprenticed orphans, visited the sick, employed the idle, fed the poor, erected an alms-house, repaired the town at his own expense, enlarged the church, planted the neighbouring woods, and built the market-place. Alluding to all these acts of beneficence, Pope winds up his panegyric, which heroes and philosophers might envy, by exclaiming, in reference to the moral fame of this remarkable philanthropist,—

"Blush grandeur, blush ! proud courts withdraw your blaze.  
Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays."

If a rich man conscientiously considered himself steward for the glory of God and the good of man, it is astonishing to reflect how little actual power would remain in his own hands, because, when he studies with an enlightened understanding the conflicting claims of charity, public usefulness, relatives, tenantry, and children, so distinct a path of duty will appear, that no choice is left but implicitly to advance there ; and though it was not the will of our Maker that we should be formed like mere automats to obey His laws mechanically, yet the very choice being left, speaks to our sensibilities, as well as our fears, by adding a zest to the pleasure of benevolence, and a deep responsibility to the indulgence of selfishness, while we learn that our endeavour to benefit others shall hereafter be made the measure by which our faith shall be estimated. How many controversies arise with respect to the comparative importance of faith or good works in a Christian character, when each is so indispensable, that a bird might as well attempt to fly with one wing, as the mind to become elevated above

earthly objects, unless endowed with the power of both acting and feeling aright ; but he who lives selfishly, dies in a similar spirit, caring little for the real good of others, while devoted to his own ambitious projects and hopes.

To build a college, or to found a race,  
An hospital, a church; and leave behind  
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.

Volumes of rapture have already been printed describing the beauties of the Wye, which have been thought, in some respects, to bear comparison with the Rhine ; and certainly this river merits all that can be said in its favour, as we performed a voyage of forty miles along the stream, and forty pages could scarcely do justice to our admiration. Such ruins ! such rocks ! such banks ! such trees ! It seemed, while we sat still in the boat, as if some skilful scene-shifter were perpetually drawing his invisible wires, and producing a fresh effect ; while all in succession were, as Moore says of some beautiful heroine, " for ever unchangingly bright."

In one place, a precipitous wall of rock rises abruptly on each side of the water ; in another, hill above hill, and tree above tree ; while every sweep of the river presented a relay of magnificent eminences, which met in the distance, and seemed to close up entirely, till we advanced, and found the Wye winding its graceful way round the base. Thus it flows on in a succession of semi-circles, occasionally almost forming the figure of 8. This river, like other travellers, must have sometimes encountered great difficulty in finding a bed for itself, as we were at a loss to guess, in contemplating the gigantic cliffs with which it is hemmed in on each side, whether the rocks originally made way for water, or whether the stream had, in the course of ages, worn down this path for itself.

One would not wish to be censorious ; but certainly its

best friends must allow that the Wye becomes, as it advances, rather muddy ; for when he had proceeded some distance, the water looked as thick as gruel, giving out none of those broken transparent reflections which add so much interest to river scenery. Narcissus might have been alive yet, if there had been no stream to admire his own image in, except the Wye. It was formerly considered the boundary between England and Wales, and still seems to advocate the division of these countries, as this river has adopted a bad habit of washing away its bridges, not many of which are at present remaining. An old gentleman of Abergavenny, fully impressed with the necessity for a barrier between the two countries, one day indignantly observed that Monmouthshire formerly belonged to Wales, but England robbed them at the rate of a county every century. After leaving Ross, Wilton castle is the first prominent object that summons attention, without detaining it long ; for, as Gilpin says, "the scene wants accompaniments to give it grandeur." We next observed a substantial mansion belonging to a thriving merchant, who cultivates his amateur farm here, and had metamorphosed it into a scene of magical beauty ; "Ready money is Aladdin's lamp." Then followed a succession of most captivating cottages, peeping out from such romantic situations, even Mr. Robins the auctioneer could scarcely have exaggerated in describing their charms. The bright blue roofs looked as if a morsel of sky had dropped down to cover them ; the walls were dazzlingly white, except where varied by a tapestry of roses ; the boughs of every tree were dancing in the breeze, the shadow chasing each other across the green banks ; flowers diversified the sloping gardens ; while a lively concert of birds was accompanied by the murmur of the waters and the light dip of the oars, enlivening the music of nature. I should like to see the person,—or rather, I should never wish to meet with him,—who could fail to

sympathise with the apparent cheerfulness of all we saw. Happiness is certainly infectious, for those who cultivate a habit of observing it in others, seem almost to acquire an additional sense, by means of which they appropriate a share of what is scattered and distributed around, entering in imagination the homes and the hearts of others, to partake of their enjoyments.

We landed, with some difficulty, at one place on the Wye, and rushed up a steep hill to see Goodrich Court, a most eccentric house, built in imitation of the antique by Sir Samuel Merrick, who wrote a very clever and well-known work on ancient armour, and he has exhibited his reigning passion strongly on this occasion in a most amusing manner. A gallery, like the great armoury at Dresden, has been erected within the house, measuring about eighty feet long, with more than fifty full-length figures in it, carved and painted to imitate life. The whole party is ranged along the wall, clothed in complete armour, and placed in warlike attitudes, so that, if Don Quixote had seen them, he would have made a most thorough demotion among those valiant heroes. In one room, a complete tournament was represented, with heralds, spectators, and umpires, standing round, and two knights, mounted on wooden horses, not hobby horses, nor were they at all like Madame Tassaud's wax-work exhibition. Their animated attitudes, contrasted with the immoveable dignity of the president, seated beneath a splendid canopy, called to mind a singular ceremony of the Spanish court, where the king, after death, is for some days clothed in royal robes, while the courtiers attend on him daily, to ask his commands. Each figure in this perpetual tableau at Goodrich Court, is labelled with his name and title,—a plan which would add prodigiously to the interest of real life, if every individual carried his own designation conspicuously placed, like the address on a letter. At present, the most celebrated men of their day are

unconsciously passed by, without a chance of being recognised; but here not an individual remained incog.; for whether it were 1st Richard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Hubert de Grey, or the Black Prince, all were labelled like Port, Sherry, Claret, and Madeira. There are catacombs in Sicily, which must exhibit an appearance somewhat similar to the gallery at Goodrich Court, as the bodies never decay, and are placed in niches round the vault, dressed in their ordinary costumes. These were described to me by a gentleman who was formerly there—not buried, but alive—and he said, that monks, nuns, and soldiers, who had been dead for ages, looked almost ready to speak, their attitudes were so animated. It is a strange and mysterious feeling to think how every thing remains of man when his invisible spirit alone departs. We are ready to ask, "What is gone?" Every feature of his countenance appears the same; the very clothes that he wore, the most fragile trifle he possessed, continues unaltered. These are not taken from him, but an unseen stroke steals him off from all that was his own. The very trees he has planted, the very letters he has written, the most insignificant ornaments on his table, are unchanged by a lapse of time during which his own name becomes obliterated from the earth. A peculiarly striking illustration of this may be seen in the place of Sans Souci, where Frederick the Great's favourite room is preserved precisely as he left it, with his uniform, clothes, books, pens, and paper, all unmoved; while the clock, which, by a strange coincidence, stopped at the moment of his death, still points the handle to twenty minutes past two.

Though the family at Goodrich Court are Protestants, an ancient Popish chapel has recently been added in exquisite taste, with a screen of beautifully carved oak, and we were told that a kneeling nun is to be placed there, with a wooden monk to correspond. Each room is fitted

up according to the taste of different periods and nations. Thus, one is of Henry VII.'s time, another cotemporary with Queen Elizabeth, a third, perhaps, suited to the palace of Zengis Khan, and a fourth, where the ghost of Tamerlane himself might feel perfectly at home. One very handsome apartment is occupied by an Indian Rajah and his Queen, in splendid costume, with some of their subjects prostrate before them. Beyond this we visited a different room filled with South Americans ; and thus every gradation of warriors is exhibited, with suitable weapons, from the bow and arrow and tomahawk, to the shirt of steel and suit of mail. We saw no accommodation prepared for living persons ; but probably there must be some, or it would appear rather awful to sit in an evening with " our lanterns dimly burning," and fifty armed knights, frowning on every side, sword in hand ; or to be placed as bodkin between the Rajah and his wife, with a circle of Hindoos performing their perpetual salam.

The magician who turned all his guests into stone, would have felt quite in his element here ; but the whole spectacle, embellished with waving banners and coloured glass windows, looked most romantic and extraordinary ; while any one who wishes to practise the art of living like the monks of La Trappe, might pass a few months in the society of solitude here, with great advantage. Goodrich Court is magnificently situated on a high bank, overlooking a long reach of the river Wye, which meanders through so rich and fertile a country, that it would form a princely estate, if any one could take possession of all that is visible from the windows. While returning to the boat, I anticipated an amusing discussion of all we had seen, and expected to enjoy a laugh over the silent party we so recently left ; but our descent to the river proved no laughing matter. There had been incessant rain during the previous night ; the bank we were to descend was not yet planted with

grass, and it proved moreover exceedingly steep. If we had stood on a mountain of butter it could scarcely have been more slippery ! a moment's pause made me sink into the mud, a hasty step caused me to slide several feet, the inglorious resource of sitting down was out of the question in such a wilderness of clay ; and I cannot yet conceive how it was contrived that, without following the example of Jack and Gill, we did at last reach the bottom, though in such a trim, that I might have walked the rest of our way through the Wye without suffering much additional damage.

The boat now glided towards Goodrich Castle, near which the river makes such a masterly sweep, that we almost circumnavigated the hill on which the ruin stands, before landing to survey it. The elevated site of this ancient fortification, would afford an advantageous position, to a garrison for observing any assailants ; and it must have been almost impregnable, to judge from the magnificent remains. The gates and portcullisses are so massy, that it excites surprise how Oliver Cromwell ever contrived to break through them. We traced his progress from the trench where Colonel Birch entered ; and I grudged every step he advanced, till the brave cavaliers at last surrendered, in order to save the few lives left amongst them. What an interest and reality it gives to history, thus visiting the actual theatre of events, and standing within those walls which have rung with accents of threatening and command from voices now silent in the dust ;—" how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !" It seemed long since those days, while we beheld the mouldering remains of former strength and beauty ; for even amidst the changes of a very few seasons, aged men may adopt the pathetic language of Young, and exclaim " Where is the world in which I was born eighty years ago !" yet in considering British history, it is cer-

tainly curious to reflect, that, if Methuselah had been a contemporary of William the Conqueror, he might have existed through every subsequent scene, and remained alive till our own day, without exceeding the age to which he actually survived.

The towering battlements of Goodrich Castle continued visible long after we re-embarked, and as the Tourist's Guide Book recommends, we gazed in silent admiration, till the progress of events brought new scenes into view, and our attention was attracted by the venerable forest of Dean, about ten miles in breadth, and so celebrated in old times for supplying timber to our navy, that when the Spanish Armada set sail to conquer Great Britain, the commanders received special directions not to leave a single tree standing in the forest of Dean. Nothing could look grander than the whole sombre mass; though trees are too often like people, who can all pass very well in a crowd, while few have character enough to appear with advantage as individuals; and we could spare no time to take more than a cursory glance of the multitude in passing. The tall spire of Rur-dean Church rose above all, pointing its taper summit towards the skies, while the wind sighing through the uppermost boughs, and the river prattling by their side, might have been compared to wisdom reproving folly. Not far from this point stands the monument of an unfortunate young man, drowned, while bathing at the desire of his parents, who awaited his return almost within reach of the spot, sitting in their carriage and intending to proceed on a tour of pleasure, which they were then engaged in making along the Wye. "How thin is the partition between this world and another!" One instant, and the vigour of youth was changed to the coldness of death;—at one moment the tenderest ties of maternal affection were a source of hope and joy—the next hour those very feelings brought a pang



of agony and despair such as no heart can conceive. I fancied the whole scene visibly acted before us ; and could see the disconsolate parents and their lifeless child grouped near that white stone, which marked where the catastrophe occurred.—“How lov’d, how valu’d once, avails him not ;” yet they had raised this simple monument to warn others against the treacherous nature of those beautiful banks, composed of long weeds and very soft clay. They have also placed in the church of Coldwell, not far distant, the Humane Society’s apparatus for recovering drowned persons, in order if possible to spare others such a sorrow as their own. It has been well remarked by an excellent writer, and proved true, we may hope, in this instance, that all Christians are like passengers on ship-board, where every now and then one drops out, who seems lost, but in truth he has only gone a shorter way to the same port, where all shall be at last assembled together, while nothing is lost but the comfort of their society on the voyage. Great indeed is that privation in the meantime, and deeply to be deplored ; but those are the happiest in this world, who, though not free from sorrow, can yet recognize a friend in Him who appoints it, and who would rather reduce their desires to what is bestowed, than even receive their utmost wishes :—

Alas ! for love if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, oh earth !

How truly Newton observes, that it is the same Christian spirit in kind, though not in degree, which enables Christians to bear greater or lesser afflictions ; for we can endure nothing patiently in our own strength, whether it be the buzzing of a fly or the loss of a friend. On important occasions we refer at once to devotional feeling, and seek support from the whole armour of faith ; whereas in the trifling irritations of daily life, Christians too readi-

ly forget that the same is equally necessary and equally available to aid us ; for all sorrows of every kind and degree are intended by infinite wisdom, to prepare those who suffer for " that land where sorrow shall be no more."

Those who are resolved to enjoy the beauties of the Wye, have really no sinecure ! Again we were expected to land, in order to scale the steep ascent towards Wat's Yat, a hill said to be 1300 feet above the bed of the Wye, and the prospect from which is so superb, that I could have stood throughout a long summer day to admire the landscape. This place was formerly to have been presented by government to the Duke of Wellington, but his Grace preferred Strathfieldsaye ; though if this had been shown him, as it appeared to-day, dressed up in a golden stream of sunshine, the Wye and its banks might have defied all competition.

By walking one mile across this neck of land, we saved several miles of water, while our boat was left to follow the stream in all its capricious windings. The rowers looked so fatigued when we rejoined them, having pulled twenty miles under a sultry sun, that, though " used to it," A—— gave them a trifle to purchase some refreshments ; and we were pleased soon after to find, that instead of buying spirits, they procured a quantity of bread and cheese to bestow on their families at home. It has been frequently remarked at Oxford, that those young men who attain pre-eminent skill in rowing are seldom long lived, the exercise is so singularly exhausting, and it is peculiarly so here.

These boatmen on the Wye are in general exceedingly poor, the vessels not being their own property. We hired our's from the Ross innkeeper, who employs his own rowers, and therefore, from the two guineas a-day which he charged us, probably the merest fraction might be awarded to them, though their labour seemed prodigious.

In returning against the stream, which is very powerful, their fatigue becomes re-doubled, as the boatmen are obliged to land and tow the vessel with ropes most of the way back, by their own unassisted efforts. Considering how great this fatigue must be, and how remarkably civil and intelligent we found these men, A—— presented each with a bonus of half-a-crown, during the second day of our voyage, which called forth the most rapturous expressions of gratitude; and I really believe that if Diogenes, in his search for an honest man, had come here, we could have shown him two at least.

Before leaving Ross, A—— had ordered a sandwich to be put on board, for which so unusual a charge was made, that the landlord of his own accord politely apologised, saying he really had so few visitors, it was absolutely necessary to make the most of those who came! We felt something like George I. when told that, though eggs were not scarce, kings are. Travellers seem always like vessels stranded on a strange shore, the legal prey to bands of pillagers, and surrounded on every side by a lawless troop of waiters, hostlers, chambermaids, landlords, guides, and housekeepers, to whom rebuke or remonstrance are a mere waste of words; but this "Man of Ross" appeared so well-bred and polite, that really his bow was worth the money.

After passing Goodrich Castle, the river falls a few feet, when the tranquil Wye suddenly gets into a perfect brawl of turbulence and noise. Like Laura Montreville shooting the falls of Niagara, we managed to get safely down, and in truth, without much difficulty or danger, as this descent was only perceptible on account of our increased velocity. These little cascades rather puzzle the salmon in coming up the stream; and reminded me of a famous salmon-leap in the Highlands on the falls of Kilmorack, belonging to Lord Lovat. There, a large kettle is fixed at the only place where the unfortunate fish can hope to rise, and after a

desperate spring they fall into the pan, and thus unconsciously commit suicide; as a fire can be lighted underneath, and the miserable captives are boiled on the spot. It would be an improvement to add, as at some salmon-pools in Germany,—a dinner-bell, which rings whenever a fish enters the net. Salmon seems the only fish that it is impossible to tame; and in those extraordinary ponds at Logan on the coast of Galloway, excavated in the solid rock, and filled by every tide, cod, haddocks, flounders, gurnets, and every other species of sea-fish, hasten forward as eagerly as chickens in a poultry-yard the instant their keeper appears on the bank, and actually crowd toward the shore, eating out of his hand, which I have repeatedly seen them do, while the salmon alone remains shy and distant, inaccessible to all attention, and indifferent even to the call of hunger, so it seldom survives long. In advancing up the Wye, its rocks become more majestic, and are all dignified with names. We were introduced to Counsellor Bearcroft and the Three Sisters, very tall of their age; the Coldwell rocks, exceedingly magnificent, and King Arthur's chair, not however high enough for a footstool to Arthur's seat near Edinburgh. At Winchester, Arthur's table is also shown, cut from one of the largest oaks in England, so that we have a complete set of household furniture for his majesty of fabulous and chivalrous memory. Near Monmouth I caught a glimpse of Troy House, belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, a very common-place building, with no view of the river; therefore it is impossible not to regret that this was capriciously spared by the hand of time, when so many of his Grace's romantic old castles lie in ruins. Here Henry V. commonly called Harry of Monmouth, was nursed, and his cradle still remains extant; while, in a beautiful village church-yard overhanging the river, is the tomb of his nurse Lady Salisbury, with her full-length statue carved in stone. At this corner of the

world, travellers inevitably fall into discussing Shakespeare, Henry V., Falstaff, Geoffrey of Monmouth, John of Gaunt, and all the grandees of former ages, who inscribed their names on the history of this neighbourhood. In the meantime we dined at the Beaufort Arms, a sign which in every town or village where it appeared, was a certain promise of good accommodation.

The Duke of Beaufort ought in this neighbourhood to take for his second title the Marquis of Carrabas, or M. Nongtonpaw, as every acre or plantation we saw belonged to his Grace. All his inns are remarkable for being well kept; and the Beaufort Arms reach to Ross, Monmouth, Chepstow, Ragland, and many other first-rate hotels, where we were glad to "rest and be thankful" for a time. Next morning we embarked again on the Wye, and found it one continued scene of enchantment for twenty miles successively.

In every exhibition of pictures, there are always at least six of the landscapes painted to represent cattle standing in water; and here were abundant studies for an artist: Cuyp and Wouvermans, or in modern times Thomson and Turner, might all exercise their pencils, by sketching the lowing herds, pasturing on many a rich meadow, which sloped towards the stream, while a few stragglers stood up to their knees in water, evidently complaining to each other, as we did ourselves, of the intolerable heat.

Who has not read, heard, and dreamed of Tintern Abbey, examined prints and copied sketches, talked and listened about its beauties, till they seem to have been haunting the venerable ruin all their lives; I scarcely felt as if a spot could be unknown to memory there, even when thus approaching it for the first time:—

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,  
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state.

The form outside is so magnificently simple, that its full extent is scarcely at once appreciated; but those walls "where princely abbots dwelt of yore," were considered a true emblem of that Christian character to be recommended and practised there, the exterior aspect so plain, and all the richest ornaments concealed within, while it exhibits an air of meditative seclusiveness. Some small wretched cottages have stuck themselves close to the walls, like barnacles on the side of a stately vessel, which do all in their power to disfigure it; but on entering the western gate, a *coup d'œil* is presented, inconceivably fine. A forest of venerable pillars, looking almost like the long avenue at Wynnstay, is surmounted by four rows of noble arches, appearing gracefully to intersect each other, ending at a window of very splendid proportions, said to be eighty feet high, and facing, as the principal window of all old churches is made to do, towards the east, in remembrance of Jerusalem, while the whole building is shaped like a cross. Descriptions of Tintern Abbey should be written on ivy leaves, and with a poet's pen, for no other could do justice to the air of solemn grandeur and religious melancholy reigning within its desolated cloisters, and inspiring that mysterious sentiment of awe with which we gaze on an inanimate body from which the soul has departed. The form still appeared in its beauty, while the life and animation which had reigned within were now extinct for ever. How grand the anthem of many hundred voices must formerly have sounded, awakening the distant echoes as it arose, and dying away beneath those vaulted arches, while every mouldering cloister glittered with the paraphernalia of torches, processions, burning incense, and all the splendid ceremonial of high mass. Henry VIII. with that mistaken religious zeal, which would rather kill than cure, destroyed, instead of reforming, this noble edifice, and thus it has shared the fate so unnecessarily inflicted on all northern

abbeys and cathedrals by the followers of John Knox, who did not pause to distinguish between the casket and the jewel, but because one had become changed, they doomed both alike to destruction. Tintern Abbey was nearly coeval with the Norman Conquest, having been built a hundred years afterwards by Walter de Clare, who had only the fortune of a younger son. He dedicated it to St. Mary, and appointed that, like all other monkish habitations, it should exercise hospitality towards strangers, who were received here, and entertained, as if it had been a hotel; but such hospitality disappears as civilization increases, and we might have travelled far in the present day without finding so convenient an institution. One establishment of this kind still exists near Winchester, where any traveller has a right to claim bread and beer gratis, which are given "without grudging," in memory of the founder, named De Blois. The floor in this abbey does not run wild with vegetation, as in other ruins, but is tidily covered with a carpet of turf, as level as if it had been done over with a smoothing iron, but the walls exhibit abundance of beautiful lichens and plants bursting out at every crevice. Nature and art appear to have a severe conflict for supremacy here, as a multitude of statues, leaning in tottering attitudes against the pillars, and prostrate on the floor, all maimed and mutilated, seem enlisted on the side of art, while nature has mounted her colours to the highest summit of every pillar, and waves her long pennons of ivy over the windows and doors.

How greatly travellers in America must miss all such emotions of pleasurable melancholy as those with which we contemplate these fossil remains of ancient times. Nature is seen in its utmost magnitude and grandeur across the Atlantic; while it is impossible not to anticipate that the new world may yet in due rotation rise to pre-eminent greatness, and become the chief theatre of future history;

but the one country only excites that interest with which we look at a thriving child, expected hereafter to distinguish himself, while in the other we see a venerable old age, crowned with honour and virtue, though at last apparently tending to decay. Many nations in turn have ripened for their fall beneath a sunshine of prosperity, while the blast might have raged in vain, but for that internal corruption which alone brought them to the dust. When failing to seek nourishment and support from that "tree which is set for the healing of the nations," the strongholds of a people are removed, and even this great kingdom, so long distinguished by the peaceful union of pure faith and good government, which rendered it invulnerable to foreign enemies, yet requires the peculiar guardianship of Providence to prevent its being vitally injured by dangerous fermentations and internal anarchy.

Before leaving Tintern Abbey, our solitude was invaded by a cargo of passengers, landed at Chepstow from on board the Bristol steam-boat, who rushed in with sketch-books, eye-glasses, parasols, best bonnets, M'Intosh cloaks, baskets of provisions, and every sort of modern luxury considered essential to the full enjoyment of beautiful scenery or ruined abbeys; and before we could hurry away, the ivy-mantled walls were crowned with a wreath of beaux and young ladies in full flirtation, while the long aisles rung with laughter and merriment, causing a ludicrous mixture of tragedy and comedy in our own feelings of sympathy with past and present times. Many persons maintain that the pleasure derived from architecture is greater than what either music or painting can afford. In such a place as Tintern this is easily imagined; but it can only be enjoyed on the spot, and I have given over attempting the picturesque in manuscript ever since hearing of a certain gentleman, celebrated for the graphic powers of his pen, who engaged an eminent artist to paint pictures from his written descriptions,



while he travelled abroad, but on reaching home, the result turned out so completely at variance with his intentions, that they were very nearly committed to the flames, and such a fate might be deservedly inflicted on any pages rashly attempting to give an adequate idea of Tintern.

From thence, till we reached Chepstow, each bank of the Wye alternately grew more precipitous, and the tides here are considered remarkable for ebbing and flowing, more than in any other part of the world, rising sometimes above fifty feet. A long range of detached rocks, called after the twelve apostles, looked exceedingly majestic; and as a thirteenth stands beside them, it is named St. Peter's thumb. Beyond this rises the gigantic promontory of Windcliff, the lover's leap, a formidable precipice, ready for the first desperate case which occurs, though we heard no tradition of its having yet been used; and after this, we passed a succession of rocks, which are in a perfect masquerade, having formed themselves into natural representations of ruined castles, turrets, battlements, and pyramids, all festooned with ivy, and varied with vegetable and mineral tints of every colour. Chepstow Castle looks like a part of these cliffs, being perfectly blended with the precipice which it surmounts, so that no spectator can discern at what place the masonry commences. It would be as impossible a task to draw the line of distinction, as the poets who could not discriminate "where ends the virtue and begins the vice." The keep-tower is high and detached, looking like an extended arm held up in a threatening attitude, while we crept along beneath it; but the rest of the castle is a mere shell, within which a gentleman has fitted up his residence, and converted the court into a pleasant garden. Oliver Cromwell paid Chepstow the compliment to attack it in person. Having failed, he left an army to besiege the castle, which was reduced to great extremity, but the brave garrison refused to surrender, intending at the worst to escape by a

boat which they had on the Wye. A soldier of the parliamentary troops, however, swam with a knife in his mouth across the river at night, and cut the cable, after which the cavaliers capitulated. In the south-east tower, one of Cromwell's great auxiliaries spent, after the restoration, nearly twenty years of his life in hopeless imprisonment, though treated with some degree of lenity, in being allowed the society of his wife,—though I fear your friend D—— will say, from his own experience, that it aggravated the punishment. This Henry Marten was a declared infidel, though his name sounds familiar to modern ears as that of our devoted missionary to India. In his day of prosperity he testified contempt in every possible way for monarchy; he clothed a buffoon in the royal robes of Edward the Confessor, always hitherto worn at coronations, and marched him about the streets with mock ceremony. Such were the terms of vulgar familiarity on which he lived with Cromwell, that when these two regicides signed the death warrant of Charles I. they jocularly squirted the ink out of their pens into each other's faces. As Solomon says, "he that is glad at calamities shall not go unpunished." Such a friendship could not last long; and after those treasonable signatures were recorded, Cromwell, whose taste for levelling only continued while there were persons more exalted than himself, tired of old associates who wished to remain his equals, and took an early opportunity to quarrel with Henry Marten, who then learned the same lesson which Bonaparte afterwards taught to Bourienne, that democratic theory and practice are very different things, for no hereditary pride is comparable to that which arises from recent elevation.

We returned from Chepstow, and mounted to the summit of "stupendous Wyndcliff," which rises a thousand feet high, exhibiting one of the most varied and extensive panoramas that can be fancied, reaching to the Bristol

Channel, which is, however, scarcely an ornament to the scene, being little better than a sea of floating mud, and no more to be compared to clear mountain streams than a Bristol stone to a diamond. Here we traced the Wye meandering, in the form of a horse-shoe, round a country diversified like patch-work, and the river enlivens these noble wood, hills, and rocks, by its cheering presence, like a pleasant lively visitor rushing into a stiff circle of formal people, and making them all smile.

Travellers feel extremely ill used now, in not being admitted to lionize the beautiful grounds of Piercefield, formerly opened with the utmost liberality, but now entirely shut up from public view, having been recently sold to a new purchaser, who has not revealed his name, being desirous to evade the odium of causing such an exclusion. This anonymous proprietor has thus entrenched himself behind his park walls, wishing, very naturally, to prevent the right of prescription from being established over his private walks, as the facility with which some former residents admitted every party of strollers who arrived in the neighbourhood very nearly lost them their legal right to exclude any one, because the public, after being long indulged, becomes like an old privileged servant, who ends by assuming the master. Forty years is the period during which, if passengers have always had access, the gates cannot again be closed, nor the pathway obstructed, against unwelcome intruders, who used to make picnic parties here, leaving behind, as is usually done on these occasions, in the summer houses and walks, a debris of empty bottles, remnants of oranges, skins of gooseberries, and gaunt skeletons of turkeys and chickens, which haunted the walks for many days afterwards.

It is a curious circumstance, that this fine estate seldom remains many years in the possession of any one proprietor; for, either by death or bankruptcy, they are all in

turn dislodged. Every one will remember the accomplished and lamented Miss Smith's beautiful letter of mournful resignation, when her father's insolvency obliged him to forsake "beetling Piercefield's shady ground;" and Bloomfield celebrates the amiable and benevolent Mr. Morris, whose charity and hospitality here seemed almost unbounded, till sudden reverses caused him to dispose of the property,—

And the lord of yon beautiful seat  
Pass'd over the bridge of the Wye  
To return to his Piercefield no more.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"A book 's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

ENGLISH BARDS.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—After so considerable a pause in our correspondence, let me hope you have neither been quoting nor applying Lord Byron's lines—

The friend who does not let us know  
That he's alive, is dead, or should be so.

Last Tuesday our journey onward to Ragland was performed through a beautiful country, on a lovely evening, and not a single "but" need be added to record any drawback that accompanied the pleasure. When we arrived at the Beaufort Arms, intending to dine, the hour being half-past eight in the evening, the landlady, in commiseration of our late repast, presented so rapid and inexhaustible a succession of mutton chops and pancakes, that even the parasite in *Gil Blas* could hardly have asked for more; and it is entertaining to observe the real hospitality which prevails at some inns in Wales, compared with others, where the guests would be reduced, like the abstemious horse, to a straw a-day, if we allowed the experiment to be tried.

Ragland Castle is the most graceful and picturesque of all possible ruins, quite a gem in its way, and having fortunately fallen into the Duke of Beaufort's custody, is carefully preserved and liberally shown. Our first visit there was in the evening, when we found a numerous party of young people playing at *Les Graces*, and dancing to the sound of a Welsh harp, so we postponed all our fine feelings

for the present, and staid to enjoy a sight of this gay butterfly's ball in so venerable an assembly room. A gorgeous setting sun shewed off the whole scene to great advantage, as it streamed in through every window and crevice, painting the whole outline of Ragland Castle upon the turf, in bold contrasts of light and shadow.

This beautiful ruin was a favourite residence, in his adversity, of Charles the First, and his constant promenade is said to have been on a high green terrace within the moat, where we stood next morning for some time, admiring those magnificent features of nature which had been objects of contemplation to the afflicted monarch, and trying to imagine the thoughts which might then have passed through his mind, while I conjured up to memory his well-known countenance and majestic step, as he slowly paced along this noble terrace, perhaps already anticipating that tragical period when

a monarch from his throne  
Sprung to his cross, and found his glory there.

Nothing can be more light and elegant than the architecture of Ragland Castle, which might really have felt flattered by the praise we bestowed when entering the beautiful gateway, which is flanked by two handsome towers, having six sides each, highly ornamented at the summit, and beautifully proportioned. The stone mullions of the windows are nearly entire, though unfortunately the "mournful ivy," and other ruin-loving plants, are allowed to grow so luxuriantly, that it seems a conspiracy to obscure their beauty. The pruning-knife and the gardener's scissors are much wanted to keep these modern upstarts in due subordination. Some parts of this ruin display abundance of sombre magnificence; but the general character is much more *riante* and cheerful than most of its ancient predecessors in Wales. A gallery of large and beautifully formed windows runs

nearly round the inner court, which renders it extremely gay, without having at all impaired the external strength of the building. Seeing the architectural ornaments like lace, reminded us of the story related, when Sir Walter Scott took Miss Joanna Baillie for the first time to Melrose Abbey. A large party of eager listeners swarmed round to gather all that dropt from two such eminent poets, expecting diamonds and pearls, of course, at every word ; but unfortunately for their anticipations, Miss Baillie is perfectly unaffected, and much addicted to needle-work ; so her first exclamation was, on beholding the splendid south-east window, "That would be a beautiful pattern for a flounce."

At Ragland one window is shown from which a treacherous girl waved her handkerchief as a signal for the Parliamentary troops to advance ; and we saw the breach at which the army of Roundheads finally broke in when this castle was taken and destroyed. Dungeons are to be seen here, where the sun never shone, and in which many a brave cavalier probably lingered out his days as a captive knight. I never visited more hopeless looking cells,—dark, deep, and silent, with no apparent facility for ever getting out again, as the entrance was by a large cavity, shaped like a mouth wide open ; but after descending into the vortex, it seems to have been a bourne from whence no prisoner was ever intended to return. As a monument of history, these caverns were interesting antiques ; but Howard or Mrs. Fry would have been shocked at such a specimen of ancient prison discipline. An oven is shewn here, which was formerly considered large enough to bake an ox, though it is more the fashion now to roast him whole. When the Marquis of Worcester came of age, some years ago, an entertainment took place on a splendid scale in the ancient banquetting hall, roofed in for the occasion ; but the symmetry of its proportions, and the antiquity of its appearance, have been considerably impaired

by this temporary canopy of wood, scantily decorated with fragments of armour and family escutcheons.

Every traveller is to be envied who has yet to see Ragland Castle for the first time, as a moment of unspeakable delight awaits him. No place can present a more interesting combination of architectural beauty, picturesque scenery and historical association. A painter might cover the walls of his studio with sketches of Ragland, and not exhaust the subject ; but my pen becomes dry in describing friezes, architraves, bases, and pinnacles ; therefore, not a twentieth part of the ruin has been mentioned, nor a tenth of our admiration expressed. The extent is not remarkable, because many ruins in Wales are twice the size of Ragland ; but its remains have a *je ne sçai quoi* of graceful elegance in their appearance, which, if any one wishes fully to appreciate, let him order his travelling chariot next summer, and verify all that has been said, beginning with the excellent mutton chops at the Beaufort Arms, and ending on the keep-tower of Ragland Castle, where, if the view does not compensate for all previous trouble, I shall be happy to pay his expenses.

It has no faults, or I no faults could spy ;  
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

The cicerone who first conducted us round, looked almost as ancient and quite as picturesque as the castle itself. She was evidently the remains of a beauty, arrived at her *dernière jeunesse*, equipped in a comical kind of slipshod magnificence, with a profusion of tattered finery heaped upon her, and displaying the most antiquated airs and graces imaginable. It was quite a disappointment next day when her common-place husband officiated, while we only caught a distant glimpse of our friend, who ought to be clothed in festoons of ivy, to appear in perfect keeping with those weather-beaten towers.



After our return to the inn at Ragland, we received a visit from Sir Walter Scott's second son, who was partly educated in Wales, and inherits all his father's taste for scenery. He spoke so handsomely of Caerphilly Castle, in Glamorganshire, that we resolved, on his recommendation, to alter our course in that direction, and accordingly proceeded to the beautiful village of Abergavenny, whence we meant to thread the celebrated Vale of Usk, mentioned by the earliest Roman authors.

A violent attack of rain, however, drove us back to Abergavenny, and any attempts to explore the whole of this classical valley were like those of Mrs. Mailsetter when she tried to read the Antiquary's letters; for we first looked down the vale at one end, as far as the eye could reach, on another occasion from the middle of it, and now we looked up the valley; but to sweep entirely through was an achievement which A— and I constantly planned, but never accomplished. The "swatches" we did see, proved how desirable all the rest would have been, as it evidently exhibits one of the most varied scenes in the principality, twenty miles of which we reluctantly left unexplored. Both sides of the river are flanked by a range of hills, each eminence rising from a separate base, and forming a detached pinnacle of varied shape and altitude. Some are wooded to their summits, and others variegated with rich corn fields. Behind is a savage background of cold, sombre, rugged mountains, under the shadow of which King Arthur was crowned during the year 517, when four British sovereigns were present, each carrying a golden sword, while an equal number of queens appeared, bearing, as emblematic of their character, four white doves.

The evening cleared up after rain, looking like Wilson's last picture in the exhibition, only that the brightness and warmth of colouring excelled what any painter might ven-

ture to represent on canvas ; for nature excels the *beau ideal* of romance, both in the scenery and in the circumstances of life. We now walked out to enjoy such air as an epicure might have delighted to taste, being fresh from the mountains and hot from the sun. Here we strolled on to visit a curious rail-road, down the steep descent of a mountain, where coal-waggon's are precipitated six hundred feet from the summit in the course of one minute, the distance being divided into three stages, and the weight of those coming down full of coals is sufficient to draw up their empty predecessors. How many persons seem to think, that like these buckets, the downfall of others shall raise themselves ! If the cars had been rather cleaner, I should have been greatly tempted to try this rail-road as a substitute for the Montagnes Russes.

We now walked some distance along the banks of the Brecon canal, which is so well contrived, by taking advantage of a great height above the sea, that it follows the intricacies of this vale for thirty miles without a lock. In returning, we accidentally strayed into the old church at Abergavenny, where I was agreeably surprised to discover several handsome marble monuments, which might have done honour to a cathedral. They commemorate ancestors of our own, the ancient barons of Abergavenny, who bore the not very aristocratic name of Broase, and whose effigies were all laid out full length, under canopies, handsomely embellished with coats-of-arms. Each marble image reclined with his feet resting on the representation of some animal, couching in an attitude of submission, which reminded us of the little negro children who are used in the West Indies as footstools, being taught to remain as immovable as these marble images, and severely kicked if ever they stir. From the church we advanced to Abergavenny Castle, built by William the Conqueror, and formerly the scene of a treacherous massacre, when the Earl of Here-

ford gave an entertainment to the Welsh nobility, and ended the feast by a fray, cruelly murdering his unarmed guests. This little fortress, like most Welsh places, seems more interesting on account of past than present times. It once enjoyed the same privilege as Berkeley Castle, that of conveying a peerage to the possessor, though a strict entail now prevents any transfer such as that which first conveyed it to the present lord, not descended from the original stock, but who gained his title in right of those ruined walls. They should scarcely in such circumstances be left to decay; but a modern tower has been erected beside them for the steward to inhabit, in which we observed an elegant drawing-room, enlivened by prodigious windows, containing thirty large panes of glass in each. A bad punster would say, that the architect took panes to be expensive; but nothing could be more contemptible. Looking from these windows, we see a hill, called "The Holy Mountain," displaying a large chasm in its side, rifted asunder, according to tradition, by the convulsion of nature which took place on our Saviour's crucifixion.

It would be useless repetition to remark, that our progress next day led through a beautiful country, because travellers could not possibly discover any drive in South Wales otherwise than charming; and as life has been compared to a journey, no one need wish for any thing better than that theirs may be like a journey in South Wales, glowing throughout with cheerfulness and prosperity.

In our way to Pontypool, a gigantic ruin of an oak tree was pointed out at the distance of some fields, in the hollow trunk of which our driver assured us that he had seen five cows amply lodged, the cavity being said to measure thirty-eight feet in circumference. A still larger one existed formerly in Devonshire, which a jovial landlord fitted up for an ale-house, rent free, where "Hearts of oak," and "The wooden walls of old England," might be most appropriate

ly sung in that "Greenwood-hall." This vegetable giant supplied abundant conversation, with the help of Gilpin's Forest Scenery, till we reached the magnificent ruins of Caerphilly Castle, chiefly remarkable for their vast extent. The walls cover fifteen acres of ground, and being one mile and a quarter in circumference, they look more like the fragments of a city than of a single fortification. Here a garrison of 20,000 men could once be lodged, and it became the last hopeless refuge of Edward II. in his adversity ; but now

" Those walls are bared to summer's rain,  
On which an iron show'r for years had pour'd in vain."

A deep ditch runs round the whole building, and an inner ditch incloses the more important parts of the fortress. The walls, ten feet thick, look like the rough causeway of a street set upon end, as some irreverent hand removed a handsome outside casing of freestone with which it was formerly decorated. A grand hall remains, measuring seventy feet in length, and some of the principal windows are elegantly shaped in a sharp-pointed arch. Others seem to have been irregularly slit like button-holes wherever they were required ; and four in the chapel reach from the summit to the floor. Such is the extraordinary strength of those rifted walls, that when a thunder-bolt struck the great tower of Caerphilly Castle, about four hundred years ago, it was merely thrown off the perpendicular, but did not entirely fall. This part of the edifice yet overhangs its base, like the leaning spire at Pisa, being eleven feet awry. The height of what remains is about eighty feet, and the circumference sixty ; so this immense mass presents a singular aspect. We trod on tiptoe in passing beneath, as it seemed ready to be shaken down by a breath ; but certainly the coincidence would have been somewhat perverse, if, after remaining suspended in this tipsy attitude during four

centuries, the tower had chosen that precise moment to fall ; nevertheless such a catastrophe is in the chapter of accidents, so we may note this down as one of the "hair-breadth escapes" of our tour.

Whatever risks you're forc'd to run ;  
Ah! still take care of number one.

Caerphilly Castle was repaired by John Lord de Broase, son-in-law to Llewellyn Prince of Wales, but it derived great additional interest in our estimation from the obscurity of its earliest origin, as that is buried in the tomb of oblivion beyond the reach of even traditionary lore. In Grose's Antiquities may be found a large assortment of conjectures to choose among, but we are wearied of them. Windsor Castle alone exceeds Caerphilly in extent ! Will that ever stand to see the day when future generations wander in perplexity, such as ours, among its deserted halls, while an old woman carrying her stick, represents the genius of history :—.

Troy once was great, but oh ! the scene is o'er,  
Her glory vanish'd and her name no more !

It may be said that the use of printing averts the possibility of such a consummation now ; but the very abundance of books must prevent their being long of much avail, and like the Byzantine historians, whom no one attempts to read on account of their cumbrous bulk, the writers of the present day will crush each other out of sight and remembrance. The tower of Babel was raised by men who wished to "make themselves a name ;" the pyramids of Egypt were reared for a similar purpose, without success ; and from that time to the present day, we read how kingdoms, and sceptres, and palaces have been exalted to honour and have sunk into decay ; but while all

that is of the earth, and the fashion of it, passes away, there is one everlasting kingdom, a house not made with hands, which is eternal.

Caerphilly Castle then, has not a word to say for itself,—no one can tell for certain when it was born,—who inhabited, or who destroyed those hoary towers. Its origin is as undiscoverable as that of the Nile. Even the old cicerone knew no more than her stick, and did not attempt a story, being like the knife-grinder who had no story to tell. The tragedy and comedy of life must often have been acted there by successive generations, but the curtain has dropped over them all, and not a trace remains. Yet hereafter “the dry bones shall live,” and their story become known to an assembled world. Not an individual who ever breathed but will then appear with ourselves,—not a mortal may either hope to escape, or fear to be forgotten.

Caerphilly Castle evidently exhibits greatness in adversity, while so silent an appeal to one's feelings is irresistible. The leaning tower gives an additional aspect of helpless desolation to those crumbling walls, but “their memorial is perished with them.” Here are keep-towers, dungeons, courts, and banqueting-halls, which seem like the work of some antediluvian giant; and when we ask, where are all the barons and knights, the heroes and warriors, who once gave life and animation to those deserted walls, “echo answers, where!” I paraded about in a fine rhapsody, with the old woman limping behind; while A—— scrambled up every inaccessible eminence, expecting her to follow. His enterprising activity on such occasions can only be compared to Mr. McKinnon's, who alleged that he ascended with his heels uppermost, to the top of Antwerp tower. Instead of entertaining us with the usual description of a ruin, our cicerone treated me to a history of her own rheumatism, apparently thinking the one fully more interesting, and

certainly more authentic than the other ; while in return, I suggested several infallible remedies, for which she ought to have restored me her official fee, when we presented it. Old Dr. — once mentioned, that he never on any occasion prescribed gratis, and even when examining his own tongue before a glass, he always took a guinea out of one pocket and dropt it into another, to keep up the habit. When Tom Sheridan was consulted like me by an old lady about her rheumatism, he gave his advice gratis, to “take a mouthful of cold water, and to sit upon the fire till it boils.” Some sprigs of ivy have been planted by Lord Bute round the base of Caerphilly Castle, which promise to be very fine and luxuriant several hundred years hence, if we could return then to see “these tottering towers with twisted ivy tied.” Meanwhile, the plants look scarcely an hour old beside the venerable walls they are intended to clothe. Our guide suggested that visitors generally carry off a specimen of the cement with which they are built ; and mentioned one gentleman, who had arrived that morning, intending to take some fragments to India, where he expected to find this mortar similar to that with which the Hindoo temples, so celebrated for their strength, are built. I postponed accepting the offered treasure until we can freight a ship with Barmouth shells, Snowdon minerals, Welsh harps, Anglesey alum—pure and fine as spun glass, and copper ore from Bettws, where the colours imitate every precious stone in your jewel box, or, as you have none, in that of any one else. Meantime, my prudence and self-denial are generally testified by the final return of our baggage in as compact a circumference as when we started, while, at the same time, much to our honour, it remains undiminished by losses, and, amidst many hasty departures, late arrivals, and early hours, we missed not a single article by the way. Some travellers, like Tom Thumb, might be traced along the road by their dropping things wherever they stop ; but even A——’s um-

brella must have been of a different nature from umbrellas in general, because it seemed never either forgotten or mislaid. I respect the memory of every individual who can preserve the same one for an entire month, and have always thought, that "The Adventures of an Umbrella" might form an entertaining volume, like "The Adventures of a Guinea," as they change owners about equally often. A gentleman in London used to maintain, that because he once purchased an umbrella, now circulating far and wide in the world, he had a perfect right always to remain in possession of one; and, when caught in a shower he dropt into the nearest coffee-house, calling, in a loud, authoritative tone, "Waiter! bring me my umbrella!" upon which a choice of several was instantly produced.

Perhaps the safety of ours must be partly ascribed to the constant occasion we had for it, on account of the perpetual rainy season with which we were afflicted; for never certainly did tourists wade through so inexorable a deluge, though we generally followed the gentleman's example, who boasted that no weather detained him at home, "unless it rained pitchforks." During a whole month, we saw only five perfectly fine days, and even then the ground became so marshy, that every step might be heard. We could only have enjoyed the sunshine, if it had been possible to walk without touching the ground. A sailor once complained, that he had remained twenty years at sea without once enjoying a fair wind; and as nothing reconciles you to disappointment more than hearing of others suffering more, this ought to silence us; for, as the Irishman said, "It is not so bad as if it had been worse."

Our drive on Thursday by Pontypool and Newport exhibited a perfect garden of richly cultivated country, part of which was in the park of Tredegar, Sir Charles Morgan's fine place, where we admired a noble grove of magnificent trees. As we flew along, one single glimpse of the man-



sion was revealed, a long low building, round a large court, the dullest pattern for houses that ever was devised, as few windows can command any view, except staring at each other, and in such residences the passage must be long and rambling, though the rooms are sometimes numerous and handsome. A sociable gentleman in the north formerly, whose heart was larger than his house, had always a plate at the service of his friends, but not often a bed; therefore, being anxious to enlarge his accommodations, he used to propose getting a suite of rooms from London on the same plan as Bonaparte's house at Longwood, with chairs and tables like camp stools, to pack in a portable compass when not wanted, and to be pitched like tents if required. Some such plan would suit my notions of comfort extremely, as the sight of so many chimneys without smoke, and windows blinded by shutters, as we saw at Tredegar, and at many other great houses on the road, made me shudder at the thought of damp beds, rusty grates, lonely passages, cold draughts, and dusty carpets.

When we arrived at Cardiff, the whole city seemed in a commotion, on account of the assizes, which are a terror to travellers as well as to criminals. We stopped at two inns without obtaining accommodation, and I began to fear the last resource must be to get ourselves "lodged in jail," when at length the "Red Lion" looked propitiously down, and received us with open doors. Here we became established in remarkably comfortable quarters, commanding a fine view of the judge's carriage, a picturesque mob of town officers, pages, trumpeters, and javelin men, besides some groups of tipsy people.

For the honour of Wales, an assize without criminals occasionally takes place here, which may remind spectators that the tragedy of Hamlet was acted once, with the part of Hamlet left out. Some important cases were to be tried, however, now, and we thought Mr. Justice — had

rather a condemnatory look when he alighted from his carriage; but no punishment was awarded to any criminal on this occasion worse than transportation, which really, in these days of wandering and sight-seeing, appears scarcely to be considered a penalty. In the convict ships, criminals amuse themselves by acting their trials over again, dressing up with blankets to represent barrister's gowns, and mops well combed down on their heads for wigs. Their wit is said to be astonishing, when exhibited by these mock lawyers in cross-examining witnesses, and detecting prevarication; while at Botany Bay, the ladies are often heard to remark what banishment it must be to live in a country like England, whence none but thieves and pickpockets seem ever produced! Nations or individuals taking the darkest view of each other, never reach the truth; and there are worse places than Australia, as many convicts have declared, when exchanging want, both of employment and food, which drove them to desperation, for hopeful occupation and unceasing abundance, in that distant but beautiful colony.

Our first care on reaching Cardiff was, to see Lord Bute's residence, a middle-aged building, with exactly the appearance of Edinburgh jail. It was planned by the prime minister of George III. and seems to be looked down upon with apparent contempt by the ancient keep-tower of Cardiff Castle, enclosed within its site, and which "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." There Robert, Duke of Normandy, William the Conqueror's accomplished and unfortunate son, lingered during an imprisonment of twenty-eight years. Certainly, as Dr. Johnson remarked, "that man is more or less than human who can bear perpetual solitude." It must have been a living death, to exist in that dreary dungeon, with scarcely light enough to see the horrors around him; and history has even hinted, that the cruel usurper, William Rufus, put out his pri-

soner's eyes.—“A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.” What consolations supported the injured prince throughout that long period of wretchedness? —“the long years link'd with heavy day on day,”—his ear unblessed by the voice of affection,—his tongue no more to utter accents of confidence and friendship,—his eyes never to behold the face of mortal man again,—nothing left for him but to think, to suffer, and to die. Yet even for him there were perhaps thoughts of peace and words of consolation. The still small voice of religion no bars can exclude,—the prayers of our hearts are heard wheresoever we exist,—there is a friend who never leaves nor forsakes us,—and if the sight be closed to external objects, the prisoner of hope may still “endure, as seeing Him who is invisible,” for we “walk by faith, not by sight.” Yet who can say in what degree such a calamity would affect himself! It is, however, quite as great a waste of time to fancy imaginary miseries, as to build castles in the air, for the promise to believers is, that “as our day is, so shall our strength be;” and many Christians suffer much distress from anticipating possible afflictions, or by placing themselves in the trying situations of others, conceiving that their fortitude in such circumstances might fail, whereas if enough be given for present necessity, we may feel sure that, like the manna in the desert, a double portion will fall when a double supply is requisite.

An ancient and extensive moat surrounds the shrubberies and pleasure grounds at Cardiff Castle, and a fine park, well stocked with deer, belongs to this place, but so completely excluded from view, that none of the beautiful trees which ornament it appear visible from the windows, and the deer are never probably seen until they appear in the character of venison on the dinner table.

We walked two miles, through meadows and corn fields, to visit Llandaff, the most retired, modest, quiet little city I

ever entered. A charming village green lies in the centre, where groups of merry children were at play; and all around are dotted the prettiest cottages imaginable, as neat and small as if they had come out of a toy shop the week before. The day was fine, and several of their enviable owners were at work among the flower beds, having fully realized the poet's wish for a small house and a large garden. Many, indeed, were so choked up with roses, that they seemed in danger, like Montezuma's courtiers, of being smothered with flowers. A taste for gardening is one of those pleasures in which we can scarcely go to excess, and for which there can be no bad motive. It was the first employment appointed to man in his primitive state, while it seems still the most natural and delightful of all. "What is the use of music?" asked a lady one day at an indignant amateur; and while the same blunt question might be applied to most occupations of life, satisfactory testimonials can be given in favour of horticulture in all its branches.

The high road leading into Llandaff seemed grass-grown from want of use. We saw no trace of cart, carriage, gig, or any sort of equipage, not even a wheel-barrow; and neither markets nor fairs occur to vary the profound seclusion of this primitive little place.

What remains of the ancient cathedral is extremely elegant, but some parts have been most clumsily repaired and modernized, reminding visitors of new linen put into an old garment, the contrast is so coarse and glaring. The beautiful windows are lancet-shaped, light and graceful in the extreme. The arches are lofty, and adorned with exquisitely carved foliage; and the door-ways seem in perfect preservation, displaying a profusion of ornament. Over one entrance stands the image of a bishop, and in another place is an animated figure, with a Bible in his hand, apparently very ancient. How strange it is to see

the representation of one who lived so long ago, that the very stone chiselled into a likeness of him, has mouldered with age, and yet to know that a bond of sympathy existed between us,—that he read the same book which we daily read,—that he has gone to his grave with the same hope in which we desire to die,—and that on the same day, he shall rise to everlasting glory. In entering a church so ancient and so venerable, it was pleasing to remember and repeat the very words and prayers with which its walls had first resounded ; and amidst the reverence inspired by such a scene, where for centuries the clergyman in his pulpit was honoured as much as a king upon his throne, I could not but contrast this with the feeling of captiousness and insubordination so prevalent now, when every congregation is supposed competent to criticise its own appointed teacher. As an instance of the patronizing tone occasionally assumed towards the clergy by some dissenters among the lower orders, it was impossible not to smile lately at a worthy old woman who had subscribed to raise a house for her pastor, and she was heard to say, in a tone of good-humoured protection, “ We slated our minister last year, and are thinking to paint and paper him in spring.”

The bishop’s palace at Llandaff would suit — precisely, instead of his present curacy, being of a retired aspect, and quite a fit place in which to forget the world, and be by the world forgotten. It is a commodious dwelling-house, very large and substantial, but entirely destitute of architectural beauty, standing in the centre of an extensive hay field, which is sprinkled over with some rather elderly trees. It has a deep roof, slated *à la* Penrhyn quarry, and the front elevation displays about thirty windows. No tourist would pause one moment to admire this episcopal palace, though any one might pass a lifetime within its

walls most comfortably, and certainly rather more cheerfully than at the fortified castle of Cardiff.

A perfect constellation of distinguished names rose to our remembrance as having formerly held this see. Watson, Barrington, Van Mildert, Sumner, and Copleston, all men "having good report of them which are without." Some former prelates in this diocese, were not very liberal of their presence, and it would be a great improvement in church discipline if, instead of bishops granting a privilege of non-residence to others, they were obliged to become resident themselves. Were legislative enactments in the present day confined to the abolition of pluralities and non-residence, few persons would object. Perhaps it might be no bad plan if absentees held their landed property on the same tenure ! but the first thought of those who would reform our church, seems always directed towards making a grasp at its revenues, which are inherited by bequest and other rights of succession, as clearly as any estates belonging to individuals. It has been well remarked, that bishops in times of public safety, are like great vessels in dock during peace, apparently inactive, but when the call of state necessity arises, they spread their canvass to the breeze, and arouse their dormant strength to act as the bulwarks of religion and good government. That great teacher—experience, proves this to be true, and for those who doubt it, history has been written in vain. During the revolution we read a multitude of instances in which the dignity and firmness of Christian faith were beautifully exhibited by the prelates of former days ; but none impressed my mind more strikingly than the story of Bishop Hackett. When a soldier of the parliamentary army entered church during service, and levelled his gun at the venerable prelate, threatening to fire if he did not instantly discontinue preaching ; the servant of God calmly continued his sermon, saying, " You may do your

duty, but I must do mine." If we could all act in such a spirit, amidst the trials of life, whether small or great, then "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, could separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

—— "Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,  
Resigns herself with exemplary patience  
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations."

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—The writing materials with which we are usually afflicted at an inn, would remind you of the gentleman, who called for some, at a country house lately, in order to despatch letters of consequence, when the footman replied, "You can have plenty of ink to-morrow, Sir, as master is then to have his shoes blacked."

On Friday we wheeled off from Cardiff to Chepstow again, through an almost unbroken orchard, extending several miles. The country was rich, but almost featureless, and amidst so continued a succession of ornamental landscapes, I would at last give up half-a-mile of orchard for a bit of bare rock or a few whin-bushes.

Boys in Monmouthshire, must be unlike any other race of boys. The fruit grows so near the ground, that they might eat ripe apples and pears off the branches; yet, though we observed no threats of man-traps, spring-guns, or formidable dogs, while the walls might be leaped over as easily as the walls of Romulus, not a pippen seemed missing. Did you ever hear that the late Lord D——, a great enthusiast in fruit, once, with much care and expense, reared a splendid collection of apples, which were gathered in a basket, to astonish the next horticultural meeting. Having a mischievous boy then on a visit, he took his solemn promise never to eat one; but in an unlucky hour the young gentleman finding himself unobserved,



and not conceiving he was bound to abstain from "tasting," privately bit a piece out of each apple!

We took an inconceivably long walk at Chepstow, putting on our seven league boots to ascend the celebrated Llancaut rocks, under a deluge of rain. From thence a double view becomes visible of the Wye and its windings, which brought to mind what an American said of the Thames from Richmond Hill, "Am I to admire this! A parcel of bushes with several yards of penny ribbon thrown carelessly in the midst of them!" Here the Bristol Channel looks exceedingly muddy, like a concentrated London fog, and the banks very tame and unattractive.

Our drive to Worcester on Saturday continued extremely fruitful, as the very air seemed to taste of apples till my teeth were on edge. The numerous cows pasturing underneath those extensive orchards probably catch a stray pippin occasionally as it falls, and ruminate upon it. I wonder if any collector has in his museum the apple which struck Sir Isaac Newton on the nose, and caused him to discover the laws of attraction? It might be added to the valuable box of relics we formerly sold at a bazaar of lady's work, containing "The pebbles which Demosthenes held in his mouth when he practised oratory, one of the flies killed by Domitian, a bottle of the malmsey in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned; some of the gunpowder used at the Gunpowder Plot; a piece of the cake toasted by King Alfred, and very much burnt; a card from the pack with which Charles VI. amused himself in the Bastile; part of Sir Walter Raleigh's first cigar; a slice of the tart with which Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned; and the fly liberated by Sterne, when he said, 'There is room enough in the world for thee and me.'"

The oldest pear existing is that preserved in East Lothian during four hundred years, by the Browns of Coulston, who, according to tradition, shall only possess their estate

so long as it remains extant. Some daring visitor a century ago attempted to bite it in jest, leaving a mark of teeth still obvious, and soon afterwards family circumstances made it necessary for a farm to be sold ! The corporation of Haddington then presented a silver box for the fated pear to be lodged in, which still contains this monument of ancient superstition. The pear trees we passed near Worcester are equal to well grown beeches or oaks for size, and exhibit most gracefully varied forms, but do not seem improved in picturesque effect by the custom so general here, of white-washing their stems. Nature abhors white, which is never allowed long to remain very glaring ; but here the active housewives refresh it as often on fruit trees as on stair-cases. We observed bits of scenery by the wayside, which Moreland would have delighted to sketch, an old woman carrying her basket, and disappearing along a pathway in the thicket, or a group of joyous school girls lingering near a stile ; but still there seemed a want of good rough fore-grounds to complete the picture. With fruit trees above, pasture beneath, and sometimes a mine underground, proprietors must find their rent-rolls here multiplied by the rule of three, not in fractions, as other landholders often do. In very productive seasons, one acre of orchard produces twenty hogsheads of cider, the price amounting to two guineas each hogshead ; but a plentiful is generally followed by a deficient year. Including hops, wheat, and apples, there are three harvests per annum in this country, still better than what the peasants of Tivoli wished to enjoy, when they petitioned Pope Pius VI. for a miraculous gift of two harvests every season. His holiness most graciously granted their request, adding, however, that he meant to bestow on them another distinction, " whereas other countries have a year of only twelve months, you shall have one of twenty-four ! " Hops are said to be quite as ornamental to the landscape as the

boasted vines of France; and the people of this country have them everywhere, except in their beer, which is very indifferent. The perry, however, seems excellent—quite equal to second-rate champagne; but can there be anything sourer than vinegar, to which I may compare the cider?

On returning to England, the accelerated rate at which we now drove seemed as if an additional pair of horses were yoked to the carriage; and, after being so long accustomed to the funeral pace of Welsh post-boys, I almost feared at first that we were run off with. The consequence was, that our new, patent, anti-atrition, never-to-be-oiled wheels, very nearly took fire! The day indeed was so cold, that A—— almost wished they might do so, to warm us. They *screamed* along the road as if we had been killing them; and a blacksmith, where A—— stopped for assistance, not understanding the improved invention at all, we were obliged to continue our noisy progress, while I watched in momentary expectation of their going off like squibs or Cathrine wheels. Story-tellers should always leave off at the most interesting crisis; so you may either suppose we stuck entirely, or that it became a case of spontaneous combustion. A large proportion of the cottages here are flanked by Lombardy poplars, standing like tall sentinels on each side, which add greatly to their dignity; and the rivers all “wear the willow,” being edged with trees of that species, so old that they probably furnished osiers to the Druids. We engaged in a long discussion respecting the origin of that proverbial expression, “wearing the willow,” and came to a satisfactory decision, that it originated from Dido standing on the “wild sea bank,” with a willow in her hand, while she vainly waved it for Eneas to return. This led to a digression respecting the traditionary story of the “Forget me not;” and probably many sentimental friends and attachés have exchanged little turquoise imitations of that

delicate flower without an idea how it obtained a designation so very serviceable on such interesting occasions. It is well known, however, in Germany, where two betrothed lovers once upon a time strolled by the margin of a deep but narrow torrent, on which occasion the young bride, observing a lovely blue flower ornamenting the opposite bank, expressed an excessive desire to obtain it. The lover—as all lovers, without exception, would have done in similar circumstances—instantly plunged into the stream, swam to the opposite side, picked the flower, and was in full progress back, when suddenly his strength failed, and, having only power to throw his prize upon the bank, he sunk to rise no more, calling out those memorable words, “Forget me not!” The bereaved young lady instantly went mad, and, taking up the fatal flower, she wandered with it in her hand throughout the country, never speaking another word until she died, but, “Forget me not!” Among other proverbial expressions, it is very commonly said, when talking of secrets, that they are “under the rose,” which originated among the Romans, who hung up one near the roof of their apartments when private affairs were discussed; and it was in allusion to this custom that Luther adopted a rose for his seal.

A strange popish custom prevailed in Monmouthshire and other western counties till very recently. Many funerals were attended by a professed “sin-eater,” hired to take upon him the guilt of the deceased. By swallowing bread and beer, with a suitable ceremony before the corpse, he was supposed to free it from every penalty for past offences, appropriating the punishment to himself. Men who undertook so daring an imposture must all have been infidels, willing, apparently, like Esau, to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Malvern Hills rise to a degree of dignity which would scarcely have disgraced even Wales; and the little

wooded eminences around seem like a succession of punch bowls turned upside down. One, called the Herefordshire beacon, was cut into a fortress, within which a handsome gold crown having been found some time ago, was sold by the countryman who picked it up for £37 though the jewels were afterwards valued at £1500. It should be a part of education universally to learn a proper estimate of precious stones, as every person, since the time of Saad and Saadi in the Arabian Nights, has a story of his own to tell how he either paid too much, or received too little for jewels. On the Worcester side of these hills, the country becomes level, as if a carpenter's plane had gone over it; and any one might safely undertake a steeple chase across the whole extent. The town of Malvern faces in this direction, which is to be lamented, as the western side seems much more beautiful.

Here lodging houses are built on a magnificent scale, and we saw crowds of healthy looking people, whose complexions did credit to the salubrity of Malvern Wells, riding or strolling about the neighbourhood. While we exchanged horses, I sent for a tumbler of the celebrated waters, and, being fully impressed with an idea that all wholesome springs are exceedingly nauseous, I hurried over the draught with as heroic an effort of resolution as if it had been a decoction of *assafoetida*, after which I paused, in dreadful expectation of the *arrière goût*! What an unexpected dénouement! The Malvern waters are illustrious only for their singular purity, clear as crystal and cold as ice. I almost fancied that the delicious beverage had been administered as a hoax; and it reminded us of the Highlander who became enraged when a doctor ordered one of his family to try the Harrogate waters. "Water!" cried he indignantly, "where do you find better water than from our ain hill-side?"

## CHAPTER XX.

"Had seen the world, which is a curious sight,  
And very much unlike what people write."

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,— We continue to push on and keep moving at a rate that would satisfy young Rapid himself. While thus studying life and manners out of a carriage window, going, like Lord Anson, round the world without being in it, travellers take much the same bird's eye view of persons, places, and things, that the man in the moon does when passing over rural solitudes and city crowds, seeing and being seen, yet unknowing and unknown. It was unhandsomely alleged once, that nothing makes friends so apt to tire of each other as a long journey, because every object appears perpetually changing except our travelling companions, who remain constantly stationary ; but the mind is like a mirror, taking so altered an aspect from scenes and events when they occur, that individuals may become as varied as Matthews in his "at homes." How often an absent acquaintance is praised for being "always the same ;" but it seems doubtful whether that be a desirable qualification, or even possible in new places and circumstances ; because a fresh relay of thoughts and feelings is yoked on as regularly as the horses at every stage, being now and then so completely altered, that you might suppose another person's head substituted for your own. If such an exchange could occasionally be effected, I have often thought how delightful it might be during one day to wear Mrs. ——'s ! To see with her eyes, to hear with her ears, and to think with her

understanding! What a sudden expansion of intellect would instantly take place! What large well-furnished store-rooms would be opened; what treasures of wisdom and knowledge displayed, and how perplexities and difficulties would vanish away, like clouds before the sun; but not being like the people Baron Munchausen describes, wearing heads like hats under their arms, we must be satisfied to make the best of things as they are.

Worcester is a fine old city, with handsome airy streets, a grand market-place, and excellent shops. According to the etiquette of tourists, I ought now to state the exact height of every steeple, and to add a statement how many inhabitants are supposed to be in the town; but not having the last census of population within reach, nor time to count heads as they pass, I must allow you to people it according to fancy. We unluckily hit upon the wrong inn, affording worse accommodation than any which has hitherto fallen to our lot; but no one should ever leave home, who can feel seriously annoyed at the vicissitudes of life experienced on a journey, where our chief amusement consists in variety, and the only essentials of comfort are—civility and cleanliness. In one respect our attentive landlord out-did my wishes, owing to a ridiculous equivocation. When ordering dinner on Sunday, wishing to drop a hint of our opinions respecting a due observance of the Sabbath, I said, as he was hastening out of the room, "You do not, of course, bake upon Sunday, therefore we shall have no pastry at dinner." This was meant to be an explicit prohibition; and if you or I had been standing, napkin in hand for orders, no doubt we should have understood it so, but our worthy host thought I was finding fault with the probable deficiency, and accordingly, sent up such a second course, hot from the oven, that the odour might have reached Sir Andrew Agnew in London, and seemed equally unseasonable to ourselves. When dishes

appear at second-rate hotels like this, in a domino dress of white and brown sauces, all perfectly incog.—while pigeons are turned into mutton-chops, and pork into lamb, I sometimes think of the unlucky supercargo in China, who made his first dinner at Canton, enjoying a savoury hash, but unable to guess what might be the ingredients, he turned to the waiter, a black, ignorant of English, and pointing to the dish, said, in an inquiring tone, “Quack, quack, quack?” On which the attendant shook his head in the negative, answering, “Bow, wow, wow!”

We were impatient on Monday to visit the china manufactories, which astonished and entertained me beyond expression. Several plates, tea-cups, and jugs were modelled in a single minute for our benefit, while the process looked so easy that we could apparently have done it ourselves. Whatever shape I bespoke was instantly executed by the principal artist; who seized a lump of dough, thrust his finger into the centre, turned a wheel rapidly round, and instantly we saw order spring out of confusion, and an elegant jar or basin emerged. How impossible not to remember that passage in Scripture, where men are compared to clay in the hands of a potter,—all fashioned according to His will, all bound to fulfil the duty assigned us, and only useful when we keep to that.

Painting china seemed so amusing an occupation, that I should like to have been engaged for a month in that department, though great practice must be necessary to calculate sufficiently on the change of colours to be produced by the intense heat of the furnace. Chinese rouge is green till touched by water, but that is not a greater alteration than many which take place here. Even the gold and silver are black when laid on, but become purified by fire into the bright aspect they wear at last. Art thus brings to mind, as well as nature, the comparisons of Scripture, and none are more consolatory to the afflict-



ed, than those which point out that "the furnace is for gold," and that all who shall be purified must pass through many fiery trials, while the Lord himself is the refiner who watches the process, and preserves all that trust in Him, to come forth in safety ; "that the trial of our faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found to praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." It is remarked by an eminent divine, that a silversmith must constantly watch the metal while in the furnace, and only knows the ore to be sufficiently purified by seeing his own image reflected in it ; and how beautifully this fact adds interest to the comparison of Christ watching his own people in affliction till his likeness be formed in them.

The most splendid service of china that I ever had occasion to admire, was in preparation here for the Pasha of Egypt. Plates which might have graced a fricandeau by Monsieur Ude, are, by a melancholy perversion of fate, about to pass their days in serving up kouskous and pillaus to barbarians, who never heard the epicure's distinction between mere eating, *versus*, good living ; and who ignorantly imagine that "to live well, means nothing but to eat." On each of those beautiful plates, six small circles of embossed gold were inlaid, like the richly carved frames of as many miniature pictures, and these enclosed a medalion, painted in brilliant colours on a white ground to imitate ivory. Our ancestors, who had nothing better to dine off than platted rushes or wooden trenchers, might have been rather astonished to be told that the clay under their feet would, in the gradual progress of improvement, assume such forms of elegance and beauty as now appear in this magnificent manufactory. A superb dinner-set was also in preparation for his Majesty, displaying his twelve principal orders arranged in a wreath round the royal arms, the effect of which seemed quite princely. Whoever has

the honour of dining at court now, may arrange his potatoes on the order of St. Patrick, his mutton on the Golden Fleece, and his fruit on the Thistle.

The shopwoman who exhibited this elegant service mentioned that it was in preparation for his Majesty's "banquet" at Windsor; and as she appeared without exception to be the finest lady I ever observed behind a counter, she is well worthy of commemoration. This manufactory belonged to the firm of "Flight, Barr and Flight;" so we supposed she must of course be a Miss Flight. Our cicerone, in return, evidently mistook us for personages of very considerable calibre; and as A— strolled about the shop, recognising various coats-of-arms on the plates, criticising their correctness, and naming at once the grantees to whom they appertained, she very naturally imagined them all his intimate friends, while he thus unconsciously inspired her with increasing reverence and awe. At last she shewed me nothing under fifty guineas, and seemed in momentary expectation of orders for a service of china, to be decorated with at least sixteen quarterings and a coronet. Meantime my whole ingenuity became exercised to discover something of moderate price, which, according to etiquette, might be purchased for the good of the house. Nothing seemed visible, however, but what would have emptied my purse on the spot, and obliged me to put my affairs in trust till I could afford to travel homewards. We had previously given a donation to the workmen; but after lingering so long, it seemed impossible to disappoint our friend behind the counter, and I wanted nerve to proclaim my own insignificance, by inquiring for any thing cheap, or by saying as your little boy did when entering a shop with the first money he ever possessed, "Have you got any thing here for sixpence?" In the midst of this dilemma, two strangers, a lady and gentleman, from whom our cicerone evidently augured no great

things, though they had viewed the manufactory along with us, came up to inquire what might be charged for a small pair of candlesticks which they detected in some obscure corner. When the price was stated to be ten shillings, the young lady hastily put them both down, as if their handles had suddenly become red hot ; but on seeing this, I instantly proposed that she and I should " take the pair between us !" If our conductor's countenance at this moment could be copied here, it would be the most laughable sight you could see ; but in order to have some conception of her amazement, try to fancy how Miss Bid-dy Fudge looked when she saw the supposed King of Prussia measuring ribbons behind a counter. The brace of candlesticks, meantime, was impartially divided, and I scarcely recovered my gravity during the whole evening, while A— every now and then amused himself with a joke at the expense of our unknown friend and myself for having accomplished our deliverance at so cheap a rate. Next day, when leaving the cathedral, this lady and gentleman renewed their intercourse with us in the chancel, and my partner in the candlesticks, before taking leave, told me, with a very sly look, that her sitting-room was next to ours at the hotel, and divided only by an almost transparent partition. " Your brother amused us exceedingly yesterday evening," she added, " and we could not make up our minds to lose the joke, though it would have been fair to give you notice that walls have ears." We spoke in whispers during the rest of our *séjour* at Worcester.

The cathedral here seems much larger than the one at Hereford. A splendid Gothic building ! but be not afraid, for I shall never attempt to be technical about the architectural elevation, the nave, the transept, or the clustered pillars, all beautiful,—but indescribably so. Our friend — used to say, that she had lionized half-a-dozen cathe-

drals, without observing any difference, except in their relative size, being invariably like so many *giraffes*, with long low bodies, and a tall towering neck at one end, which is certainly somewhat the shape of that we now entered. Here the Parliamentary army did all they could to desecrate and disfigure the sacred edifice. They stabled horses in the aisles, destroyed the organ, broke the painted windows, defaced the monuments, tore the bibles and missals, and seized the surplices, in which a troop of dragoons dressed themselves and rode through the streets.

The monuments at Worcester cathedral are numerous, and form an interesting exhibition of human character. In the first place, a colonel or major in the army lies there, whose memory is to remain "till history shall perish." Alas! for the partial affection that could believe this possible! Not far distant, a long epitaph on a respectable old gentleman concludes with saying,

"Beyond all pens his praise will best appear,  
Only to tell 'tis Inglethorpe is here."

One name which will live always in the memory, though not in the praise of men, is inscribed there. The tomb of King John, an oblong square sarcophagus, surmounted by a recumbent figure, occupies the centre of the choir, not placed, however, between St. Oswald and St. Wolstan, which was his own last desire, to keep off evil spirits. How strange that he, the most irreligious of our English kings, suspected by some writers to have been an atheist, and accused by many, including Southey, of turning Musulman, never shewed a symptom of repentance, and yet wished to benefit by the sanctity of others! but such are the inconsistencies of professed unbelievers! Even Voltaire built a church! When King John's tomb was opened, about thirty years ago, to ascertain if his body was actually there, the skeleton, measuring only five feet three

inches, was found, and much of the dress remained entire, especially a monk's cowl, in which history tells that his head was enveloped as a passport through purgatory. In that everlasting kingdom, where "monarchs shall wear no crown but the crown of their virtues," his has been dimmed by many a crime, though we are not permitted to judge in the case of any one what repentance may have been given and what mercy granted. When King Richard forgave John the injuries he had done to him, his language expressed the deepest sarcasm that could have been uttered, "I pardon my brother, and hope as easily to forget his injuries as he will my forgiveness." How curious to be standing so near the very hand which signed *Magna Charta*! He lost all by grasping at too much; and how constantly do we observe this to be the case in our every-day experience. From the boy and his butterfly to the Emperor Napoleon, I have seen every gradation of disappointment endured, merely from too excessive an ardour in the pursuit. It might moderate every feeling of excessive anxiety, if all men kept their eyes open to remark in the case of others how many favourite objects are lost from too keenly pursuing them. "Impatience is a blundering guide." I have seen legacy-hunters and fortune-hunters over-reach themselves and lose all—an extreme solicitude for health bring on disease—an excessive eagerness for education terminated by death—an ardent desire for fame leading to efforts which destroyed it; and even too earnest a desire to please in society renders success next to impossible. Truly useful might those words of Scripture be to us in every circumstance of life, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

It is interesting to perceive, that by visiting all cathedrals and churches in England, we might find the burying-place of nearly every character in our national history. I remember once expressing some doubts whether such a

prince ever existed as William of Hatfield, and a very short time afterwards, I became enlightened by discovering his tomb in the chancel at York. At Worcester we met with Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII. Catharine of Arragon's first husband, who is only remembered in history, because he served as the excuse for her being afterwards divorced. The marble chapel in which he was buried is carved in wreaths of roses, to represent the houses of York and Lancaster; and so pure and delicate is the workmanship, that it seems as if built with ivory fans. Of this little edifice, Rickman in his standard work on architecture gives a technical description, to which none but the initiated could attach any very distinct image,—“A piece of late, but very good perpendicular composition.” Ignorant readers suppose all buildings perpendicular; but this vulgar error cannot be too soon corrected.

The Countess of Salisbury is buried here, famous for having originated the order of the Garter; and in case of any doubts as to her identity, or any disputes respecting the truth of historical tradition, several angels are represented strewing garters round the tomb. One female figure is also in this cathedral, exhibiting a lady abbess seven feet high. Her dress was almost in the present fashion, with long waist, full skirt, mob cap, and rather graceful draperies. Several tombs are dated as early as the year 700. There are many knights reclining in full armour, and bishops with their pastoral staffs. St. Wolstan's is one of the most ancient—a prelate who objected so strongly to any indulgence in dress, that, though long hair is the cheapest of all ornaments, he frequently took up a sharp instrument, when penitents knelt for his blessing, and cut their tresses off with his own episcopal hands.

Specimens of sculpture are shewn in this cathedral by Nellekins, Chantrey, and Roubiliac. The most affecting of these is raised to the memory of Miss Digby, who died

of consumption at the age of nineteen. Few could gaze long at this graceful work of Chantrey's, and not feel inclined to exclaim, "Oh! that those lips had motion!" The feeble and emaciated, but resigned aspect of the young sufferer, is beautifully represented, while with a look of devout contemplation she is languidly reclining on a couch. The very word consumption brings exactly such a form before our imaginations, and I almost felt as if we ought to see the hectic colour burning on her cheek, and the bright eye full of hope with which its victims approach the grave, dying like a bright sun-set, with colours more lovely than the glare of meridian day.

Another very touching monument is erected here to the memory of a gentleman who died suddenly at Worcester, when travelling on a party of pleasure. It represents his lovely young wife in an attitude of deep despondency, carrying her infant, and leading two interesting children by her side. The very marble seemed to weep, so affecting was the whole grouping and expression. I returned again and again to renew my wonder that dumb figures could be so eloquent, but the simple pathos of their appearance strikes at once to the heart. It seemed as if sorrow had turned them all into stone. In the days of childhood I often wished that when a death was about to take place, it could be put to the vote who might best be spared from the world; but in such a case, how seldom the blow would fall where it does! the most beloved, the wisest, and the best, are generally soonest fitted for a better world, while the mere refuse too often remains behind. Roubiliac's celebrated monument to Bishop Hough is a noble piece of sculpture. You could scarcely wish to see any one more alive than the venerable prelate,—ascending towards heaven from a sarcophagus of black marble, in an attitude of triumph and a countenance full of dignity and animation. His hands are clasped in apparent devotion,—his arm rests

on a Bible, and his drapery is so light, it looks as if a breeze might blow it aside. On a tablet of marble is represented his interview with the royal commissioners, when he refused obedience to king James's mandate, ordering him to retire from the presidency of Magdalen College to make way for a Roman Catholic. "Hough's unsullied mitre shone" until he attained the age of ninety-two; when, full of years and honours, after refusing to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and spending a fortune on improving his diocese, he calmly and peacefully resigned his spirit to Him who gave it. Amongst innumerable tombs of bishops, heroes, kings, and statesmen, the greatest monument of all at Worcester Cathedral is to the memory of Mrs. Rae.

The painted glass window in this beautiful edifice seems so richly tinted that it looks like an assembly of precious stones, or the coloured globes at an apothecary's shop, and the organ is so splendidly decorated with carving, that the repairs alone lately cost £300.

Not far from the cathedral stands Edgar's tower, which was an old, or at least a middle-aged, building in the time of William the Conqueror. The walls are still in perfect preservation, but they attract so little notice at Worcester, that we could scarcely find an individual to direct us where they stood.

When we proceeded to Gloucester, the town was so crowded that no accommodation could be obtained at "The Bell," that great hotel, which literally "bears the bell" among all others; especially considering that two of our most eminent bishops were born there. The Spa was, however, more hospitable, though I almost grudged to go under any roof whatever, on so beautiful an evening, during which the stars shone gloriously, and we had been tempted out of the carriage to walk some miles, studying and admiring "The poetry of heaven;" the calm serene magnificence of worlds unknown, which, like the mysteries of religion,



are revealed in part, that our minds may be elevated by contemplating wonders, beyond the limited grasp of our minds ever fully to understand in this world. Those bright constellations are the only visible objects unconnected with us, and with our existence. Had they never appeared, we might have fancied the works of creation limited to earth, but it raises beyond measure our conceptions of Almighty power, and diminishes to nothing our own self-importance, when considering in such a scene of magnificence, how impressively "the heavens declare the glory of God." In the South Sea Islands the inhabitants believed, till our missionaries taught their pupils better information, that the sun and moon were husband and wife, and that the stars were their children; but while ignorance thus degrades the mind into mean ideas of the celestial universe, knowledge increases the wonder and reverence of those who study them, till the very wisest might say like Sir Isaac Newton, who declared, after all his labours, that he felt "like a school-boy picking up shells on a boundless shore." There are simple pleasures in astronomy level to every mind; and while renewing the intimacy of childhood with those constellations which were the delight of our early days, we reflect with awe and wonder, that the most ancient patriarchs in Scripture gazed at Orion and the Pleiades, knowing them by name and form as we do; and that yet the hour shall come, when "the stars of heaven shall fall unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

The order in which we visited these western cathedrals of England was so arranged, that they successively enlarged in dimensions, and might almost have been packed within each other like Chinese balls,—Carlisle, Chester, Bangor, Hereford, Worcester, and last, certainly not least, Gloucester, which, compared with its predecessors, might be called superlative, though taking it as a cathedral, even including

the beautiful tower, it would only walk out in the scale of precedence, after about nine or ten others, which rank higher in dignity and consideration. As to external appearance Gloucester Cathedral is highly decorated, and the chancel, with its lofty arches, its long aisles, and its coloured glass window eighty-six feet high, looked so grand and impressive, that groups of people, who were scattered on the pavement, seemed diminished to nothing, like insects crawling on the floor.

What must the Temple of Jerusalem have been, when the disciples on beholding it, exclaimed with wonder and admiration, "see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" Nothing can exceed the veneration and awe naturally experienced on entering a sacred edifice of vast proportions, so that we are tempted to say, with sentiments like those of Jacob, "this is no other than the house of God." The silent grandeur of ancient architecture exceeds in its effect upon our minds any other visible object, except the stars in the firmament. An excitement of feeling is produced, which might naturally be mistaken for devotion, while contemplating its mighty proportions,—its lengthened duration,—the long reach of thought with which we are carried back into past history, and look forward to future ages, believing that within these walls successive generations have heard, and shall yet continue to hear, the same venerable liturgy,—to enjoy the same pleasing emotions,—and perhaps even to think the same thoughts as ours. While my whole attention was absorbed in admiring what was to be seen, suddenly the loud thunder of the organ, accompanied by a chorus of voices pealing upwards to the highest pinnacles of the ceiling, added the charm of music to that of sculpture, painting, and architecture, which we had already enjoyed. All combined to direct our meditations towards that everlasting temple, where we shall ourselves be eternal; and also to anticipate the time when

men and angels shall unite their voices in one anthem of praise ;—" The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

: A fine old tessellated pavement deserves to be noticed near the altar, and a curious whispering gallery is shewn in Gloucester Cathedral, on which these lines are inscribed :—

Doubt not but God, who sits on high,  
Thy secret prayers can hear ;  
When a dead wall thus cunningly  
Conveys soft whispers to the ear.

The most ancient tomb here is that of Osiric, king of the West Saxons, whose marble effigy is laid out in *propria persona*, with a miniature model of the cathedral, which he founded, cut in stone, and laid on his breast. The monks used to relate of some deceased monarch, possibly Osiric himself, that when his good and bad actions were weighed against each other in purgatory, the scales were going rather against him till a friend threw in all the stones with which he had built a cathedral, and thus the decision was carried in his favour. We were also shewn a representation of the ill-treated and unhappy Robert of Normandy, ruined, like most weak princes, by a blind devotedness to favourites. His image is carved in Irish oak, and painted to imitate life. The attitude appeared so lively, with one leg thrown over the other, as if he were in the very act of rising to make his escape, that it seemed almost emblematical of that release from a dreary imprisonment which death at last bestowed. He must have been apparently very handsome, the features in this statue are so noble and commanding, while his head displayed a phrenological development which Gall and Spurzheim might have envied.

This tomb was broken to fragments by Oliver Cromwell's troops, but since carefully repaired and repainted. Not far off is a very affecting monument to Mrs. Morley, who died at sea on her way from India. She is represented rising out of the ocean, with an infant in her arms, the expression of countenance full of hope, and the attitude very graceful. Underneath these words were inscribed, "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." On Sunday afternoon, when we revisited this cathedral, the assembling congregation produced a striking effect, wandering in miscellaneous groups among the pillars and tombs, while their footsteps and voices were multiplied by the echoes around, until we might have fancied that troops of invisible beings were walking and speaking like ourselves. In so impressive a scene it was impossible to help smiling, when we first observed the entrance of an over-dressed modern dandy, with a glass at his eye, who lounged about during some time, assuming an air of supercilious exclusiveness. He was admirably got up for the Lord Trinket of a comedy, with rings, chains, and seals innumerable, an elegant bouquet reposing on his velvet collar, his hair divided in a Saxon arch on his forehead, and his boots as if he had taken the pattern pair from a shop window. Really the power of contrast could no farther go!

This cathedral has been greatly enriched by offerings to the shrine of Edward II. another unfortunate prince, also buried within its walls; and in the cemetery Bishop Hooper was burnt to death by order of Queen Mary. He was so opposed to any "fringes of the scarlet robe," that even after attaining to the highest episcopal dignities, this prelate refused to appear in his canonical habit, as having too Popish an aspect. A similar prejudice still remains so strongly among some country parishes in Scotland, that the peasantry object to the simple Geneva cloak usually worn by clergymen in the north. An Englishman might occasion-

ally be astonished to see a reverend divine ascend the pulpit in his great-coat, and hang his hat on a peg behind him in the pulpit before commencing public worship. Indeed, you may still remember the venerable Presbyterian preacher, who made a rule never to take his hat off until he had been some minutes in church.

The cathedral service is divided among so many officials, that a stranger might almost compare it to the numerous subdivisions of labour in an Indian establishment. One minor canon gives prayers; the choir in some different part of the church pronounces the amen; a third reads the Old Testament and the Gospel; a fourth preaches; and then, if the bishop be present, he gives the blessing.

Had Hogarth required models for his picture of a "weary congregation," I could have pointed out some invaluable studies in the stalls at Gloucester Cathedral on Sunday, when several old gentlemen arranged themselves into attitudes of such perfect repose, that the row altogether looked inimitable. They entered church as a soldier falls into the ranks, going mechanically through the bodily exercise of kneeling, or standing at ease; but if the word of command could have been given for "attention," it might have been very desirable. I have often considered what a curious exhibition of intellect it would be, if a whole congregation were suddenly transfixed into their places after sermon, with sheets of paper laid before them, and obliged, without stirring, to record their own recollections of what had been said. In most cases it would astonish the preacher to discover a thousand mistaken conceptions of his meaning; doctrines perverted, texts misconceived, and illustrations remembered, though their application had been forgotten; while the subject itself still remained buried in a fog of ignorance and indifference which he had been vainly endeavouring to clear away.

Our sermon this afternoon was an elegant composition,

but cold and unimpassioned, on a subject which, in such a place, it seemed next to impossible should be otherwise than affecting, and till the whole address terminated, I scarcely believed that remarks could be continued to the end, so tame, flat, and unprofitable, as those now applied to that touching verse in Hebrews, "They were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." The numerous congregations formerly assembled here, and now in their graves—the princes who lay buried at our feet—the ancient tenants of these very stalls—the venerable prelates who successively filled that chair,—each and all seemed to lift up their voices from the tombs around, bearing a solemn testimony that we are indeed strangers and sojourners here. I thought of that admirable sermon by Bourdaloue, preached on the death of Louis XIV., so characteristic of his peculiar eloquence, and so appropriate to my feelings at this moment. After entering the pulpit, he gazed in perfect silence on the monuments around, on the walls hung with black, on the mourning congregation, and last of all fixed his eyes on the deceased monarch's coffin which lay before him. Then suddenly clasping his hands and looking upwards, he exclaimed with solemn energy, "*God alone is great.*"

## CHAPTER XXI.

"And wishing that post-horses had the wings  
Of Pegasus—or, at the least, post-chaises  
Had feathers, when a traveller on deep ways is."

BYRON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—We are now restored to the comforts of civilized life,—hot rolls, damp newspapers, easy chairs, and noisy streets. After having so lately left the Straits of Llanberris, which may be looked upon as a tragedy of nature, we are plunged into the gayest and most bustling of comedies,—for nothing can be a greater contrast than the solitude of Wales to the crowded hotels of Cheltenham. This is indeed a brilliant city; in many places so much resembling Daniel's Views of Madras, that, the day being hot, I began to fancy myself there, and very nearly ordered a currie for dinner. The wide open verandahs and porches want nothing but a pagoda tree to be occasionally shaken, and a nabob might forget he had returned home.

Cheltenham has been called the "The Castle of Indolence," and I certainly never saw such resolute idlers as those grouped round two of the principal hotels. They had actually brought out chairs, and sat for hours on the porticoes and footpath, some with newspapers and some without, but all evidently determined to see and be seen. Most of the gentlemen here have a cautious, uncertain tread, symptomatic of gout; and a large proportion of the ladies are wheeled about in flies, pushed along the footpath like wheelbarrows. Except in Dublin, I certainly never entered a place where the inhabitants exhibit so universally a lounging, indolent, nothing-to-do aspect as in

Cheltenham, where you might imagine they all became rich at once, and built their villas in a day, every thing wore such a fresh, clean, holiday aspect, and each lady seemed in the first day of a new bonnet. By not gaining admission to "The Bell," at Gloucester, we have unfortunately struck off the best line of hotels, as the landlady at "The Spa" directed us to ——'s. Not knowing any better, we followed her advice, to the great diminution of our present comfort,—but once thrown out of the right track in any thing, it becomes very difficult to regain it. Our best plan would be, in such a case, to ask at a second-rate inn what house they recommend, and afterwards to make a point of avoiding it.

We drove about in the city and suburbs during several hours, learning every street by heart, and admiring the new Villa-school of architecture, exhibited in a thousand fantastic varieties wherever we turned. Chalybeate Cottage, Rioho Villa, Pagoda Lodge, and Virginia Water, each received their tribute of astonishment in turn; for certainly the power of brick, plaster, and Roman cement can go no farther towards the sublime. We invented a few wants, and dropt into some shops, where, as an Irishman said, the penny pies were all two-pence, and every thing proportionably expensive, but excellent of its kind, particularly the fruit, which is superior to any I ever saw in London.

The Montpellier Spa, at which we stopped, looks so like a mausoleum, that it seems ready to bury any patients who will not be cured; and we recollected the well-known epitaph in a neighbouring church-yard:—

"Here lie I, and my two daughters,  
'Twas all along of the Cheltenham waters!"

Not feeling tempted to 'accuse ourselves of any complaint which made it necessary to drink them, we were



amused watching the patients drinking to their own healths with very wry faces, while a military band played Mozart's operas, probably intending that invalids should swallow *en cadence*.

I am told that the waters were first discovered by flocks of pigeons being observed to congregate round the well, improving their appetites by a draught. It is interesting to trace how many sciences and inventions have been copied from nature. Architecture from the trunks and branches of trees, painting from the reflection of landscapes in water, music from birds, and medicine from mineral springs.

A deceased clergyman in Caithness, preaching once in allusion to the wells mentioned in Scripture, concluded his sermon with these emphatic words,—“ In England, my friends ! there are the waters of Bath, Bristol, and Cheltenham ; and in Scotland we have the waters of Strathpeffer and Pitcaithly, but all these waters are nothing compared to the healing waters of Jerusalem.”

A library belongs to the Montpellier Spa, but I should scarcely expect to find any authors there except Drs. Abernethy, Abercromby, and Clarke. Near this temple of health are some confectioners' shops, so patients have their bane and antidote both before them. At one of these pastry-cooks, we were amused to perceive a pile of Scotch oat-cakes, and also to detect short-bread showing its greasy face for the honour of our country. So unexpected a sight caused me the same feelings of patriotic pleasure experienced by the English sailor, who found, in the remotest parts of Africa, a bottle of Day and Martin's blacking.

We called on our only acquaintance at Cheltenham, who had most perversely gone out ; and therefore, not to be deprived of society in so crowded a place, I proposed to A—— that, by way of experiment, we should return to the

hotel in time to dine at the ordinary, of which our landlady had given a most attractive description. Accordingly, after making the best of a traveller's toilette, we proceeded, full of expectation, in great state to the dining-room. I recalled to mind by the way, many brilliant descriptions we had read or heard of a *table d'hôte* abroad, and thought also of the amusing scenes which frequently take place at Harrogate, hoping now to realize in some degree what had so often been imagined. The door flew open, we entered, and found—such a failure ! Two old gentlemen belonging to the last century, with a lady apparently of similar date, who seemed habitués of the house, were seated at dinner, all prodigious eaters, and not much given to conversation ; as every word spoken they addressed to “ Thomas,” the waiter. This unfortunate man was scolded at last into such a state of hurry and confusion, that he scarcely knew the difference between beef and mustard,—seldom by accident carried a plate to the right person,—and hastened in all directions without apparently any definite object. Certainly I never saw any one equally anxious to please, with so little success. He ought to have been one of the Campbells, always “ coming,” for that one reply rose high above the hurricane, being perpetually repeated in a tone of alacrity, though the action seldom suited the word. I did not dare to exchange a glance with A——, or we must inevitably have laughed at this forlorn attempt on our parts to be gay !

It reminded me of Evelina at the boarding-house. Certainly the carver had not graduated at Vauxhall ; and if an American traveller ever wishes to revenge himself for some of Mrs. Trollope's best chapters, he should dine at this hotel, and adopt a scene at the ordinary as a fair specimen of fashionable usages in Great Britain. A standing rule exists here, that every guest shall drink the King's health after dinner, probably to ensure their all taking

wine, but no other toast is permitted to follow on any pretext, in order to discourage the introduction of political discussions. When the cloth was removed, an old clergyman returned thanks in rather a thankless tone ; the president looked loyal, and proposed " His Majesty," and the old lady vehemently insisted on our breaking through the regulations, to fill another glass in honour of " Queen Adelaide." A few mournful attempts at jocularity followed ; the old people were very severe on each other for not being married ; the ordinary set of jests on such occasions were duly remembered and impromptued ; the reverend gentleman produced several veteran bon mots from the store-houses of memory, relating to his own professional duty in marrying others ; the usual " laughing chorus " followed, and we soon afterwards dispersed.

Cheltenham is one of the few places in this country where card-playing continues, not merely as an occasional relaxation, but a constant business to ladies, and where old people may be seen " going to the grave with a pack of cards in their hands." At most houses now, the great Mogul's reign is over. Old dowagers would as soon think of dancing a minuet as of sitting down to whist ; and north of the Tweed, we never see an " odd trick," seldom turn up trumps, and scarcely know the difference between a King and a Queen. There are many other ways in which time may be wasted and talents misapplied, but this tax upon both seems nearly obsolete ; and though many may find occasion to lament " a youth of folly," none are likely now to close the scene with " an old age of cards." Sidney Smith once prophesied that as this reformation increases, parties of old gentlemen will retire into a desert and play at whist, while sentinels keep watch in all directions to give timely warning when a troop of dragoons is advancing to disperse them.

On Tuesday morning, we drove in a horse fly to visit

Pitville in the suburbs of Cheltenham, a scene of gorgeous magnificence. Here a large estate has been divided into public gardens, and sprinkled with houses of every size, shape, and character ;—Grecian temples, Italian villas, and citizen's boxes, so fresh and clean, you would imagine they were all blown out at once like soap-bubbles. A wealthy Mr. Pitt, who possessed a million of money, and did not think himself rich enough, built all those beautiful residences as a speculation ; but the scheme failed, and he might have said, like Francis I., "all was lost but his honour." The place, however, seems fully occupied now. It certainly is remarkable, that wherever houses rise, inhabitants instantly appear ! If a city were built in the most uninhabited part of Salisbury plain to-morrow, not a lodging would be vacant the year after. No traveller ever saw a street totally empty, and only in poetry do you read of a "Deserted Village." At Pitville we were shown an elegant cottage ornée, built by Mr. Scott on so large a scale, that he was ruined and never could afford to live there. Truly does the old proverb say, "fools build houses and wise men inhabit them ;" for too many overlook the advice of Scripture, to "count the cost" before they begin ; and the fascinations of the mortar tub are so irresistible to those who have once plunged into it, that on most occasions, where an income is limited, proprietors should confine their architectural propensities to *chateaux en Espagne*.

Many small lodging houses in London and elsewhere exhibit a notice in their windows to this effect, "Lodgers taken in here, and done for." This promise or threat had not been held out to us at ——'s hotel ; but it was nevertheless most thoroughly executed, as you never encountered a more complete case of pillage. Our landlady sent a waiter up with the bill, being evidently ashamed to produce herself with it, and the whole appeared so singular a specimen of extortion, that it should be preserved in vine-

gar as a natural curiosity. You laughed once at our friend, who always when travelling, desired the landlord to "put the chaise and horses into the bill;" but ours might almost contain them, it was on so extensive a scale. We seemed never to have rung the bell under five shillings, and our rooms might be illuminated during a month for the price of wax-lights, which in these short evenings were scarcely used. The landlady ought to keep a pair of horses on the profit she draws from one pair of candles! It would have been almost fair in this house to imitate a certain well-known lady, who packs up every evening the wax-lights in her dressing-room where she visits, occasioning great perplexity to the wondering housemaids; who, on one occasion when she was departing, privately laid her imperial on a hot plate in the kitchen, till the contents were melted, and her dresses thus reduced to a paste.

The continental plan will at last be adopted in this country, of making a previous agreement at hotels, though it is not very consonant to our ideas of comfort being fed by contract. An old lady, not understanding the convenient system of boarding *en pension* abroad, lately read a letter from her son, then travelling on the Continent, and exclaimed, with a look of great delight, "I can't tell what Tom has done to deserve it, but he is now living on a pension at Naples!—probably the king has taken a fancy to him,—he is a very fine lad!"

Lady C—— used to say, that in travelling she "strewed the road with gold!" a custom which must have made her very popular, as ordinary personages are satisfied with grinding two shillings a mile under their carriage wheels; and she would never have gained the prize which old Mr. —— used annually to bestow on one of his sons, during the holidays, when they were all sent off in different directions with a certain allowance, and whoever travelled

farthest, and staid longest away from home on the sum specified, received the highest reward.

An amusing story is told of a traveller who encountered a remarkably scanty dinner at Cheltenham, for which he was charged enormously, when he threatened that the landlord should have cause to remember this extortion as long as he lived. Accordingly, wherever the gentleman wandered over the habitable globe, he invariably disguised his hand-writing, and directed a double letter to the hotel. The contents were always one single sentence, "I shall never forget that excellent dinner you gave me on the 28th of August." The unfortunate landlord was at last nearly ruined, and even from China this pertinacious correspondent contrived to forward his usual epistle. Certainly in our case a few penny-post letters might have been well bestowed on our own very exorbitant landlady.

Next morning we swept through the Vale of Evesham, where a beautiful tract of country appeared laid out before us, on that very gentle slope in which a splendid piece of silk is held up at Howel and James's for admiration. If any one could live upon scenery, here was a place in which to try the experiment, and we raised up a host of suitable recollections in passing the battle field of Evesham, guessing the exact spot where Prince Edward triumphed by his own skilful manœuvres, where the ambitious and ungrateful Leicester died, after vainly asking for mercy, and where Henry III., weak and vacillating, came as a prisoner, and was liberated by his son.

While the kettle was boiling for breakfast, we made a hasty flight to lionize the ancient church and monastery of Evesham, which amply repaid our enterprise. Three very handsome towers are still standing, the most ruinous of which the architects are whimsically enough repairing, to form part of a new church, while the strongest tower stands in majestic grandeur, alone and neglected.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Who wrote Shakspeare ?

Ben Johnson to be sure !

MY DEAR COUSIN,—In reading any published correspondence, it is diverting, or perhaps I should rather say disgusting, to see the tone of adulation and flattery with which, on full-dress occasions, friends compliment each other. Really the speeches at a public dinner are tame and moderate in colouring compared with the eulogiums apparently passing every day through the post-office, if all those epistles which go to the press ever travelled in the mail. Praise is quite a drug now in the literary market, but were it not like holding up a taper to the sun, I might out-do all that Mrs. Hannah More says to Mrs. Montagu, or Bishop Porteus to Mrs. Hannah More, or Mrs. Anybody-else to Miss Such-a-one, or even ——— to Miss Seward, without exaggerating the praises justly due to my talented and accomplished friend, whose relationship and correspondence are the chief happiness and the greatest honour enjoyed by one, in all other respects so insignificant as your sincere admirer, for who can be otherwise, and your affectionate cousin, which is the proudest title that can be claimed by ———. Now here should follow my signature, and the letter would be quite ready for public approbation ; but I did not intend coming to so untimely an end. You must return me an answer in kind, with not merely a volume, but an encyclopædia of compliments, and pray let us keep up the shuttle-cock till we are both in the best humour with ourselves and each other, though I beg at once to decline editing any volumes of your poems, letters, or posthumous memoirs.

Meantime A—and I prepared a fine burst of enthusiasm when approaching Stratford-on-Avon, where an hour was most interestingly passed in wandering from Shakspeare's birth-place, a butcher's shop, to his tomb. This was not long to bestow on the whole existence of our illustrious poet, to whom we are indebted for so much entertainment and instruction; but, though no author fills up so large a space in the public eye, yet as an individual, little of his private life is known. Originally a butcher, killing his own mutton before he murdered kings, then a poacher, and last an actor, the three professions least respected in society, his fame is nevertheless pre-eminent now above monarchs, many of whom owe much of their celebrity to his genius; and Queen Elizabeth herself, "in maiden majesty sublime," derives additional lustre from his pen, which handed all contemporaries down to future honour or ridicule, according to his own inclination. That worthy old country gentleman, Sir Thomas Lucy, has acquired much ludicrous celebrity, and undergone the bastinado during more than two centuries, in consequence of his rencontre with the bard of Avon, who might perhaps never have become a bard at all but for the trial and consequent embarrassments which drove him to the stage, and piqued him into writing "Justice Shallow."

As a fire never blazes up thoroughly unless well beaten and violently stirred; so great genius would often smoulder indolently away were it not for a few well applied strokes. The Irish orator Curran completely stuck in all his attempts at public speaking, till accidentally irritated beyond all bounds, he started up in a rage, and made so splendid an appearance, that ever afterwards he felt perfect confidence in his own powers.

Shakspeare found, by sad experience, how truly this world is "our school, our theatre, our prison, and our grave." Most of the applause occasioned by his brilliant appearance



on the stage of life came after his exit. If he could have been called back, as performers are at a concert, to receive reiterated plaudits, his own success would have astonished him. The birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton at Coltersworth is scarcely known or noticed; but the ornamental, being generally preferred to the useful in literature, pilgrims flock from every quarter, doing homage to the bard of Avon's memory. One of these enthusiasts stole a pen which belonged to the bust of Shakspeare, a most unaccountable theft, as it never could be shewn, and the perpetrator certainly endured what Dr. Johnson declares to be the most unpleasant of all sensations, the "consciousness of a crime committed in vain."

The small obscure room where Shakspeare first saw the light has its walls entirely written over with the names of those who would willingly hand themselves down to posterity in the poet's train; and collectors of autographs might wear out a pair of eyes in decyphering signatures. All clever men are said to write bad hands; but some of those we looked at were quite deserving of a place in Mrs. ——'s collection of illegible franks. Amongst the worst were, if we did make them out correctly, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Mrs. Hemans, Lord Byron, and Schiller,—the last of whom seems the only modern dramatist to be compared with Shakspeare. We were amused to hear that an enthusiastic Mr. Jones from America lately caused a mattress to be prepared here, on which he slept all night, in hopes of catching a little inspiration. It would have been awkward if the poet's turn for deer-stealing had taken possession of this transatlantic adventurer rather than the poetic fire, and if, instead of mounting the summit of Parnassus, he had been caught wandering in the preserves at Charlecote Hall. Lord Byron likewise passed a night in this illustrious little den, after which we may suppose he wrote his "Doge of Venice," to match Shakspeare's "Mer-

chant of Venice," though the difference is like that between a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse. If the receipt for catching inspiration were infallible, how gladly I should have staid a night there, and emerged a perfect Joanna Baillie. One female poetess records in the volume of signatures a very modest request, though probably, as we never heard of her before, the blind goddess did not become so propitious as was expected.

" Kind fortune grant, that in the lists of fame,  
As Shakspeare I may one day rank my name !"

Washington Irving had honoured the bard with a tributary stanza, containing what may be termed a conceit quite in the old school :—

" Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see,  
That where he died in vain to find we try.  
Useless the search; for all immortal he !  
And those who are immortal never die !"

Whether Shakspeare died or not, may remain as problematical as any poet chooses to consider it ; but he seems certainly to have been buried, and over his grave is placed a stone, with these very singular lines engraved, according to his own directions :—

Good Friend ! For Jesus' Sake Forbear,  
To Digg the Dust Enclosed Heare;  
Bless'd be ye man yt Spares Thes Stones,  
And Curst be He yt Moves My Bones.

That last vigorous line partakes more of the poacher than the poet ; and it is sad to perceive all care concentrated on the mortal body, while not one syllable appears relating to that better part, the undying soul, which was gifted with all the talents that raised him so far above other men. This pithy epitaph has saved Shakspeare, however, the trouble of a journey to Poets' Corner, West.

minster Abbey, followed by a grand commemoration in London, where Mozart's requiem would have been performed, and his memory afterwards pledged in solemn silence by all the poets, actors, and would-be-geniuses of the day, a ceremony which we ourselves observed afterwards with due honour over a glass of perry at the inn.

Like most very celebrated men, Shakspeare has no living descendants to represent him in the world. His son died at twelve years old, and the inscription on his daughter, Mrs. Harte's tomb, has been obliterated to make way for some other person's name,—a most unfair usurpation. Shakspeare's last appearance in the world is reported to have been when Lord Prudhoe lately visited a magician in Egypt, and asked the conjuror, amongst many others, to summon the poet. We are told, that after the usual mysterious ceremonies, a boy exclaimed that he saw "a Frank with a long peaked beard," in all respects answering the most accurate descriptions of Shakspeare. Certainly if half what we hear from credible travellers be true, magicians are living in Egypt now, well fitted to represent those who practised sorcery in the time of Moses.

When tourists have acquired a little experience on the road, it is surprising how compact a form their baggage finally acquires ; for those who carry a multitude of cloaks, bags, boxes, parcels, and parasols, might generally be traced at the inns by what they drop. During our progress from Stratford-on-Avon, we lost several fine estates and villages in searching for a stray dressing-box, discovered at last in the sword-case, after which we obtained leisure to admire and observe so accurately, that not a grain of dust could get past without exciting a remark.

Leamington, famous for its doctor, has obtained the *sobriquet* of Nova Scotia, from the concourse of Scotch patients who flock there, until the hotels become perfect infirmaries, for persons with every sort of imaginable or

unimaginable complaint. Sir Roger de Coverley's friend was only civil to his acquaintances in proportion as they seemed in good health, and likely to remain long in the world; but individuals here rank in Dr. Jephson's estimation, not according as they are great men, but great invalids, and some of his cures have been so surprising, that he actually mends an impaired constitution, and makes it as good as new again. The only complaint he pronounces incurable, is a love of eating to excess; but where that vice becomes indulged, the doctor will not risk his credit, by continuing even to prescribe. Health must be earned by self-denial and exertion; but those who will not purchase it at that price must do without.

In society you would fancy that visitors to Leamington left every idea at the last turnpike, except those relating to medicine, and picked them all up again on their return. Wherever two persons are seen in animated conversation, Dr. Jephson is of course the subject; and it would be quite as unsafe to dispute his infallibility here as that of the pope at Rome. Certainly no one acquires so unbounded an influence over the medical consciences of his patients, indeed he exacts the abstinence of dervises from those he attends, who may be known in any company by a sort of one-slice-of-under-done-mutton-ish look, and by their steady refusal of every thing ornamental at dinner, where all prefaces and appendixes are curtailed by special command, and the side-dishes might be modelled in marble or wax, without any enterprising epicure daring to investigate the strata and formation of a *fricandeau*, or the mean temperature of a *vol au vent*. It is related, that when a great gourmand once objected to refraining from soups and *fricandeaux* because he found it "so difficult to resist them," the Dr. losing all patience, dryly remarked, "You will find it still more difficult to get out of your coffin."

It is astonishing to see a few daring confectioners at-

tempting still to keep their shops open, as the word "pastry" is said to be utterly unknown in Leamington, where any lady would faint, like the princess in the Arabian Nights, if she beheld the celebrated cream tarts, which you have always expressed so great a curiosity to taste. The fishmongers in Leamington lately offered Dr. Jephson £200 a-year if he would allow his patients to eat salmon and turbot; but the bait did not succeed, for salmon and turbot still continue to die in vain. As for fruit, invalids are scarcely even allowed to smell the flavour; though I was surprised to perceive an extensive garden belonging to the Doctor himself, filled with every species of poisonous productions,—such as peas, onions, sallads, apples, pears, apricots, and peaches! what were they all intended for? not, of course, to be eaten! I have heard, that at Carlsbad every inn is under the authority of a physician, so nothing pernicious can be got for any price; but at Copp's Royal hotel, the waiter, a personage of some humour, gave us a look of commiseration when he saw the tart going away untouched, and paused with it in his hand for some moments, as if desirous to replace the dish, saying confidentially, in an under-tone, "We sometimes cheat the Doctor, sir!" At Hayti, an arbitrary and amusing regulation was formerly made by the emperor Christophe, that invalids, when convicted of indisposition, were all to be deprived of their liberty, and taken to a public hospital, where, without distinction of rank, the Dukes of Marmalade and Lemonade must conform, like the poorest subject, to whatever regulations were most salutary, taking as much exercise and as little sleep,—as much medicine and as little pastry,—as the Doctor ordered, till they were convalescent; but no such restraints are necessary at Leamington, where patients willingly submit to a despotic government,—to tyranny exerted, not in putting them to death, but in restoring

them to life. The awe in which this ruler is held, would astonish any one not under his immediate sway ; but his manner is characterized by a sort of peremptory good humour, and he generally enforces a willing obedience. One lady about to consult him, for the first time, told me that she felt like a criminal going to be tried at the assizes, and that the first time they met, his appearance was particularly striking and effective. He seldom allows time for the ordinary form of being announced into a sitting-room ; and when she looked up from her work, Dr. Jephson was standing in the centre of the room, as if he had come up through a trap door. Nothing can exceed the benevolence of this very skilful physician. Though no consideration will induce him to attend wealthy patients after they are found guilty of being merely hypochondriacal, yet wherever sickness really is, the poorer invalids may be, the more unremitting seems his attention. Every fee which he gains on Sunday is distributed among his indigent patients, and it may be hoped he experiences now, as he must do hereafter, the truth of that saying, " it is more blessed to give than to receive." Any one might feel rich with an income equal to the harvest his hand reaps in a single day, as probably none of Dr. Jephson's patients ever make the blunder your friend did, who slipped a barley-sugar drop into her physician's hand, by mistake for a sovereign.

On one occasion, Dr. Jephson showed an example of real generosity, which ought to be followed by all physicians and clergymen similarly circumstanced, though the result held out little encouragement to those who act from mere love of approbation, or any motive short of religious principle. An old lady having bequeathed him her whole estate, he instantly transferred it to the nearest relations, who never even answered the letter in which his intention was announced, but merely remarked, that " Dr. Jephson

could not have done less, as the property ought to be theirs by right !”

No strangers would believe, unless they take the trouble to go and see for themselves, what a disgusting state of filth and stagnation the river Leame is in at Leamington. I wish Dr. Jephson would prescribe for it. It exhibits symptoms of disorder most decided and dangerous, the whole face of the stream being discoloured,—the circulation nearly stopped,—the consistence like train oil,—and the effluvia not to be conceived. The Leame flows through,—or rather, stands still in,—the public gardens, and no one ever approaches it a second time, though strangers like ourselves endure ten minutes torment on the banks in lionizing the shady walks for the first time, and then send it to Coventry ever afterwards. I am almost surprised that Lord Eastnor does not roof in that part of the stream which disfigures his garden. Certainly, among all our senses, that of smell could best be spared ; but at no place will vinagrettes and sal volatile be more highly appreciated than at Leamington, where it is singular that in almost every window flowers are to be seen, and even the poorest huts exhibit a row of geraniums—*à propos des bottles*—if any one wishes to build a picturesque cottage, it seems an infallible receipt, throughout several parts of England, to take as many gable-ends as can be got, place them miscellaneously, looking towards every point of the compass, and surmount them with abundance of tall chimneys, after which the business is successfully accomplished. At Leamington, as well as at Cheltenham, the villas exhibit in their architecture some very amusing specimens of the florid-Gothic-Elizabethan-Doric school, with Corinthian porticoes and cottage windows. The villages in that neighbourhood are particularly beautiful.

We took a walk one day towards the churchyard at Leamington. Even in Dr. Jephson’s neighbourhood a

burying-ground is occasionally used, and here we paused some time to consider an epitaph, certainly dictated by strong feeling, and yet the sentiment seemed rather too consequential. Over an infant of nine months old was this inscription :—

“Earth mourns, but heaven rejoices.”

In talking over Leamington, the leading question is whether you visited Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Stoneleigh, and Kenilworth? Whichever has been omitted, you may depend upon being assured that it was better worth seeing than all the others united, therefore we resolved to be unimpeachably diligent, and began with Sir Walter Scott's favourite, the hoary towers of Kenilworth, picturesquely covered, as Mrs. Malaprop says, “with ivory.” One great loss in reading a good historical fiction is, that it really does confuse our recollection of facts. Even clergymen in their sermons occasionally quote the language and events of *Paradise Lost*, as if these were scriptural; and here Amy Robsart became more fully present to our thoughts, and more an object of our sympathy, than the vain and cruel queen, called, *par excellence*, “good Queen Bess.” We owe her majesty a grudge, on account of Mary Stuart's unhappy fate; and certainly to judge by her tawdry, overdressed pictures, if the royal prerogative had extended to beheading all who looked better than herself, scarcely a single female in the British dominions would have remained alive. Queen Elizabeth, who knew little of painting, desired that her portrait should always be drawn “in an open garden-light, without shadows!” but few likenesses remain, as several, not flatteringly enough painted, were, by her own orders, collected and destroyed.

It would be a useless waste of ink to describe the lordly castle of Kenilworth, when every fragment has been engraved on our recollection by the pen of Sir Walter Scott;



from whose well-remembered novel we quoted a few passages which may be found at your leisure in the volume. We then plucked several ivy leaves, as relics,—talked of Edward II. who was imprisoned here,—lamented Prince Henry's untimely fate, the last royal personage to whom it belonged,—called to mind that silk dresses were first worn at the splendid fêtes in Kenilworth, and looked around on what was "once ambition's fairy hall," now only tenanted by troops of bare-headed children, the most persevering little beggars that ever were seen out of Ireland.

————— regal state,  
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof  
Are now no more.

Next day was devoted to Warwick Castle, the Versailles of this neighbourhood, with its beautifully preserved pleasure grounds, its splendid gardens, its noble situation, and its august towers rising so directly out of the river Avon, that the Castle seems to stand there in perpetual contemplation of its own beauties reflected in the crystal mirror beneath. Nature certainly puts on her full dress here! As old Mrs. ——— said, in a moment of rural enthusiasm, "the birds looked beautiful with their *follage*, and the trees with their *plummage*." No symptoms of decay or old age appear in the inhabited part of this ancient building, which is certainly a perfect *Ninon* de l'Enclos among castles, in respect to preserving all its freshness in advanced years. What multitudes of distinguished persons have been born, grown old, and died here! And with what heart-stirring emotion the representative of an old historical family must sometimes stand in his ancestral halls, feeling himself a link between past and future generations, while he traces back the long line of belted knights and gartered nobles who preceded himself in the paths of honour and fame, now

gathered to their fathers as he shall hereafter be to his ; and whose only memorial in the house they once commanded, is a silent portrait on the wall. The late eccentric Lord Buchan identified himself so completely with his predecessors, that he always spoke of their actions as if actually his own ; and a stranger not aware of this habit was amazed once, though his Lordship did at that time look extremely old, to hear him say, at a dinner table, " I remonstrated strongly before it took place, against the execution of Charles I. !"

It often excites my wonder that men of ancient descent ever join in the popular clamour against entails, for whatever inconvenience they may occasion now, but for their influence, those very proprietors would never probably have inherited an acre themselves ; but persons of extensive property and distinguished family, who join the popular clamour for innovation, seem really to act as unaccountably as if they united with a band of desperadoes in committing a burglary on their own houses.

At Warwick Castle trees are shown as old as the family pedigree, and one magnificent cedar had been preserved by all the Lord Warwicks in succession, since it travelled down from London in the pocket of a former proprietor. Another came in a letter from America ! Neither the Duke of Richmond's franks, nor even Lady ——'s pockets, could contain those aged patriarchs now. Sir John Carr mentions a friend who lived at some distance from London, and who got the bricks for building his house sent to him in parcels by the mail coach ! he should certainly have adopted this method also for importing his forests. The great Warwick vase, sent in a present from Greece by Sir William Hamilton, is a most gigantic specimen of ancient art, which we admired much, though greatly perplexed to conjecture for what purpose the Emperor Adrian had originally intended it. I was amused to see with

what patronizing gravity the gardener explained that "it would not be in good taste," when we suggested the expediency of making this classical urn useful ! and proposed that a prodigious geranium, which flourished close by, should be transplanted there.

As all Dr. Jephson's patients, including half the world, go to see Warwick Castle, I might as well describe the Tower of London, with which it is nearly co-eval. The walls are perfectly bomb-proof, being nine feet thick, and the entrance-hall is like a chapel, displaying a richly carved oak roof, and truly magnificent proportions. How much we missed on this occasion the renowned old house-keeper, who realised a large fortune, which she afterwards bequeathed to the family, by her pre-eminent success as a cicerone. Her genealogical memory was so splendid, that she could recount all the alliances the family ever had made, or ever were to make ; and she spoke of Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Nicholas Poussin and Giulio Romano, with the same friendly familiarity of tone as that in which small gentry mention great acquaintances, of whom they know little more than the names. A stranger always becomes confused, like a pointer in a rabbit warren, when there are many pictures to admire ; but we skated along on the slippery floors at the rate of not more than three miles an hour, casting a momentary glance at paintings, any one of which it might agreeably occupy an hour to examine and appreciate sufficiently. I did not spare the fraction of a moment to observe the *lapis lazuli*, *pietra dura*, and *scagliola* tables, ebony cabinets, china ornaments, and other unnecessary necessities of life with which these magnificent rooms are encumbered. Even Queen Anne's very uncomfortable bed scarcely attracted any notice, as every instant seemed lost not devoted to improving our acquaintance with Titian, Rubens, and a room-full of genuine Vandykes. The Van-daubs are less prevalent here than

in most great collections. A month's solitary imprisonment at Warwick Castle would be no penance, as it becomes necessary to live in the house with pictures before you can fully appreciate or enjoy them. We seemed lost amidst a bewildering maze of frowning kings, laughing cherubs, grim warriors, flowing wigs, broad hoops, invisible waists, glittering armour, and marble busts. One portrait of a Lord Arundel by Rubens looked so much alive, that you might have spoken to him ; and I wore out the new housekeeper's patience by returning to renew my recollection of so magnificent a painting, the noble expression and commanding features of which were very striking. I could not but think how grand and impressive those knights and nobles must have looked in former days, striding about this superb hall, and calling the wide domain their own ; " pride in his port, defiance in his eye ;" their very look a law to all around. This Earl of Arundel shall in future be my personification of a feudal lord ; and how comparatively insignificant would a modern portrait appear, dressed in Stult's best, with an embroidered waistcoat, a favourite curl, and a turquoise ring ! The Duke of Norfolk, beheaded by Queen Elizabeth for wishing to marry Queen Mary, was the father of this Lord Arundel, who being also imprisoned during many years in the Tower, expired there at an early period.

We should never imagine these ancient heroes dying of old age, or surviving till they became corpulent, infirm, bald, or gouty ; but evidently, after existing twenty or thirty years in a whirlwind of violence and strife, they always exploded out of the world at last, like one of Shrapnel's shells. The king-making Earl of Warwick, a hero of the old school, cut out exactly on this pattern, seems to have breathed fire and gunpowder all his life ; and a portrait which hangs here realizes the impression conveyed by history. A spirited likeness is also shewn of the Dutch ad-

miral, Van Tromp, who boasted that he could sweep the ocean free from British ships, in memory of which intention he is represented carrying a broom, though he might as well have undertaken to ride his broomstick in the air. An amusing anecdote is related of Admiral Van Tromp's singular coolness and resolution. Having been challenged to fight a duel, he led the officer who wished for satisfaction up to some barrels of gunpowder, seated himself on one beside his antagonist, and then presented a burning match to him, saying, "As you were the challenger, fire!" The offended party hastily vacated his seat, and peace instantly followed. This way of adjusting a difference was somewhat upon the plan adopted by Frederick the Great, who promulgated a law that duellists must continue to fight till one was killed, and then he hanged the other, thus exterminating a very pernicious race.

Rubens is supposed to have covered more canvas than any artist who ever held a brush, as he worked with marvellous rapidity. One of his sketches, reckoned quite superlative, represents two venerable old heads reading; another is a beautiful portrait of Anna Bullen; and we also admired exceedingly one of his innumerable wives. At every gallery of pictures I wonder anew how often Rubens was married? In all great collections we also see some laughing boys by Murillo, who certainly left a numerous family of them, and invariably their expression is so full of mischievous enjoyment, that a schoolmaster would at once produce his rod. As a contrast to the one here, is a portrait of Lord Strafford, which seemed actually thinking, it bore such an expression of sublime melancholy, suited to his tragical end. We contemplated this portrait with the more sympathy, as that unfortunate statesman was a great-grand-cousin-german of our own; and even strangers not so nearly related must lament that his generous loyalty did not reap a better requital. As old Mr. — says, "there are not

many friends that we may venture to ride the water on ;” and it was the darkest spot in a character on all other occasions so heroic, when King Charles, after writing an eloquent letter to parliament, begging the life of his noble champion, added that miserable postscript which spoiled the whole, “ If he must die, let him at least be spared till Wednesday !” What a number of unaccountable things great men do !

A full-length picture is exhibited here, representing in favourable colours the vain and frivolous Anne of Denmark ; also a superb likeness of the unfortunate Lord Essex ; and a half-length portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu’s extraordinary son, *l’homme comme il y en a peu*, who affected eccentricity from the hour when he eloped from school and became a chimney sweeper, till he took his seat in Parliament—travelled through every country, adopting the religion, like the dress of all nations—sat for this picture in his Turkish costume—and died certainly as strange a man as he had lived. It may be said of him, without regret, that we “ ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

The gem of this whole collection is the Vandyck portrait of Charles I. on horseback,—a perfect *tableau vivant*. When picture-gazers wish to make an ostentatious display of science, their connoisseur-ships generally begin, as a preliminary step, with rolling up sheets of paper, like telescopes, and staring through them, dropping, in the meantime, a rapid shower of exclamations and criticisms ; but to save the trouble of this arrangement, and produce a similar effect, king Charles is placed at the extreme end of a very long narrow passage, where we may measure our distance of twelve paces for taking a good *coup d’œil*. If a station be judiciously chosen, the dark back-ground melts entirely away, and the king’s figure attains the roundness and prominence of a statue. I never observed a picture shewn off with more effect, or that better merited so advantageous a

position. Standing thus completely isolated, the king's figure exhibits an air of chivalrous grace and regal dignity, while the noble charger wears a mournful expression, as if it were carrying the royal martyr to execution :—

A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,  
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again.

Vandyck's pictures display a degree of life beyond those of any other painter, as a proof of which it may be mentioned, that formerly, when gentlemen wore the skirt of their coats stiffened with buckram, the late Lady —, a prodigious economist, always sent her husband's tailor to a garret, with leave to cut up the old family pictures, thus ingeniously saving the expense of new linings. At last only one remained, representing an old gentleman in black, on whom the worthy clothier positively refused to exercise his scissors, observing, "The auld man aye looks sae swaired at me, that I canna hae the heart to destroy him."

The streets of Warwick are so silent and deserted, that it looks like a city of the plague ; but we found here one of the best and most expensive curiosity-shops I ever entered, full of antiquities and ancient bijouterie, fossil remains of old fashions long since extinct, which might puzzle a modern philosopher to invent uses for, though their multitude and variety could not be excelled by any collection in London. Mr. Redfern goes to the Continent every year for a relay of old china, carved oak, original pictures, ivory figures, ancient missals, and all those odds and ends which wealthy persons are apt to fancy when time and money hang heavy on hand. You would positively have tied a handkerchief over your eyes, to avoid being tempted into buying up the whole shop. Many modern drawing-rooms are like this warehouse, so filled with clocks never wound up,—inkstands unsullied with ink,—work-boxes preserved under glass,—and cabinets meant to

contain nothing,—that I am apt to forget we are not in a toy-shop, and to look for the prices marked upon them all. A perfect fortune could soon be squandered here upon little antiques, that might be packed into your reticule; and as Dr. Franklin wisely said, “every thing is dear that you do not want.” Though the shop was crowded with visitors, not one of whom the owner seemed to recognize by name, he allowed every stranger to ramble at large over the whole extent of his shop, apparently as much pleased with those who admired, as with those who purchased.

At Rundell and Bridges’s, many invisible eyes are fastened on every chance customer who enters; but here visitors seem almost treated as in the Swiss valleys, where articles are exposed for sale with prices marked, and no one attends to receive the amount. It often becomes a serious inconvenience when employing a Swiss maid, that they object so much to the use of a lock and key, being accustomed at home to bestow universal confidence, like Mr. Redfern at Warwick, who only once showed a slight degree of misgiving when a remarkably plain, ordinary-looking personage, was prying very curiously into some of the cabinets, and he asked me aside if that stranger belonged to our party.

The most gorgeous collection of tombs I ever beheld are assembled in the chapel at Warwick. There Queen Elizabeth’s Lord Leicester lies, under a canopy of gold, and of variously coloured marble, which rises fifteen feet high, with his crest mounted on the summit, and beneath a full-length effigy of himself is laid out, beside that of his countess, over whom we read a quaint old epitaph. The following characteristic specimen will entertain you :—

She that in her youth had been  
Darling to the maiden queen,  
Till she was content to quit  
Her favour for her favourite.



Not far off lies the founder of this chapel, Lord Warwick, in a tomb which cost, even in those days, no less than £1200. His statue is clad in guilt armour, one foot resting on a muzzled bear, the other on a griffin, the whole covered by a trellis-work of gilding, like a bird-cage, and round the sarcophagus are fourteen bronze figures, representing all his nearest relations. This was that celebrated Lord Warwick of whom the Emperor Sigismond said, "If courtesy itself should die, it must revive in him." He became tutor to the son of Henry V. which proves that his talents and character were highly estimated. He was a distinguished warrior, also, and to his custody was committed "the heart of St. George," when Sigismond sent what was called so, in a casket to the English monarch. His son was the famous Lord Warwick, who made and unmade kings at pleasure, and could place a crown on any head but his own. Under the same roof is buried that enthusiastic admirer of merit in another, Lord Broke, who ordered for his own epitaph and panegyric, "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." The last tomb we noticed was most touching, as it contained the marble image of a lovely child, apparently about ten years old, beautifully sculptured. It wore "the pale smile of beauty in the grave;" the arms were folded, and the eyes closed, as if in sleep. A pattern of flowers on the satin frock, seemed as if undoubtedly manufactured at Spitalfields; and the round little arms and hands were perfect. The epitaph called this interesting child "The noble impe Robert of Dudley, son of Dudley Lord Leicester;" and our cicerone mentioned a tradition, of which I could not afterwards ascertain the authenticity, that this young boy had been poisoned by his nurse, at the instigation of an uncle, whose tomb was shown close by,—a silent memorial what transient advantage successful crime obtains for short-lived mortals:—

—"life can little more supply,  
Than just to look about us and to die."

Who would not rather be laid at rest in the obscurest nook of a village churchyard, than amid scenes of mournful splendour such as this, with which the world mocks her votaries, for the tale over each tomb is one of bloodshed and cruelty, while cobwebs and stone walls supply the place of light breezes or sunshine. During life no equality can exist in any one respect between man and man, for if all were put on a level to-day, disparities would arise before to-morrow; but death is democratic, leaving no earthly distinction that deserves the name. A quarry of marble turned into statues, or a pyramid like the highest in Egypt, would be less important to a Christian hereafter than the least action of his existence while he remained a living and responsible being in the world; for what fame can equal that promise of Holy Scripture, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

We drove next day to Stoneleigh Abbey; but not being furnished with an "open sesame" of any sort, I only wished that our equipage, being a fly, could realize the name, and carry us over a cruel park wall, which extended its unvaried front before us for miles, forbidding all hope to travellers. The fashion of such a solid fence affords great advantage to proprietors, but none to tourists, who must often wish the walls were more like those of Romulus, and that their height was limited to three or four feet, as we might all then obey the common nursery admonition, to "look at everything and touch nothing." Travellers on the Continent must greatly miss the frequent recurrence of fine country seats, such as those with which our English high roads are enlivened, as noblemen's houses are very few and very far between abroad.

The admiration we had prepared for the house at Stoneleigh Abbey could only be extended to some very magnificent

oaks on the outskirts of the park, and such are their numbers in this neighbourhood, that oaks are commonly called "Warwickshire weeds." Nothing is more rare than really fine timber, and I grudge no trouble going to admire it in perfection, not being quite so indifferent as Mr. —, who said, when asked to lionize your beautiful forests, "Thank you, but I have already seen trees enough!"

Among the charitable institutions of this neighbourhood, there are said to be thirty alms-houses for old women!—a proof that the climate is healthy, when so many are required. A singular bequest has also been made for supplying tradesmen with loans of £100, to establish them in business. Security must be given for its repayment within nine years; which reminded me of old Mr. —, who left his son a handsome annuity for three years, desiring it then to be stopped, and kindly remarking, that "Tom must either by that time have made a living, or was not fit to live!"

Having proceeded on our route next morning, through a rich level country squared into fields like a backgammon board, we touched at Banbury, and provisioned our carriage with the celebrated Banbury cakes. From thence we passed through Woodstock, famous for its gloves, its echo which repeated an entire hexameter, and for fair Rosamond's labyrinth. Here also is to be found a great choice of those captivating little spaniels, which so many fashionable ladies go distracted about, and we should certainly send you one, but for the jealousy with which I already see in a certain quarter, that affection lavished upon Dido and Cora which naturally belongs to our own family and relations; therefore you shall not be provided with so formidable a rival to throw us all in the background. These dogs being called after King Charles; the Cardinal of York used to show one to his visitors at Rome, which accidentally strayed into his palace, but he always posi-

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tively maintained that this dog exhibited a remarkable instance of canine sagacity beyond that of any British subject, for he observed with a sigh, "The poor fellow found me out."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own native light;  
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
And those who paint them truest praise them most."

ADDISON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—It would require a very fertile imagination to conceive anything more superb than Blenheim, which may be considered the highest achievement of English magnificence; and after having so often tried to fancy its majestic proportions and gorgeous architecture, I was glad to find my most enlarged expectations exceeded by this noble monument of "Marlborough's glory and Britain's gratitude."

The trees around this palace were originally planted in regimental squares, to represent the exact order in which our soldiers fought at the battle of Blenheim, but they have rather broken the line since then, shooting at random for so many years, that the front and rear ranks are fallen into confusion. At Newliston, where Lord Stair perpetuated the battle of Dettingen in a similar manner, I am told the main body still remains, though some stragglers were cruelly cut down, and this mock fight continues yet to flourish with unabated vigour.

The inner gate at Blenheim is surmounted by a prodigious arch, on the summit of which stands a large cistern, intended to supply the house with water, if five hundred hogsheads be sufficient for the purpose, since it contains that quantity. In case of a siege, it might be a novel mode of defence to contrive that this immense reservoir should act as a cascade for the occasion, and rush, like a torrent down upon the foe, sweeping their flocks and herds when they enter underneath.

You often hear of students being "plucked at Oxford," but in no place that I ever visited is plucking so thoroughly understood, or so inevitably endured, as at Blenheim. When we entered the gate, a large consequential portress audibly demanded her fee, and no sooner was our fat friend disposed of, than near the Titian gallery stood an old man in livery, equally vociferous in offering us admission, which we declined,—a third servant intercepted us when he opened the door,—a fourth brought the book in which to enter our names, and at last we were handed over, like well squeezed lemons, to be finally wrung out by the principal showman, who advanced with an air of sovereign dignity, looking as if he had never seen silver in his life. It is fortunately not the province of ladies to decide what fees of office are due to functionaries on such occasions, or I should probably go as completely astray from established custom, as your friend who paid five shillings to "boots" for calling him in the morning.

While inserting my own signature on the Blenheim visiting list, I perceived the illustrious name of Lord L—— recorded, as being then in the palace,—“and though a Lord, a learned man.” The newspapers were still ringing with accounts of his recent brilliant appearance in the House of Peers; therefore the pleasure was unexpected as well as great, to have this opportunity of lionizing so distinguished a statesman. Very pre-eminent personages, so rarely equal in society the beau ideal of our imagination, that heroes and philosophers of extreme celebrity should live unseen, like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, rather than destroy the imaginary pictures drawn by their admirers; for in truth distinguished men with an ordinary portion of diffidence, might occasionally feel inclined to follow the example of Mr. Cavendish, who rushed out of the room with consternation, when my father's friend, Dr. Ingenhouz, mentioned that his chief object in coming to Britain had

been to make his acquaintance. Age and experience soon cure us of expecting too much from the lions of the day, or supposing, as children do, that poets speak in blank verse, that wits fire off a perpetual volley of bon mots, that highwaymen wear a Robin Hood uniform of green and gold, and that kings invariably sit on their thrones, as Mr. Elliston did on the stage, wearing a crown and sceptre, his foot on a footstool, and a majestic frown in his countenance. Still we never cease to expect that the external appearance of extraordinary men shall be extraordinary; that orators must of course have an eloquent expression of countenance, and that heroes are all at least six feet high. Mr. Sheridan Knowles mentioned in his lectures once, that he had long been rejected for the principal tragic characters at Covent Garden, because, though allowed to be a first-rate comedian, he was not tall enough for tragedy! as if only persons of a certain height could meet with great calamities, or be entitled to feel the highest excess of grief; but this shows how general the prejudice is in respect to personal advantages.

As an exception to general rule, however, I was not disappointed in Lord L——'s countenance, which appeared both animated and intellectual. Deep thinkers rarely look clever, because the mind, being turned inwards, it seldom exhibits any external signs of intelligence; and a gossiping observant eye usually sparkles with ten times more vivacity; but on the present occasion there seemed no want of life and expression in the minute attention with which Lord L—— examined every object of curiosity. A numerous flock of fashionable-looking, anonymous ladies and gentlemen were driven into the room along with us,—all evidently belonging to Almack's, and well known to the Morning Post. I only wished our cicerone had begun with pointing his stick at these interesting incognitos, and giving us their histories and pedigrees, rather than those of the

portraits around. An excellent commencement for a novel might have taken place here, if any young lady present, affecting not to recognise Lord L——, had expressed great admiration of a picture there, painted by his father. This might naturally have led to discussions of the talented son, and to an enthusiastic panegyric on his recently displayed eloquence. Of course, Lord L—— would immediately have made the acquaintance under an assumed name, and this might do admirably for a first chapter ; but the rest must be reserved till we publish our set of skeleton novels, to be edited and filled up by other artists, and all to contain new and original plots, incidents, and catastrophes.

The entrance hall at Blenheim is unspeakably grand, rising the whole height of the palace. It is ornamented on the roof with an allegorical painting, by Sir James Thornhill, a skilful, but rather gaudy painter. You would wonder to observe how frequently the great Duke and his beautiful Duchess are represented here. They are exhibited in white marble, black marble, painting, engraving, bronze, tapestry, and fresco ! In this one entrance hall we have a likeness of his Grace three times repeated. First, a very handsome bust is elevated over the door ; secondly, a portrait looks down from the ceiling, where he appears crowned by victory ; and thirdly, his Grace stands in a group, where it may be hoped he is crowned by domestic happiness, since he appears with the Duchess, a splendid beauty, though a perfect volcano for temper. I remember being much diverted at old Mrs. ——s', the widow, when she pathetically lamented her deceased husband, saying, " We were the happiest couple in the world during forty years ; WHATEVER I SAID WAS LAW !"—and on much the same terms his Grace obtained peace at home, if he ever enjoyed any ; though his own house was generally more a scene of warfare than his camp. Perhaps it may be good for military men to be tyrannized over at home, as they must feel so willing to go



on foreign service; and probably the Duke often agreed with Solomon, that "it is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is a well-known story, that when the Duke once hesitated to take some medicine prescribed for him, her Grace exclaimed, with extreme vehemence, "I'll consent to be hanged if it does not cure you!"—upon which Dr. Garth dryly added, "Then don't hesitate a moment longer, my lord; for it must do good one way or other!"

The romantic correspondence between the Duchess and Queen Anne, in their assumed characters of Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Freeman, certainly conveys a pleasing impression of "Good Queen Anne's" amiable, but rather insipid character; and her steady friendship, under the clouds and storms of her favourite friend's caprice and violence, certainly affords a rare instance of magnanimity, for her Majesty did not relinquish their intercourse without most ample provocation from her intriguing and arbitrary "Prime minister," as the Duchess was frequently called. In friendship, as in religion, one talent, with humility, is better than ten without it. The mildly disposed queen might have described her friend as a worthy old gentleman once remarked of his valet,—“The first year he was my servant; the second year, my friend; and the third year, my tyrant!” In most instances, such alienation of authority from its legitimate possessor does not arise so much from the ascendancy of a strong over a weak mind, as from the power of a bad temper over a good one. Among all families and associations, the worst temper governs, because peaceable spirits, like that of Queen Anne, yield in trifles rather than raise a quarrel, till at last every thing seems a trifle that might lead to one. The occasion on which these two friends came to a final rupture exhibits, in peculiarly striking colours, how little any person's happiness can be measured from external appearances, for it happened

during Queen Anne's triumphal procession to return thanks at St. Paul's for the success of her arms abroad. She was tortured, in her state carriage, by the irritable complaints of her Grace, because the arrangement of the Queen's own ornaments had been altered; and a scene of mutual reproach ensued between the two *ci-devant* friends, which terminated in an irreconcilable breach. Such are the mournful divisions which occur sometimes in the oldest and most confidential attachments, affording a painful illustration how transitory our best earthly blessings may finally prove. Few are so fortunate as not at some time in their lives to lament over the estrangement of friends, without whose affection it once seemed impossible to exist; but changes continually occur in the progress of life which seemed impossible at the outset, and are calculated to turn our thoughts the more gratefully towards that one only friend whose benignant goodness remains through every vicissitude of life unalterable.

A violent temper like the Duchess of Marlborough's can always fancy every one else in the wrong, and I could scarcely desire a truer test of any stranger's disposition than to ask him whether those he usually lives with are amiable or not; because irritable persons complain continually that, owing to their own gentleness and forbearance, they are oppressed or ill-treated. It was only such an admirable man as Dr. — who would have thought of remarking that he found no opportunity to exercise patience and forbearance, because all those around him were so amiable, they never in any respect tried his temper. How invariably we see that the most elevated minds are the humblest, and that those who feel perfectly self-satisfied, neither know the difficulties of piety and virtue, nor have attained any great eminence morally, religiously, or intellectually. It is difficult to help smiling when we read in Mrs. Jameson's history, that "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,

whose life had been one long warfare upon earth, a species of female salamander, who lived in the very elements of contention, went down to the grave complaining that all people in the world were so disagreeable she had never found anything to love !”

How truly has history been called “ philosophy teaching by examples ;” and amidst a scene which commemorates so many useful domestic lessons, as well as all that can be imagined of human grandeur and intellect, we remember with emotion those lines of Dr. Johnson, which strike so sadly on the memory in alluding to that living death which the great and no less excellent Duke endured at last :—

“ From Marlborough’s eyes the tears of dotage flow !”

Scarcely any hero in history combined so many admirable qualities to make us reverence his memory. Of him it was truly remarked, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor besieged a town he did not take ; but other generals, successful in the field, were not so severely tried at home ; and his private conduct seemed as admirable, as his more brilliant achievements abroad. It has been said of Alexander the Great, that he conquered the world but could not conquer himself ; Marlborough did both. He was a Christian in the highest sense of the word ; and we read that on the field of battle his prayers were publicly offered up before the conflict,—that divine service was regularly performed in his camp,—that he frequently partook of the holy sacrament,—and that his example spread a reverence for religion and good order in every regiment. The only fault ever laid to his charge was,—a love of money ; and it would have been well for the family if that tendency had been, in some moderate degree, hereditary. As the old miser said to a spendthrift, who came to beg at the house which had once been his own, “ We must live poor, to die rich.”

Queen Anne's portrait is suspended in the gallery at Blenheim, a *chef d'œuvre* by Sir Peter Lely, who has outdone himself on this occasion; so I need not remark as the Vicar of Wakefield did, when he wished to pass for a connoisseur, "this painting might have been better, if the artist had taken more pains;" yet the utmost flattery of an artist's brush could not prevent the Queen from appearing rather inanimate, with certainly very blunt, homely features. The statue of her Majesty by Rysbrack, which cost £5,000, is very majestic, and excellently sculptured in most beautiful and spotless marble. Do you remember some author comparing the mind to marble from a quarry, and education to the chisel, which moulds it into any form, yet the original material remains unaltered, and whatever stains or defects are inherent there, cannot be removed by human power? but this pure and untainted image seemed really a suitable emblem of our good Queen Anne, whom history represents in such pleasing colours after she ascended the throne; though I can never excuse her abandonment of her father in his adversity, which drew from him the pathetic exclamation, "God help us! my very children have forsaken me."

Among countless Madonnas at Blenheim, the most pre-eminently beautiful is by Carlo Dolce, in a blue dress, wearing a tiara of stars round her head, while a tear rests on her cheek. In this lovely picture, the hand is symmetry itself, and the expression of countenance unspeakably interesting. Another Madonna is there, by Vandyck, which it would of course be etiquette to admire, so I shall say nothing about my own private opinion, and a third by Leonardo da Vinci, to which you may suppose a page of ecstasies are due, though I scarcely looked at it, because every moment seemed lost not devoted to that *ne plus ultra*, by Carlo Dolce, to which we repeatedly returned with unshaken constancy.

Vandyck probably made a rule to paint none but handsome women, as all his pictures represent first-rate beauties. An artist must certainly feel rather in a predicament when any one proposes to sit, neither young enough to look poetical nor old enough to be picturesque; and those who are not on canvas before thirty, should wait till they are at least sixty or seventy. Vandyck's Henrietta Maria is a very beautiful picture, but we looked on her without much interest or approbation, and passed on to admire portraits by the same artist, representing Mary Duchess of Richmond, Lady Chesterfield, and also the Duchess of Buckingham, surrounded by a little family of formal-looking children. The triumph of Vandyck's pencil is the King Charles at Blenheim; and a more majestic, spirited portrait cannot be conceived. The King is riding a dun horse, and his expression of countenance wears a degree of cheerful urbanity, different from the usual mournful look, which caused cotemporary writers to say that his fate was written on his features. The beautiful horse looks as proud as a cavalier, curving his neck and prancing along, evidently conscious of his rider's dignity. What a price he would bring at Tattersal's now! There is quite a family feud in our house, about the comparative merit of Vandyck's two portraits representing King Charles. That at Warwick Castle or this at Blenheim; but the two accompanying sketches by Sir James Stuart will at once convince you how superior is the judgment of those who prefer the one I do. You know the moment we take a side in any controversy, our very lives seem to depend on bringing every one else to think the same, of which an amusing instance took place when Dr. Johnson spent a day once at Portsmouth. Some dispute was then going on about the docks; and after hearing it argued for some minutes, he sided keenly with one of the parties, and exclaimed, in a tone of prodigious vehemence, "Sir! I hate a docker!"

The tapestry here seems very fine, and of course represents the great duke himself, who is exhibited at all his principal victories in regular succession as they took place. Battle pieces generally display a great deal of sameness; clouds of smoke over head, several prostrate warriors with swords through their bodies, steeds galloping without riders, and in the centre a desperate conflict between two heroes, one mounted on a brown horse and the other on a grey. Here, however, my rule had an exception, as great variety appeared in the grouping and attitudes, particularly in one magnificent piece of tapestry, where the Duke's A, D, C, is riding forward hat in hand for orders, when he really seems springing from the canvas. Much of the old tapestry, so greatly admired at Hampton Court, has no more colouring left than a blanket, though the outline is very spirited; but you would be exceedingly amused at some imitation tapestry hung up in the drawing-room at —, which is most ingenious and original. There, all the designs are taken from pictures in the Vatican, the faces carefully worked, but the draperies cut out in cloth or linen, and sewed on in patches. Scarlet uniforms are literally represented in cloth of that hue, and velvet gowns cut out in velvet, after which the lights and shadows are painted roughly with a brush. You would not believe how much the effect resembles that of the finest Gobelin; and a large room is hung in this way, where visitors have remained for days without observing the artifice.

We hurried round the great drawing-room at Blenheim as if it had been a menagerie of wild beasts, while the keeper went through the routine of his story in that drawling professional tone, which shews how wearied he is of the subject, and any one asking an extra question made him return to the starting point like a race-horse after bolting off the course. A very interesting picture is here by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the late duke and duchess with their

six children, all handsome, and apparently promising. The eldest daughter became so celebrated for beauty and caprice, that her life and adventures ought to be in every circulating library. She engaged to marry three different peers, besides disappointing a host of inferior suitors, and was at last bewildered with their numbers, like any little girl in a toy-shop selecting her doll. The first to whom she became affianced was Lord —, who arrived at Blenheim for the marriage, accompanied by a friend, to act in the capacity of "best man;" but unluckily the fickle bride thought him literally "best," and broke off her previous engagement to betroth herself anew. Not long afterwards, however, she took an altered view of the subject, and married, on short notice, Lord C—, leaving both her previous lovers to sing the old song,

"What care I how fair she be,  
If she be not fair to me."

Neither had any permanent cause to regret their disappointment because of any loss to themselves, as both afterwards married amiable, accomplished ladies, more richly gifted personally than Lady C—, and still richer in what the world calls "the main point."

Sir Joshua Reynolds's family pictures are commonly thought to exhibit more incident and story than those of any other painter, considering that in general no unity of design appears, but merely a collection of unmeaning portraits thrown together with no more grace and combination than the nine Miss Flamborough's, each with her orange. An interesting group is hung in this room by Sir Joshua, which represents Lady Charlotte Spencer disguised as a gipsey, and telling her brother, Lord Henry, his fortune. If she could have peeped into futurity on her own account, and foreseen the mes-alliance she was destined to form in eloping with Mr. N—, it would at that time

have greatly surprised her. A celebrated picture is reported to be here, which we did not see, representing Lady Anne Spencer, with whom her grandmother, the first duchess, had a violent quarrel, after which her Grace caused the beautiful portrait to be daubed entirely over with black paint, and then inscribed, in large letters on the frame, "She is still blacker within."

It is surprising that when there are inexhaustible multitudes of pleasing subjects for the pencil, artists so often display a perverted taste, by choosing those which are painful and revolting. An instance of this we saw at Blenheim, where a picture is shewn, horribly true to nature, of Seneca bleeding to death while dictating to his secretary; and only those who could have felt gratified by seeing the reality, could have pleasure in looking at this. I wish Mr. Alison, in his work upon taste, had given a chapter "on subjects for painting," and we might then have spared such pictures as that of "Despair" at Guy's Cliff, the cold stern agony of which leaves such a sentiment of horror on the mind, that no one can ever remember it afterwards without a momentary depression. Holbein's famous picture also of Lady Jane Seymour after death, painted in various shades of white, was so shocking, and yet so exquisitely drawn, that it changed places as often as Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, being sold and re-sold by successive owners, who found the effect too painful; and certainly such ghastly representations are most unsuitable in any room where we are expected either to dine or sleep. Every young beginner in historical design tries his "prentice hand" on a terrifying representation of Judith and Holofernes, of which, in great collections, one may always be found, often two, and sometimes even three; but I greatly prefer seeing people with their heads on. The only comic subject painted by Vandyck is shewn here,—Time clipping Cupid's wings. Poets differ from this artist, because their common com-



plaint is that time rather gives wings to Cupid than takes them away.

When any lady professing dilitanteism perceives a particularly blue cold piece of water represented, with a crowd of boats and peasants,—a town in the centre and a tower in the distance,—she may establish her credit at once, by confidently pronouncing it “a Canaletti;” because, nine times in ten it will turn out one of his innumerable pictures of Venice, four of which are hung in one room at Blenheim. Near these, we observed a hideous portrait of Catherine de Medicis, evidently planning the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and her expression was so sinister and malevolent, that I could not wonder at our ambassador, when she afterwards asked, on some occasion, whether he did not trust to her word, and he indignantly replied, “No, by St. Bartholomew, madam?” A print from this picture might be lithographed, to serve as an occasional substitute for one sold these many years past, to represent successively all the female criminals executed in London. The celebrated likeness of Lord Strafford, dictating to his secretary, by Vandyck, is a most attractive master-piece, and occupied ten minutes out of the two hours we had to spare for the whole Blenheim gallery. A representation here of Lady Harriet Godolphin is beautiful, and also that of the lovely and interesting Lady Sunderland, displaying a softness of expression very different from that of her high-spirited mother. Nothing can be more touching than the farewell letter of Lady Sunderland to her husband, when she died, at the age of twenty-nine; and the prayers she left in writing, show how deeply her exemplary father’s precepts had been implanted in his children’s minds.

The Blenheim library is so long a room, measuring 163 feet, that Captain Barclay might have walked his wagger there; and in looking at so great a mass of literature,

I could not but think how large a proportion of the most extensive library has sometimes been distilled into the compass of one studious brain, for often, in seeing a learned philosopher among his books, the wonder arises, how "one small head should carry all he knew." In this room we saw another bust and picture of the great duke, whom I know by sight now as well as the king's head on the coinage. In the previous room, his portrait also decorated the roof, where Time is represented touching his Grace's shoulder with a remonstrating look, to remind the hero that he must prepare to be conquered at last. We now proceeded to take our final leave of the illustrious duke, in a chapel where his magnificent monument was raised by the duchess. Here we paid our tribute of respect and regret to the memory of one, whose varied talents in the field and in the cabinet have only once been equalled in this country since ; and in considering that the greatest hero and statesman of his day was, even then, as in more modern times, "baited with the rabble's curse," I could not but lament to think how rarely British laurels are permitted to be evergreens. Nothing lasts now !—all is on a gallop like our stage coaches ;—the greatest men fall into oblivion almost before they are buried ; and even Bonaparte, whose memoirs were so often written, that he seemed likely to have nine lives at least, is no more remembered now than Themistocles :—

— glory long has made the sages smile,  
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusions, wind,—  
 Depending more upon the historian's style  
 Than on the name a person leaves behind :  
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle,  
 The present century was growing blind  
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,  
 Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe.

Nothing surprises me more than the deficiency of fences

round the fields in some parts of Oxfordshire, where I had imagined land so valuable that it would be let by inches instead of acres ; yet neither hedges nor walls intercepted our view in many parts of the road. English farmers and proprietors are obliged, by ancient rights of prescription, generally to leave a public path across their hay and corn fields, with most inviting stiles at each end, to facilitate the enjoyment of pedestrians,—a custom which must have originated on some properties from liberal and hospitable feelings in those who first established them ; very different from more northern regions, where we find tickets threatening intruders with prosecution, at the places where a good-natured gate or a turn-style would have been more acceptable. The ground in this country is strewn over with large masses of chalk and flint, which look very adverse to agriculture ; but a landholder formerly caused all those which lay on one of his farms to be carefully removed, and the fields did not bear nearly so well without the warmth and shelter which they had imparted ; so the crop continued deficient for some years, till the stones were scattered in their places again. Nature is often right when we imagine her in error, and perhaps it might be better if she were less out of fashion, and more consulted on subjects of greater importance,—on the cultivation of mind as well as matter.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound  
In learning and science so greatly abound,  
Since some carry thither a little each day,  
And we meet with so few that bring any away.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—You may have heard that an Oxford invitation is alleged to be generally given in these terms:—"Will any body go any where?" If ever you are favoured with such an offer, pray accept it, and make a point of coming here, as you never can conceive such a city of palaces without actually beholding them all; and as the Irishman said at a concert, "I would have willingly cut off my head to get here, provided my eyes and ears might remain."

I expected the streets to be paved with books, and the very air to be impregnated with classical lore, in a place where, instead of breathing fire and gunpowder, like the hero of Blenheim, the inhabitants breathe Latin and Greek,—live upon problems,—sleep over Aristotle,—and "eat" their terms.

Oxford has been called the sun, the eye, and the soul of Great Britain,—the seat of learning, and the cradle of science; therefore, while entering this august city, I called up on the occasion some of those fine feelings which have always been intended for my first sight of Rome. We proposed, however, to keep a very short term at the university, being only able to remain one night, though never were hours more actively employed in seeing the world. As Parson Este used to remark, when many events occurred in a short period, "we lived at the rate of a century a day;" and our associations and recollections reached far

back into antiquity, while the vulgar necessities for eating and sleeping were almost entirely dispensed with, appearing but troublesome interruptions to the great business of steeple-hunting and picture-gazing.

Unfortunately, we reached Oxford during the vacation, when none of the living lions were visible, neither proctors nor doctors,—neither gold tufts nor gentlemen commoners, lounging along in their graceful flowing draperies,—and not a single college had its “Fellow.” I called over a muster-roll in my own mind, of all the great men who might have been there,—a bright constellation of names, such as Routh, Shuttleworth, Pusey, Newman, Hampden, Buckland, and all the Bridgewater Treatises; but they were shining in different hemispheres. I could actually have made a compromise to see that well-known personage, “Jack Ireland,” with whom my father boarded formerly; but he also was reported “absent without leave,” and we had all Oxford to ourselves!

Even in such a place as this, family feelings claimed the first attention. My researches were begun by discovering every college where our own friends or ancestors had been educated, and observing the very windows out of which they formerly gazed,—the very tables at which they had probably eaten their commons,—and the very chapels in which they attended prayers. Forefathers, uncles, brothers, and cousins, were all thus identified with the walls which formerly witnessed their studies or their idleness, and we gazed with interest at those institutions,

To whose protecting care they owe  
All they've forgot, and all they know.

Trinity College was the object of our highest veneration and regard, as the scene where a beloved and honoured parent prepared his mind for that life of ceaseless energy and diligence, extending throughout more than eighty

years, during which scarcely an hour was lost in indolence, but all devoted, with unwearying philanthropy, to the interest of every person living, except himself.\*

Christ Church has boasted of its great men; but we thought only of our entertaining grand-uncle, Sir Archibald Macdonald, with his brown wig, amusing stories, and genuine rappee. In those days, among the twelve judges, who each bore a soubriquet in allusion to their habits, he

\* Since then, the grave has closed over a patriot, whose exertions for his country's good death alone could suspend. "The night cometh, when no man can work." It may be permitted to one who witnessed a life of ardent philanthropy and laborious enterprise, to pause for a moment in solemn remembrance of the past,—of a time when every scheme of usefulness had a sanguine supporter,—when every talented countryman, struggling into notice, found a zealous friend,—when every successful cotemporary received the most heartfelt and cordial applause. If a thought for himself mingled with the generous enthusiasm of his character, it was a fervent desire to live in the remembrance of those he served; nor was that tribute of grateful regret too much to claim for The Historian of the Public Revenue,—the Father of statistical philosophy in Britain,—the author of the Statistical account of Scotland,—the Founder and President of the Board of Agriculture,—the institutor and chairman of the British wool society,—the man who showed England how to improve her husbandry, to retrieve her commercial difficulties, and to unite economy with efficiency in her finances.\* To the sons of the clergy he presented the fruits of his greatest and most laborious work; in his native county, which was a desert till his active spirit improved it, hundreds owe their success in life to his assistance at the outset; and his private fortune was expended as unreservedly as his time, in successfully promoting the public good. Those who are patriots only to aggrandize themselves, rise to a conspicuous place in the remembrance of mankind; but patriots in the old sense of that name, who serve their country at the sacrifice of all personal interest, may live in the pleasing consciousness of what their country derives from their exertions; but they must rest from their labours hereafter with no other epitaph except those well-known words:—*NON IMPERATOR! NON PATRIA! CONJUX, LIBRIQUE POSUERE.*

\* See Memoirs.

was called Snuff-box,—Baron G—— Chatter-box,—another Sauce-box,—a fourth Strong-box,—and a fifth Band-box, on account of his personal neatness. Pembroke College is known to others as having been the alma mater of Johnson, Shenstone, Blackstone, Bishop Hall, and Whitfield ; but to us it shone only as the scene where J—— impaired his eye-sight in pouring over the crabbed characters of Thucydides and Aristotle. Oriel has displayed its constellation of stars ; but Copleston himself was of secondary importance, when we remembered that this was the very spot where our talented and accomplished uncle A—— spent the joyous hours of his youth, and enacted those entertaining scenes, which he so often afterwards amused us by relating. And last, not least, St. Mary Hall derived less interest from the arch-jacobite King's heart being buried there, than from W—— possessing rooms in it now. Having impatiently summoned his "scout," announcing that we had permission to lionize the apartments, this very distinguished functionary seemed somewhat amazed at our eagerness, and flew off to fetch his keys,—a bunch of such prodigious magnitude, that they equalled those with which Blue Beard's wife entered the forbidden closet. Alas ! we had not similar success. The keys were applied one after another in vain, after which our obliging groom-of-the-chambers became nervous, and forcibly turned the lock every way except the right one, till the spring must have been entirely ruined in so desperate an effort to undo it. I almost wished we could summon one of the "swell mob" from London to assist our awkward friend in his attempt at house-breaking ; but "Sam" was evidently born to die an honest man.

We now proceeded, in the regular routine of duty, to observe by rule, and to admire methodically those ancient halls where, during successive centuries, future bishops and chancellors first set their foot on the ladder of preferment.

Here, probably, few ever entered without auguring for themselves a degree of greatness and celebrity far exceeding what they ever ultimately attained ; for all learned professions are so over-stocked with competitors, that they might be compared to a platform on which ten men could be exalted, but on which ten thousand are expecting to rise.

I never yet conversed with an Oxonian who did not look back upon his university career as the happiest period of his existence, for then "the romance of life was only beginning, while its stern realities were yet at a distance." The future we settle like Alnaschar, on a plan of our own, and few entirely refrain from wasting their precious hours in day-dreams, though time and experience testify how little real happiness could be secured by their realization. Most men thus begin life, expecting promotion equal to their merits, which are estimated *ad libitum* by themselves ; but they generally end complaining that they have been undervalued by the world, and looking back with regret on the time when they rested on the verdict of friends rather than of the public. Many agree in opinion at last with the philosopher, who remarked on his death-bed, that as far as he could observe, "the chief characteristic of life is the frustration of purpose."

Strangers are apt to fancy Oxford like a club or a monastery, utterly destitute of ladies ; but when you were piqued formerly at those who descanted on the felicity of living at a university, we ought to have remembered that, though the fellows and students have neither wives nor daughters, many families reside here, and lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and shopkeepers, bring their whole domestic circle with them. Instead of seeing no bonnets among the caps, and gowns at Oxford, we met the usual proportion of *coiffures*, according to Madame Carson's last authority on the subject ; and many a susceptible student may yet be situated like the unhappy Rogero, and exclaim,



Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu !  
That kings and priests are plotting in ;  
My years are many—they were few,  
When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen ;  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
tor, law-professor of the U-  
niversity of Gottingen.

From respect for its episcopal dignity, we ordered our carriage to the Mitre, supposing that nothing in Oxford could rise superior to that Right Reverend house ; but after remaining perfectly satisfied during about ten minutes, I unexpectedly caught a glimpse of "The Angel" opposite, brilliantly illuminated with gas, like a gin palace, or Aladdin's, while a phalanx of waiters beset the door, exhibiting looks of importance not yet subsided since a recent royal visitation. We were evidently in the wrong ; but the worthy old Mitre suited my conceptions of learned seclusion and real comfort best, with its venerable oak pannels and dark narrow stair-cases ; therefore we sat down to consider and enjoy the incalculable advantages of civilized life to travellers. Here we were provided instantaneously with a snug fire-side of our own ; an excellent cook, butler, and housemaid ; an invitation to remain as long as may be agreeable ; and a perfect certainty that the more trouble we give the more welcome we are. It was only to visitors in a private residence that Solomon gave that useful admonition, "Remove thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he weary of thee and hate thee."

Dinner was served up close to a large bay window, projecting over the street, which formed an admirable position for studying life and manners, while I watched and observed all that passed as if we were never again to behold any

thing worth seeing. Dr. Johnson said, that some persons who travel all over the world scarcely see more than others do in a drive from Highgate to Hampstead ; but though at a German university, or at any little French sea-port, the description of our window meditations might be endurable, yet, however valuable they may have been, and probably were, you would as soon expect me to send a quantity of Honiton lace or British cambric as a lengthened dissertation on what we remarked in the streets of Oxford.

" Mine hostess," a very skilful florist, invited me to inspect some flourishing geraniums and myrtles in her balcony, which I really envied her the glory of having reared. Each plant seemed an object of individual attachment, such as can only be felt when we raise a few ourselves ; for those cultivators who scatter their affections over a whole garden, must feel greatly divided in their preference, and become indifferent to all.

In admiring the congress of splendid colleges and chapels assembled at Oxford, we are convinced that never again will such a collection of noble edifices be raised, for it would require millions of gold and centuries of time to equal the noble architecture and gorgeous ornaments abounding here, while the taste and inclination for erecting them are as unlikely to be forthcoming as the money.

If you were choosing a college at which to matriculate, there are several of greater name and more splendid architecture than Queen's ; but that attracted me most by the air of learned sobriety remarkable in its magnificent quadrangle. This is one of the most ancient institutions in Oxford, founded by Philippa, consort of Edward III., and named after her. She established a custom which probably still continues. On New Year's Day each member of that college receives a needle and thread, accompanied by the salutary injunction, " Be thrifty." The thread of an argu-

ment is the only one, however, which they actually learn to draw out.

A boar's head is also carried round this college on Christmas-day with great ceremony, because a student, during his residence there, once killed a boar by thrusting a Greek book down his throat! You have heard already of an Oxford cram, when the scholars understood no more than this animal what they swallowed, and are not likely to die of repletion afterwards.

Oriel claimed our admiration next, and excited peculiar interest, being connected with so many celebrated names of individuals elected into that foundation.

It has been remarked as a singular coincidence, that the same college should first have included among its members the liberal school of Whately, Arnold, and Hampden, after which, by a remarkable vicissitude, came Pusey, Newman, and Keble, the high-church brotherhood, who have astonished the world by lately reviving the opinions of the ancient fathers. The building itself, shut up in a dark lane, and crumbling into decay, was no bad emblem of the moth-eaten opinions now taught within its walls; but on the whole, this college looked remarkably cheerful, considering how peculiarly unfortunate all its benefactors were. The unhappy Edward II. and Charles I., whose arms adorn the gateway, might be instanced among the number. We saw a gold cup, presented by Edward II., very like those given in these degenerate days for success in training dogs instead of scholars. But what chiefly delighted us, was the portrait of Bishop Butler, the illustrious author of the Analogy, a work which every individual should read once a-year till he can understand it, and once a-year afterwards to enjoy it. An eminent Scotch divine most justly and emphatically observed, "Sir! you talk of the wealth of the Church of England! but if all the revenues of the see of Durham, from the Conquest till now, were accumulated in one vast

sum, the whole would be too little for the purchase of that inestimable work."

As an old prophecy foretells that Friar Bacon's observatory shall fall upon the first man who enters more learned than the founder himself, I thought A—— would be a dangerous companion to venture there with, so we turned off, and directed our peregrination towards the high tower of Christ Church, where nearly the largest bell in England tolls one hundred and one strokes every night, in honour of the one hundred and one students. It is seven feet in diameter, weighs 17,000 pounds, and has a voice only equalled by the great Tom of Lincoln and his noisy brother the great Tom of Tongue. It would be curious to ascertain why the largest bells in England are all dedicated to St. Thomas; but besides those already enumerated, there are many more bearing that name which pay a similar very audible tribute to his memory. We often read of a merry peal being rung, but I never heard any chime of bells that did not sound exceedingly dismal, and "moan sad music round." Few are of opinion with the old sexton, who thought no sound equal to a knell, or with Bonaparte, who frequently stopped the most interesting conversation that he might listen with delight to the tinkling of bells. We read that in the Jewish ritual, Aaron and his descendants all wore bells on their robes, which was probably the origin of their being used in sacred edifices; and in the Romish Church a very solemn service took place when a bell was baptized. Schiller writes a beautiful "Song of the Bell," in which they are described as "neighbour to the stars;" but it has been slyly hinted that they are very changeable friends, equally ready to ring for our weddings or our funerals:

To call the folks to church in time,—I chime;  
When mirth and joy are on the wing,—I ring;  
When from the body parts the soul,—I toll.

At the gate of Christ Church we saw one of Queen Anne's statues, which are commoner than her farthings—a room might be peopled with the number still extant. It is recorded of her Majesty, that from indifference to dress, she never bought a single jewel during the whole course of her reign. How different from Queen Elizabeth, who spent a revenue on ornaments, and left three thousand gowns in her wardrobe. A valuable succession to her ladies in waiting, had it been the case as an old gentleman once positively maintained, that the maids of honour at court always wear the Queen's cast-off dresses!

Christ Church may be considered a monument to the memory of Cardinal Wolsey its founder. Certainly, if the clergy were rich in former days, they left splendid legacies to the public. All-Souls College was also built by a former Archbishop of Canterbury, and does him great honour, being a very handsome edifice. A swarm of masons were renewing the outside wall when we lionized it, and their laborious work proceeded gradually stone by stone, with the minutest accuracy, one slab being taken down and another precisely its counterpart laid in its place, with a degree of accuracy which a Chinese artist could scarcely have excelled. The whole effect was most creditable to modern chisels, as the workmanship was in some places as minute as a watch-chain.

Magdalen College showed itself next, and I wished, if the time had not been above six months distant, that we could have remained there till the 1st of May, to see the choristers assemble at day-break, according to a good old custom, to sing a morning hymn on the summit of Magdalen Tower. The effect must be beautiful! In the chapel is a magnificent stone altar-piece, carved with imitations of every musical instrument mentioned in Scripture,—trumpets, drums, and dulcimers, the last utterly unknown to

living amateurs, and not very distinctly imagined by the sculptor.

A lady at Magdalen chapel was intently occupied in copying the exquisite altar-piece by Guido,—Christ bearing the cross. She had succeeded so admirably in the outline and colouring, that the fair artist might change the pieces without being detected. In the Dresden gallery, those who obtain leave to paint, are only allowed that privilege on condition of either adding some trifling object, or leaving out one in the composition, as a precaution to prevent their attempts from passing for the original, or exactly resembling the engravings. It is alleged of an American shopkeeper, that, having some time since got possession of a singularly fine Vandyck, and hearing a customer in raptures on beholding it, he obligingly offered to let him have it, "provided he would order a new one to be made, and sent to him instead."

For merely repairing the beautiful Chapel at Magdalen College, £5,000 has already been paid, which might have built a church in the present day, when sacred edifices are like packing-boxes, only made for what they can contain. An ingenious process was about to be tried in the hall of this College, where the fine old wainscoat had formerly been daubed over with French grey paint, but a chemical mixture is now invented for peeling it off, which seems successful, though very tedious on account of the minute and elaborate workmanship. This venerable carving came originally from Reading Abbey, where formerly it was well known and much admired. The gardens at Magdalen are beautifully situated on the banks of the Cherwell, and doubly interesting to those who remember that Addison and Gibbon used to lounge under the shade of those tall majestic elms. An amusing anecdote is told here of a learned Doctor's ignorance about rural affairs. He had become annoyed by the profusion of long grass within the enclosures,

and sent for a gardener to ascertain how it could be got rid of. The most obvious plan was, that it should be *let* to a dairy farmer, which the man suggested saying, "Twenty cows, Sir, might come at £5 a-week, and they would eat it down in a month." "Then," said the Doctor impatiently, "get forty cows, and give them double pay to eat it down in a fortnight!"

Students at our Colleges in Scotland are generally thought to be rather desultory in their reading, and to aim more at diffusion than at accuracy of knowledge; but in Oxford, a graduate who seeks distinction, must confine himself to such studies as he can master thoroughly. It is not what a student knows, that he is valued for here, but chiefly according to the power with which his whole faculties can be concentrated on any one object; and though the mathematical sciences are now more encouraged at Oxford than formerly, still I am told that the history, poetry, and philosophy of the ancients are considered the grand criterion of distinction.

Every morning at seven o'clock, the bells of the various Colleges summon students to morning prayers in chapel, and they dare not be absent more than twice a-week. They afterwards breakfast in their own apartments, or in sociable coteries of two or three, and at nine, the studious men close their outward doors for solitary reading,—or, to use an Oxford expression, they "sport oak." Then follows the lecture of the College tutor, a personage of so much importance at the University, that I have often been amused to think of our friend K—— with his Scotch ideas, thinking it a great condescension, on the first evening of his residence at Christ Church, when he sent his compliments to the College tutor, and would be happy to see him at tea.

The student's day is generally filled up by a walk, a dinner "in hall," the evening wine party,—and then, we may

hope, the midnight oil of solitary labour and deep research. There are, however, a few exceptions to my general outline ; as politicians have a spouting club, and the best collection of periodicals in the kingdom. Musical men meet once a-week for amateur concerts. Idlers ride and play at billiards in winter, and boat and play at cricket in summer ; and during the hunting season, there are but too many "men in pink" to be seen issuing from the stables of Messrs. Sheard and Quarterman.

It would be difficult to obtain an accurate knowledge what the expenses of an Oxford education amount to, some men being able to manage with credit and respectability on £200 a-year, while others squander the same sum on cigars and horses.

Parents too generally give allowances to their sons, like the old minister to his pensioners, "You may give Jenny Anderson ten shillings, for it will scarcely go so far as the five I sent to her sister." One student paid £1,000 for furnishing his rooms at Oxford ; but all extravagance is discountenanced by the Heads of Houses, and a young man of prudence like G—— F—— might finish his Oxford career, with ease and comfort, on an income of £300, which, though it seems a perfect revenue, amounts to not more than what is paid now at first-rate boarding schools in London for educating and "finishing" young ladies."

We hurried next morning to the Bodleian library ; indeed we hurried every-where, being only able to linger in any place from minute to minute, and I mean to spend a month in my arm-chair afterwards, to recover the fatigue. This one day of sight-seeing gave me some faint idea what travellers suffer who go abroad, where their whole lives are passed at full speed, flying from gallery to gallery, from statue to statue, and from picture to picture, thus undergoing certainly the greatest wear and tear of strength and spirits that can well be imagined, when added to the men.



tal labour of making up your mind incessantly whether to be pleased or disappointed.

I am often amused at those who escort their friends to see the wonders of the world, because they so frequently lose patience if the precise remarks are not made which they anticipate. Our observations may be better or worse than were expected, but if they do not contain exactly the allowance of admiration and astonishment due to the occasion, obvious dissatisfaction is excited. On this occasion, however, I was fortunately tuned up to concert pitch, as no one can be otherwise than amazed at first beholding that great "catacomb of literature," the Bodleian library :—

" Productive was the world in many things,  
But most in books."

It is said that the longest life would not suffice to turn over the pages of all these volumes without even reading one ; and truly the language of Solomon might be applied to so vast a collection, " In making of books there is no end." How little did the monarch himself anticipate that his words would hereafter be realized to so enormous an extent ; and when St. John foretold that every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, should have the gospel preached to them, he could have no idea how that apparently incredible prophecy could be brought about by the invention of printing, which has so multiplied the Scriptures, that they are now translated into 150 different languages, and diffused into the remotest countries in the globe.

Nothing spoils a good appetite so thoroughly as a surfeit ; and those persons generally read least who possess the largest libraries. They likewise become very desultory students, on account of the many volumes claiming

attention; therefore I am convinced that children should be allowed few books, but encouraged thoroughly to master and enjoy a small selection of the best. If we could make ourselves perfectly acquainted with all that has been written by six or eight of the cleverest authors in their time, then we might be supposed better informed than any one of them individually.

In studying works of a devotional character, this limitation is peculiarly important; and I have often wished, if conscientious clergymen had not already more to do than can well be accomplished, that they would occasionally circulate a list of religious works recommended to their parishoners, because at present one half of our time is squandered in ascertaining what the other half should be bestowed upon.

The new system of book clubs must greatly injure the taste of readers, because, nothing being circulated but the newest publications, no one is fit for society till he has rushed through them all indiscriminately, and any volume above a year old is superannuated, like a *ci-devant* bonnet, or an almanack of last year. Bookbinders are quite out of employment now, for no volume survives to be handsomely bound, as the longest lived pages scarcely ever wear out the loose half binding in which they are originally dressed for making a debut.

Dr. Bentley used to say he never opened a book except for the sake of being able to quote it, and multitudes read upon this system, without being disposed so frankly to acknowledge it, while in many cases, to know a volume by sight is considered sufficient, without cultivating more familiar intimacy.

When Dr. — was lately asked if he had read some new publication, his answer was, "No! I lost two days last week, and have not yet read up to Saturday." Thus, the business of reading has become like a mail-coach din-

ner, where any person pausing to look out at the window falls irretrievably behind every one else. Many popular authors write faster than other men can read, therefore it often amuses me to observe how intolerably ignorant any individual is thought, to whom three or four books are named in succession which he is obliged to acknowledge not having yet perused. The culprit may profess his intention of doing so immediately, or the volumes may be entirely out of his line,—he may be writing a book himself, or he may have pored incessantly over folios measuring three feet by four; but all this will be of no more avail than Boniface's shoulder of mutton that was eaten yesterday. A verdict is brought in, by judge and jury, that he is "no reader!" I should like to see the man who would venture into society now, without having read Sir Walter Scott's memoirs and the Pickwick Papers!

Few readers take the trouble to form an opinion for themselves on what they do study; and I wish all new publications were tried by a competent jury after one year's existence, and then, like the Spartan children, those not promising future usefulness, to be forthwith condemned and executed, while an authenticated catalogue of survivors might be promulgated. Formerly reviewers exercised this species of censorship, and volumes were occasionally "snuffed out by an article;" but every publisher now has the command of some magazine or newspaper, in which the language of panegyric is exhausted upon whatever work bears his own name on the title-page. Many young men of talents gain a "respectable independence!" by following the vocation of Mr. Puff in the Critic. They write "panegyrical superlatives" at so much a line, all "manufactured in the way of business," and so perfectly undisguised in respect to their origin and aim, that no auctioneer or horse-dealer can compete with them. The puff direct,—the puff preliminary,—the puff collateral,—

and the puff oblique are all in requisition at once. In a corner of the newspapers professedly reserved for such literary advertisements ; Lady —— is vociferously congratulated on the brilliant success of her last fascinating work, which far excels its otherwise unparalleled predecessors—and Lord A, B, or C, hires the same column that he may be flatteringly censured because his delineations of fashionable life are only too personal, while the wit and originality sparkling throughout every page render his satire only too piquante. Such authors have but one step more to take, which has probably never before been suggested, or no doubt it would be adopted without hesitation. Fourteen or twenty men frequently parade the streets of London now, in procession, carrying as many large placards to recommend Warren's Japan Blacking, or the last importation of Crocodiles from Africa ; and these personages might all be hired to march with flags bearing the usual arbitrary injunction on such occasions :—

TRY LADY ——'S NEW NOVEL.

Many of those recent publications, “three volum'd and once read,” after a short and brilliant career, retire to the colonies, where they are sold for little more than sixpence each. Several modern works, in which the lives of highwaymen and swindlers are rendered so intensely interesting, that we are forced, *bon gré mal gré*, to sympathize with them, have been deservedly transported to Botany Bay, where book-clubs are already established, and a great demand is made for such fashionable novels as Eugene Aram, Paul Clifford, Japhet, Gilbert Gurney, and Oliver Twist. Any report of increased morality in England, is received with more alarm and regret at Sidney, than rumours of a failure in the exportation of tea from China would occasion in London ; but most of our novels now describe a degree of delicacy and propriety as prevalent in English drawing-

rooms, which, were it founded in truth, the recent emigrants to Botany Bay might regret having been obliged to forsake, though such sketches are written entirely from imagination, and certainly not very like the truth.

It would be well if such a literary bonfire were sometimes lighted as that of Don Quixote's niece ; or if Christians would occasionally imitate the example left them by the people of Ephesus, who burned all books of a positively pernicious tendency, "and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." When a library is once formed, it long survives not only the owner, but all the authors whose writings are collected there ; consequently, it becomes an affair of deep responsibility to those who select what shall hereafter work good or mischief among their own relatives and descendants, ages after they are themselves in another world.

Had it been in defence of the Bible, instead of the Koran, I should have cordially co-operated with the destroyer of the Alexandrian library, who threw every book into the fire which was written against its authority ; but Omar went farther than I would have done, when finding half the volumes in favour of the Koran, he burned them also, because they must be useless ! No stoves or fires of any kind are allowed at this superb institution, in case of an accidental conflagration taking place ; but if all the precious ore contained in the Bodleian library could be smelted down into a portable compass, what a mine of silent wisdom was here gathered around us, which had cost sleepless nights, and anxious days, and laborious years to the wisest and best men of former generations ; who denied themselves every relaxation of life, and toiled with unswerving diligence to bequeath us their treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Many scarcely rested till they were at rest in the grave, seeking to benefit us and our contemporaries whom they could never expect to see ; and yet among the thou-

sands of volumes now standing in regimental order before us, not one appeared that I ever saw before ! Lord — used to say, he never found anything in books that he did not know already ! I wonder how many of these he had perused ? and he always objected to reading, because “ he had more ideas of his own than he knew what to do with ! ” This not being our case, I should like to be locked up for a year in the Bodleian library to inspect it thoroughly ; but meantime one hour seemed scarcely sufficient to examine a single shelf, and the most diligent student in gazing round might be ready to exclaim like Montaigne, “ *Que sçais-je ?* ”

It was truly remarked, how insignificant a portion of good men goes to the grave when they die, considering that the soul ascends to heaven, while the mind remains on earth in their writings, and even the bodily appearance is retained on canvas or in marble. A splendid collection of portraits is mingled with the books, as if each author had taken a station here in *propria persona* to watch over his own productions. They thus reminded me of an amusing idea in some fictitious narrative, where it is asserted that all authors after death become instantly transported to the moon, where they exist and remain visible as long as their works continue to be remembered on earth. Homer and Shakspeare were described as wonderfully hale and hearty old men. Boswell and Johnson walked constantly hand in hand. Controversial writers were still continually sparring. Anonymous authors spoke without being seen. Others were paraded about in sedan-chairs, and considered nearly gone, while hundreds every day merely popped up their heads, nodded and died.

How you were diverted formerly at the late Mr. — after he published, always taking aside every person he met, to ask in a confidential tone, “ Have you read my book ? ” when the invariable answer always was, “ No ! ! ”

I often wonder how many score of pens are at this moment galloping over reams of paper for the press! Pens are made of iron now, because there are not quills enough in the world for all the authors

————— luminous, voluminous,  
The twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes,  
Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers illumine us.

When St. Paul wrote to Troas for his "books, but especially the parchments," these last were probably his own precious manuscripts, which have since been the delight and comfort of so many successive ages; and in those days, when each person's library was copied by himself on very expensive materials, there was none of that diffuseness and fluency so prevalent now; but the greatest number of ideas distilled into the smallest quantity of words that the case admitted of; while authors were obliged to think twice before they wrote, which seems by no means necessary now.

During the hour when we inspected the Bodleian library, but one solitary gentleman was reading, though every graduate of the University has leave to study there. How amusing it would have been to ascertain what chosen volume had the honour of being selected from the million of competitors! Fifty thousand academical dissertations from foreign universities compose one small item in the collection, but they will never find fifty thousand readers. The very worms which had eaten those neglected folios, have died of old age.

Several very beautiful models of ancient buildings are shewn here, which, if blown out like soap-bubbles, to the proper size, must be exact duplicates, with every stair-case, window, and door, in such perfect proportion, that had we seen them through a magnifying-glass, I should certainly

have stepped in. Among these, the Arch of Constantine and the Parthenon were admirably represented.

In all galleries of eminence, like the Bodleian, we see crowds of humorous Flemish pieces, a few faded Sir Joshuas, and several Vandycks, dressed in his livery of black. Among many master-pieces, by the last-mentioned artist, I admired most Lord Pembroke and Lord Strafford, both very fine portraits, full of life and vivacity. The best picture by Reynolds was a hard-featured, but very animated Charles XII. "that name at which the world grew pale."

The celebrated portrait of Queen Mary equalled my expectations, and is quite a *ne plus ultra*, fully qualified to maintain her reputation for extreme beauty. The expression of countenance is so sweet and gentle, that it should be published as a frontispiece to Tytler's vindication of her. The only undisputed original which I had previously seen of Mary Stuart was at Dalmahoy, not to mention the frightful one at Abbotsford, painted immediately after her head was cut off. There are at least fifty more in Scotland said to be genuine; but do you remember old Mr. —, who executed a likeness of the unfortunate queen himself, and always maintained it to be "an original!"

Handel's portrait is suspended there, and I could not but think how astonished he would be at the fashionable amateurs now, who seem indifferent to sentiment in music, if they can only hear abundance of sound, and who prefer difficulties to beauties. If any performer on the piano could play a concerto with one finger, or on one note, it would attract more rapturous applause than the whole poetry of music combined, and expressed as we find it in composers such as Beethoven, Mozart, and Handel. I often wish, like Dr. Johnson, that Herz, Hummel, Czerny, and Thalberg's music were impossible. Handel's personal appearance seems to have been more like the "Harmonious Black-



smith" than you would expect, being rather coarse and corpulent. Poets, painters, and musicians, should never be fat; but unfortunately his appetite was beyond all bounds, and like Major ——, he could have bit a quarter out of the globe when hungry. If all the ridiculous stories of Handel's appetite be true, he might have been a formidable competitor at the recent eating match, carried on between a party of gentlemen at ——, when the odds about twelve o'clock were in favour of Mr. N——, because he was already "two turkeys a-head of his antagonists." During a journey, Handel always ordered "dinner for four," and on these occasions he pretended to wait some moments for his imaginary guests, after which he sat down in apparent despair, contriving nevertheless to devour the greater proportion of what appeared. As a contrast to "our fat friend," we saw afterwards an emaciated portrait of Duns Scotus, the great Scottish schoolman, who, according to tradition, wrote so many books that no one man could read them all, and if that had been possible, no one head could understand them :—

———he built up a formidable dyke  
Between his own and others intellect.

This account of his works may diminish our regret that the india-rubber of time has obliterated them all from the face of the earth, and not a trace remains of that great writer, in contrast to whom an ignorant man has always since been called a Dunce, just as we call an empty pretender to wisdom a Solomon. This diligent philosopher undertook, as a meritorious penance, to copy the Bible in manuscript, without tasting a morsel of food till the whole task was accomplished, and he died of starvation at the last page. In respect to diligence in transcribing the Bible, this illustrious Duns was completely outdone by a gentleman in Scotland, who several years ago wrote in a

very beautiful hand three copies of the Holy Scriptures. The first he sent to the Emperor of Russia, who returned a splendid diamond ring in acknowledgment of so laborious a gift; the second he presented to Queen Charlotte, who wrote a letter of thanks in reply; and the third he transmitted to the Duchess of \* \* \* \*, who took no notice whatever of the donation. How frequently it happens thus, that individuals are polite and well-bred in exact proportion to their rank and consequence.

A portrait was pointed out in the Bodleian gallery, said to be admirably executed by Penny. It represents the Marquis of Granby administering charity to a sick soldier, —rather an ostentatious exhibition; and we must hope the artist's name was not emblematical of the gratuity bestowed.

On the stair-case hangs a very theatrical picture of Addison's death, painted and grouped in attitudes such as a company of second-rate French actors might probably assume in a *tableau* to represent it. The dying Christian is exhibited with a round face and good colour, not apparently in any immediate danger, and much younger than our distinguished moralist when he died; therefore I felt very confident of his recovery.

When Addison sent for Lord Warwick "to see how a Christian could die," he was highly favoured in thus being enabled to testify, that the support afforded him by religion was fully adequate in that solemn hour of utmost need; but I always regret when a death-bed scene is considered a criterion of the actual degree in which the soul is prepared to depart. The very worst men have been known to die with peculiar courage and composure, not reflecting so deeply as others on the new existence they were about to enter; and we are told by inspired authority, that "the wicked have no bands in their death." Dr. —, a declared infidel, when informed that his end was instan-

taneously impending, called for pen and ink to make some difficult calculations, that it might be seen how perfectly clear his intellects were to the last ; and in many minds, while life remains, vanity will thus have her part. The very conjecture, that what is said on such occasions will hereafter be remembered and repeated, and perhaps even published, often causes, almost unconsciously, that artificial feelings are expressed and real thoughts concealed. Death-bed scenes on paper are always, therefore, of very questionable authority ; and a story which I heard once illustrates this opinion, while it must at the same time inevitably make you smile. Some time ago one of our most learned and pious clergymen, Dr. —, had been conversing at great length with a dying old woman, whose state of mind appeared so truly exemplary, that he felt greatly edified himself by her remarks, and was leaving the room, deeply impressed with all that had passed, when she called him, and said, with a look of anxious curiosity, "Now, Sir ! how soon will all that we've said be printed ?"

A man's state of mind in the prospect of immediate dissolution depends much on the nature of his disease, on the state of his nerves, and upon his original disposition, which may be habitually calm or excitable, courageous or timid, while the more power of reflection a dying Christian retains, the more he must feel awed by the solemn change about to take place, when all he has ever seen shall vanish, and all he has ever hoped be realized. The most highly favoured servants of God often become greatly agitated and disturbed by the vivid impression distinctly present to their minds of an endless futurity ; and if the last hours of consciousness and reflection were of more importance than the general tenor of a man's life and habits of thought, we should have probably read a description in the sacred pages of how Lazarus and the apostles died, which seems purposely omitted to discountenance such a supposition.

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When Miss M——, the most celebrated beauty of her time, was sinking into an early grave, she felt so impressed with the importance of entire privacy for prayer and reflection, that during several days before her death she shut out all her friends, and desired to remain entirely alone, devoting her last hours uninterruptedly to God. It is well, however, that near connexions should witness in what degree our dying moments are in keeping with the faith and hope in which we lived, as they may be consoled, and even cheered, by observing with what humble submission the last penalty of sin is endured by a ransomed Christian, gratefully seeking that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

At Oxford, strangers feel more in company with the dead than with the living, while surrounded by so great a multitude of ancient statues, pictures, books, colleges, and churches, commemorating the names of those long since departed, and who must have been forgotten centuries ago, but for such long-enduring memorials as these,—the only means by which a name can be rendered more permanent than flowers that bloom and perish in a season.

In taking a final leave of the Bodleian library, and in reflecting on its long existence during past and probably future centuries, I thought of that aged man who lived beyond the ordinary term of human life, in charge of a celebrated gallery abroad, and was heard to say, in a tone of mournful reflection, "When I consider how many generations of visitors have come here in my time to admire these pictures, and were afterwards swept into the grave, it seems to me now as if they were the shadows, and these the realities!"

From the Bodleian we proceeded, in all the dignity of "Founder's kin," as A—— satisfactorily proved, to visit New College; and though the chapel lost many of its most costly decorations at the Reformation, it still remains one of the most beautiful gems in architecture

that England can display. You were once amused by hearing of an old woman who wished "The Deform Bill to pass," and certainly reforms introduced into our buildings during the last century might be characterized in similar terms. Fortunately our deans and prebendaries slumbered in their stalls during the reign of bad taste ; for wherever they lifted a trowel, they did harm. Even here, in this beautiful chapel, several statues which once filled various niches in the altar, were built up into the wall with stone and mortar,—a penalty inflicted on living culprits, in times yet more barbarous, when nuns, like Constance de Beverley, were entombed alive in the walls of their cells.

This chapel has lately been repaired with no little skill by Sir Jeffrey Wyatt, or Wyatville, according to *more* recent authority, as he has built a tasteful addition to his name. Nothing can be more perfect than his imitation of the gothic ; and though he could only guess what the original had been, yet certainly, every arch and pinnacle either was or ought to have been there. Westmacot has succeeded admirably in five marble altar-pieces on sacred subjects, which were seen to great advantage beneath the "dim religious light" of the painted windows, which threw every prismatic colour across the place where we stood. I searched with great interest for that celebrated painting on glass in New College chapel, representing the four cardinal and the three Christian virtues. Seven of the greatest beauties at the court of George III. were invited to sit in a group, and I instantly recognized our grand-aunt Lady Dudley and Ward, who appeared as "Fortitude." She certainly looked very resolute, her hand resting on a pillar, which, though broken, still maintains its upright position. On her right stands Temperance, gracefully pouring out a glass of water,—the temperance societies now all allow tea and coffee. Hope seems eagerly gazing upwards, as if about to spring off the earth ;

and Prudence looks with anxious attention at the actions of others, in order to take warning or example.

Above this very splendid group, is a fine representation of "The Nativity," in which, by a curious anachronism, Mr. Jarvis, the artist, introduces among the shepherds, portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished friends of his own. The picture is finely drawn, though in another respect not in accordance with sacred history, as he supposes a miraculous light to beam from the infant's face, which sheds a brilliant halo around, illuminating the virgin's countenance, and casting a fainter radiance on the wise men and Joseph. How perverted is that taste which cannot fully appreciate the Divine simplicity of Holy Scripture, and the moral grandeur of Christ our Saviour, who needed no such adventitious splendour to mark his real greatness. Among Polish painters, every saint in the calendar carries a glory round his head, which shows the natural tendency to exaggeration so prevalent among those who are not Divinely taught; and even Protestants in the present day, though their friends cannot now be canonized, do all that is possible, and more than is right, to throw an almost supernatural halo around the character of every deceased Christian, by saying and writing much, which the humble follower of Christ would himself have been the first to deprecate as entirely misplaced.

We were shewn, at New College chapel, a crosier which belonged to the pious and learned Bishop Wykeham, a splendid staff, seven feet long, richly gilt and ornamented with gothic devices, amongst which appeared a miniature image of the excellent prelate himself in a kneeling posture. Had Peter, and the other apostles, travelled with so magnificent a staff in their hands, it would have been a great incumbrance. The mitre seemed equally magni-

scent, judging from the specimen of precious stones yet exhibited as a part of its decorations.

I was astonished at being invited to proceed from New College chapel to "The Theatre!" Side scenes, and drop curtains, instantly rose upon my imagination, and I was about to decline this extraordinary piece of morning dissipation, when my ignorance was enlightened by discovering that the building called, per excellence, "The Theatre," is only a recitation room, though certainly on a splendid scale, calculated to contain an audience of three thousand persons. You would begin a course of yawning, if I were minutely to describe the measurement of such apartments, the height of steeples, or the date of their being built; therefore, for farther particulars, apply to the Oxford guide. The roof of this hall is very entertaining, being covered with emblematical figures to exercise the ingenuity of strangers in decyphering. Ignorance is represented scoffing at genius; Truth on a cloud,—unfortunately, she more frequently remains behind one; Printing stands also depicted as a goddess, probably her first appearance in that character,—she holds a number of proof-sheets in her hand; Envy rises six feet high, with a terrific squint; and Physic carries an emblem appropriate to that useful art. One of the most agreeable appointments at Oxford is that endowed by Dr. Radcliffe, who left £600 a-year to be expended in improving the science of medicine. Two medical gentlemen are selected to share this income, and to travel during ten years all over the known or unknown parts of our hemisphere, where they are enjoined to learn the newest fashions in physic and diseases; but all their discoveries will be superseded now, by the very popular Homeopatic system, which cures all complaints by merely smelling the remedies. A poor Highlander lately, of the old school, who thought all doctors' prescriptions were taken internally, having been ordered leeches, actually, with some

difficulty and reluctance, swallowed them ! Fortunately, not being the worse of this very novel experiment, his medical adviser explained the mistake, and promised to send another supply, saying, they must be put on externally. In obedience to this direction, the patient's wife, as soon as the new leeches arrived, chopped them all down into a poultice. Great was her astonishment afterwards, when her husband being no better, the doctor came again, and became furious at such extreme stupidity, declared that the unfortunate man would die for want of relief, and that more must instantly be procured, which she should put alive on his chest without delay. The good woman now felt satisfied that no mistake could occur, and supposing they were meant, of course, to work as a charm, she arranged the leeches all on the top of her husband's trunk ! We now dipped into the Radcliffe library, one of the finest among the many fine buildings in Oxford. The form is circular, surmounted by a prodigious dome, which is conspicuous from every point of view where the city is visible. How splendid it would have appeared at Constantinople, where every cupola is so brilliantly gilded, that they look like the sun itself ; but the one here only resembles a large cotton umbrella. Within this institution is hung a princely portrait of George IV., certainly of as royal and majestic an aspect as can well be imagined. Beside him, also painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are pictures representing the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, looking like mere valets compared with our English monarch, so appropriately characterized as "the first gentleman in Europe." Two full-length representations of Dr. Radcliffe were there,—the one in marble, and the other on canvas ; therefore we could be at no loss to imagine his very respectable appearance. This gave us an opportunity to consider the long-disputed point whether a portrait or a bust gives the most complete idea of an unseen person's aspect. Though the one has



the advantage of colour, the other exhibits both full face and profile, while we may cast the lights and shadows in any way best suited to show the expression as well as the features. Painting admits of more flattery; but where rigid truth is required, a greater degree of accuracy prevails in sculpture.

After enjoying a promenade in the famous Christ Church walk, under a noble canopy of trees, we proceeded to take a circuit of New College garden, and afterwards stole a glance at Folly Bridge, a most inappropriate name for the entrance to this great university. Never, probably, was Oxford more thoroughly lionized in so short a time, or at such full speed. You have heard of the gentleman who imprudently eat a glass of ice at a ball, and was instantly told that his life depended on dancing incessantly for five hours,—he certainly exerted himself most indefatigably; but we flatter ourselves he has at length been surpassed.

Our peregrinations were commenced early, under a bright and joyous sunshine; but now, twilight itself had vanished, and the dull shadows of the night fell over everything, till we seemed walking through a solid screen of ebony. How truly this day might be compared to a lifetime! The busy active morning, with each scene so new and enlivening,—the curiosity and expectation we felt at first,—the weariness and exhaustion which followed,—till at last, satiated and worn out, we were now buried in that silent and impenetrable gloom, which seemed like an emblem of death itself:—

Night, like a widow in her weeds of woe,  
Had gravely walk'd for hours this world below,  
While like our quality, who darkling rise,  
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes.

## CHAPTER XXV.

For who —

Would change the rocks of Scotland for the strand ?

DR. JOHNSON.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Here are we, safely deposited among rural solitudes and romantic beauties of Hyde Park ! London, at this season, is a mere deserted village !—not a shutter open in Grosvenor Square. You might pasture a flock of Southdown sheep in Portland Place,—and every carriage we see has imperial on the top. The sooner we escape ourselves the better ; though you must not suppose, like Dr. Johnson, that “ he who is tired of London must be tired of life, since there is in London every thing that life can afford.

Shall I attempt, in a single page, to describe this gigantic city ? Such an achievement would resemble that of Crockford’s cook, who distilled a whole ox into a basin of soup. Though Bonaparte struck out the word impossible from his vocabulary, it remains in mine, and falls, like an extinguisher, upon all my hopes of succeeding ; but take Lord Byron’s sketch, in full of all demands on ordinary pens ;—

— a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy,  
A huge, dun cupola, like a fool’s-cap crown  
On a fool’s head,—and there is London town.

Some skilful physician once remarked, that England would certainly go off in an apoplexy at last, because the circulation towards her extremities grows daily more lan-

guid, while every thing tends to the head ; and it gave me some idea of the enormous scale which London is on now, compared with former times, to hear that forty years ago, the mail left this for Scotland with only one letter, and now the average number that departs from the metropolis every morning is 80,000 ! One clerk at the post-office is allowed a considerable salary merely for turning all the directions upwards, previous to their being arranged. How insignificant my one epistle will appear among so many ! And we ourselves, after being accustomed to occasion some sensation at inns and villages in the wilds of Wales, feel now reduced again to obscurity, like Cinderella when her carriage was turned into a pumpkin,—her horses into mice,—and herself into a mere nobody.

It is highly diverting to watch the incessant stream of anxious busy faces unceasingly passing our window. No mere loungers are in town at this season, or if cruel necessity detains any, they keep out of sight ; but the numerous equestrians and pedestrians of every rank and degree who do appear, are probably each of importance in some little coterie,—every one is, of course, pursuing some favourite object, compared with which the whole world besides is insignificant,—and all will at last come under the pen of their respective biographers, either in quarto or duodecimo,—in magazines, journals, or penny tracts,—in the Newgate Calendar, or the annual obituary. Men of any eminence can scarcely now exchange an ordinary invitation to dinner, or return thanks for a box of grouse, without the very natural apprehension that what they write will either be printed in some volume of memoirs, or else embalmed in a collection of autographs ; and I was amused during the last Parliament at Lord —, who has such an objection to his frank appearing in any lady's album, that he only gave one, after receiving a positive promise that

the cover should be turned inside out, and sent back by the next post.

You were diverted once to hear of the old lady who had a nervous complaint which could only be relieved by talking ; but much as her friends had their complaisance put to the test, by listening without intermission, you must prepare to find me labouring under similar symptoms when we meet. Make up your mind to be considerably bored, and to have occasion for a large share of inexhaustible patience.

You have often wondered, and so do I, to observe how industriously many persons cultivate in themselves an extreme degree of fastidiousness about conversation, which leads to incessant irritation against their friends, for being tedious or common-place. Even Christians who profess to be prepared for the greatest trials of life, think it allowable to exclaim loudly and peevishly against the intolerable misery of associating with uncongenial minds, and believe themselves prepared for martyrdom itself, though not for such petty inconveniences. Certainly nothing is more soothing to our self-love than throwing the blame of stupidity upon others, which might more justly rest with ourselves ; and I have often been amazed at the pride of intellect with which clever persons, or those who reckon themselves so, talk contemptuously of "a bore," as being of a different species from themselves, scarcely fit to live, and certainly not fit to live in their society. Genius or wit, in whatever way these gifts may be perverted, furnish undoubted tickets of admission and of welcome in select circles, where no crime is so great as that of failing to entertain ; but how much rather I would possess the "one talent" of Mrs. —, who can render up her account hereafter with joy, than the ten talents of — —, who sets himself up as an idol to the literary world, and seems to have said of his mental faculties, "they are our own :

who is lord over us ?" May we ever remember, my dear cousin, that a solemn responsibility rests on all we think, say, or do ; and while careful not to let even our thoughts be such as might hurt the feelings of others, let us ever remember the example and the precepts of our Divine Master, who has promised, that " to him who ordereth his conversation aright, He will shew salvation."

Our correspondence is now about to terminate in the way that all correspondences ought, by a happy meeting, which will take place delightfully soon, for as A— says, with railways and steam-boats no one place is more than a hop, step, and a jump, from another. In the mean time, I shall say no more, but follow the very judicious advice of our favourite Cowper,

Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,  
And new or old, still hasten to a close.

THE END.

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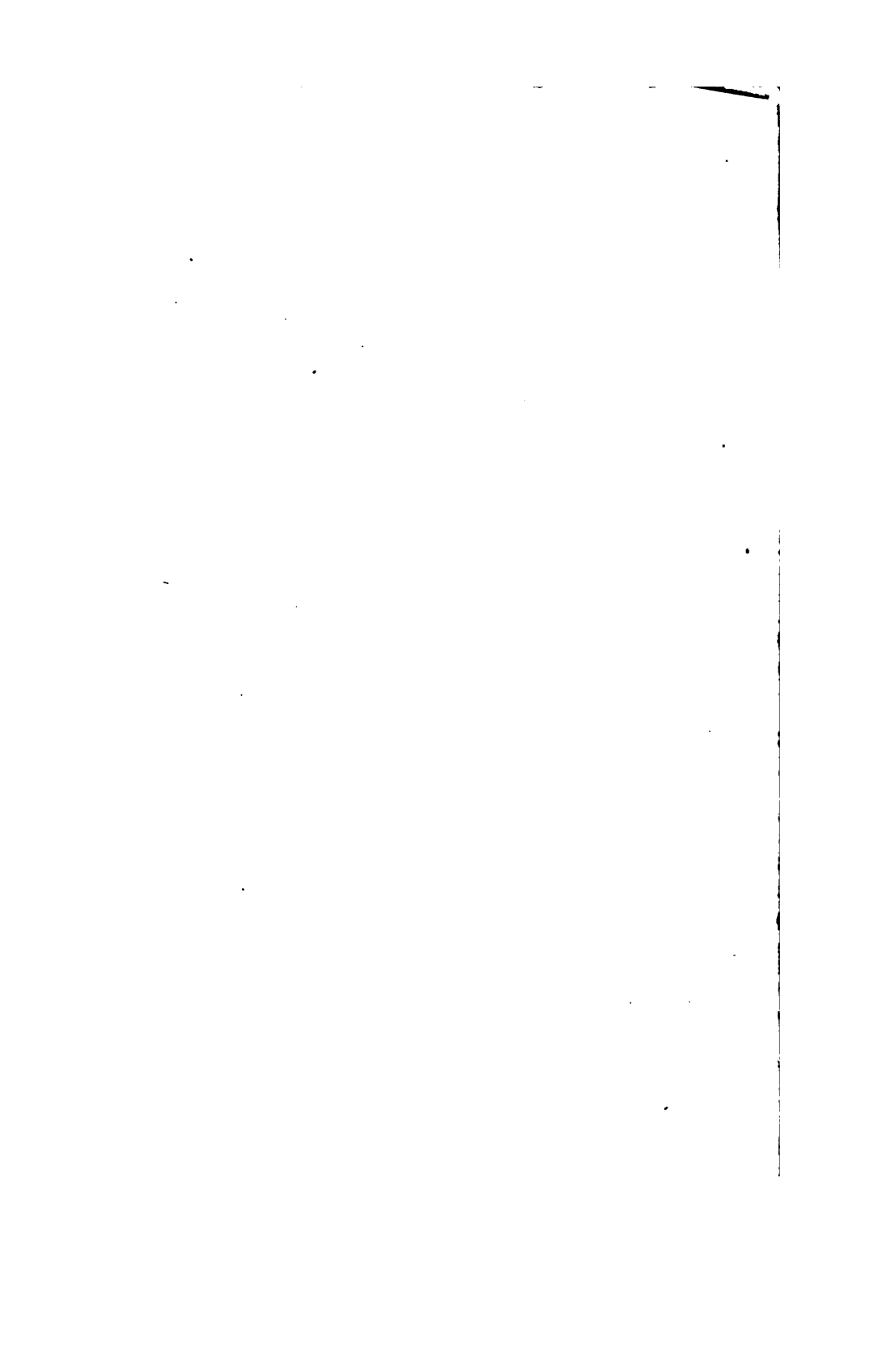


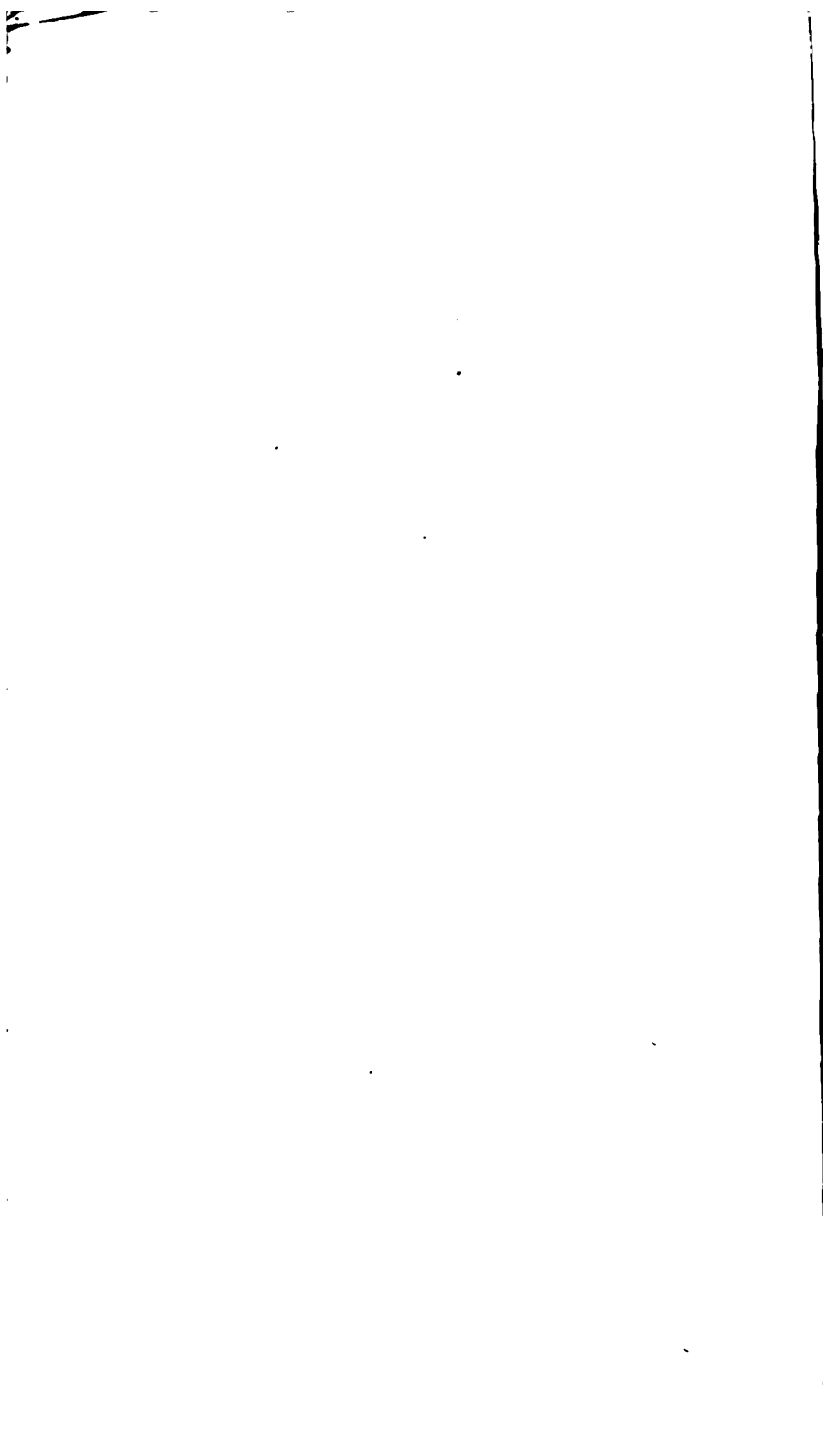


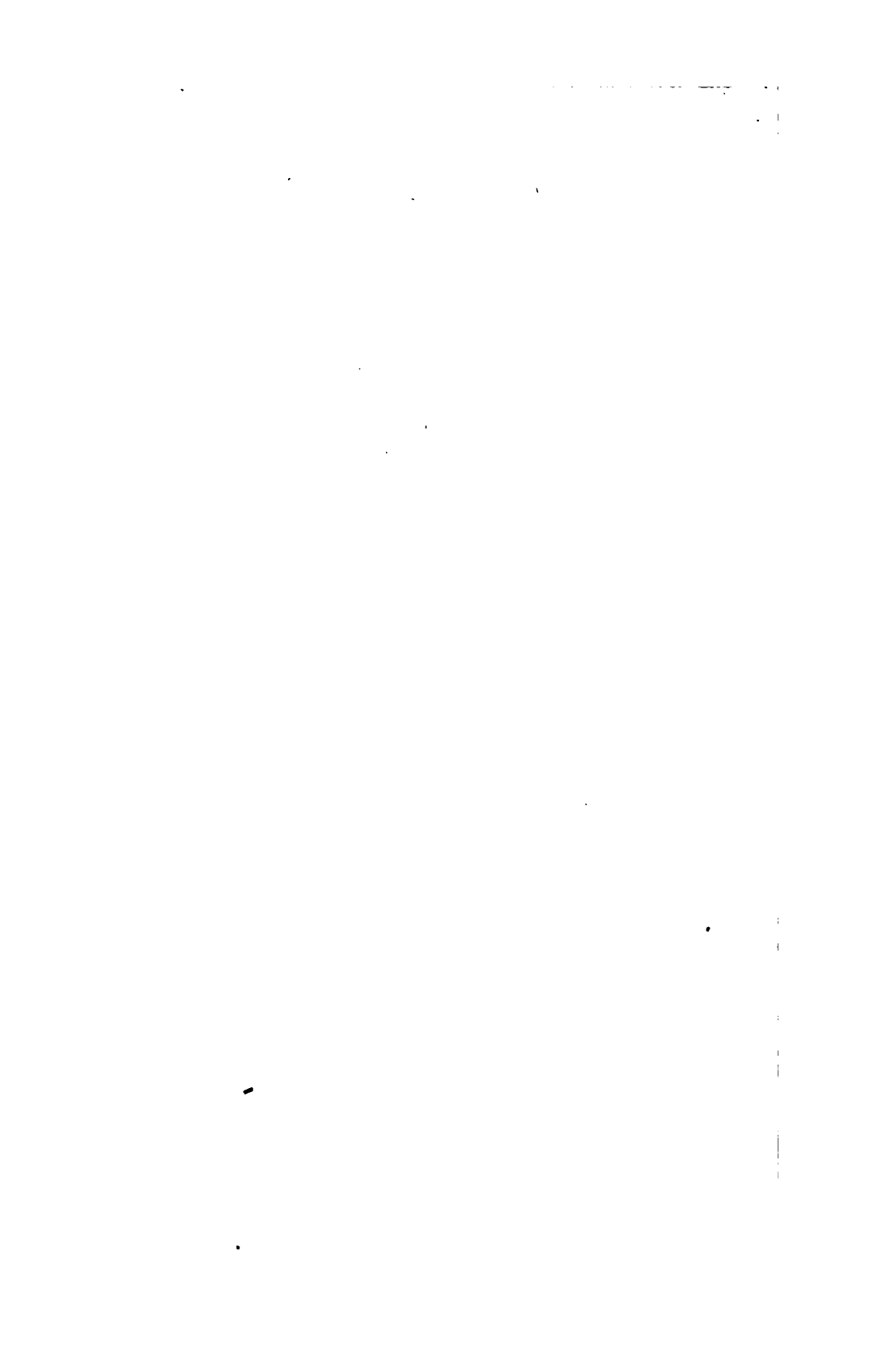














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